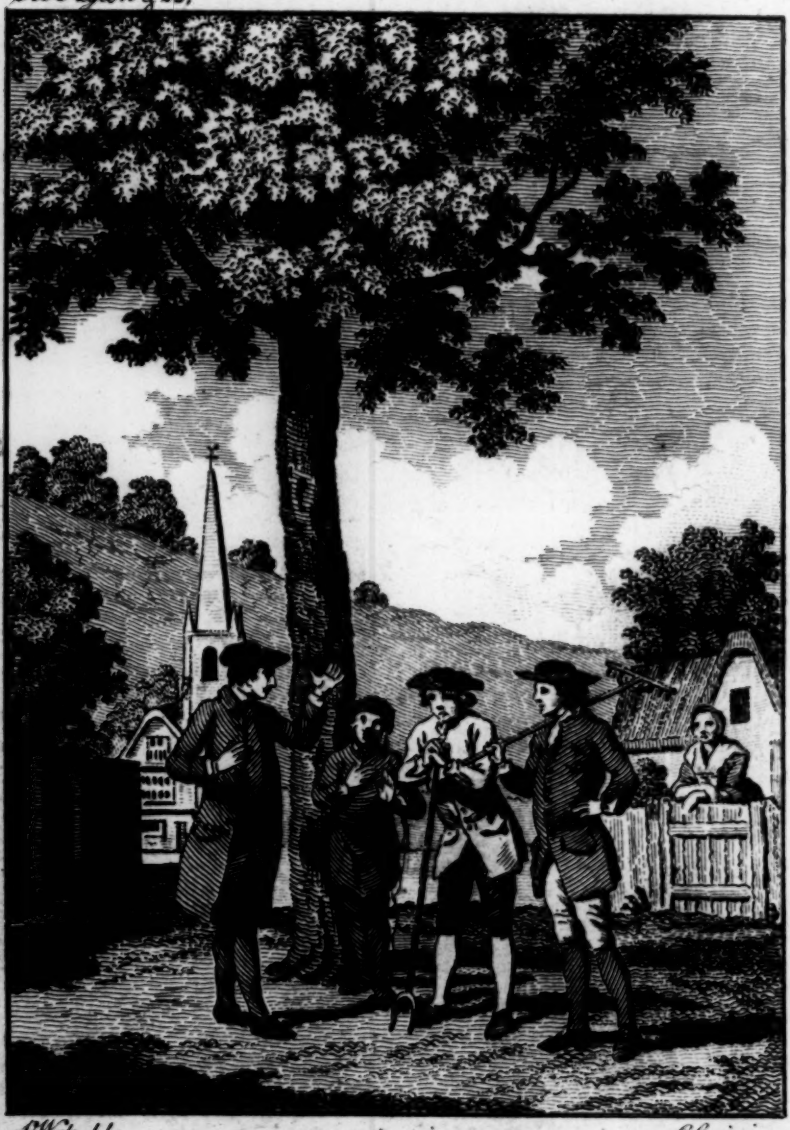
FRONTISPIECE, Vol 1.

See Pages 18 & 28.



S. Wale del.

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FRONTISPIECE, Vol 1.

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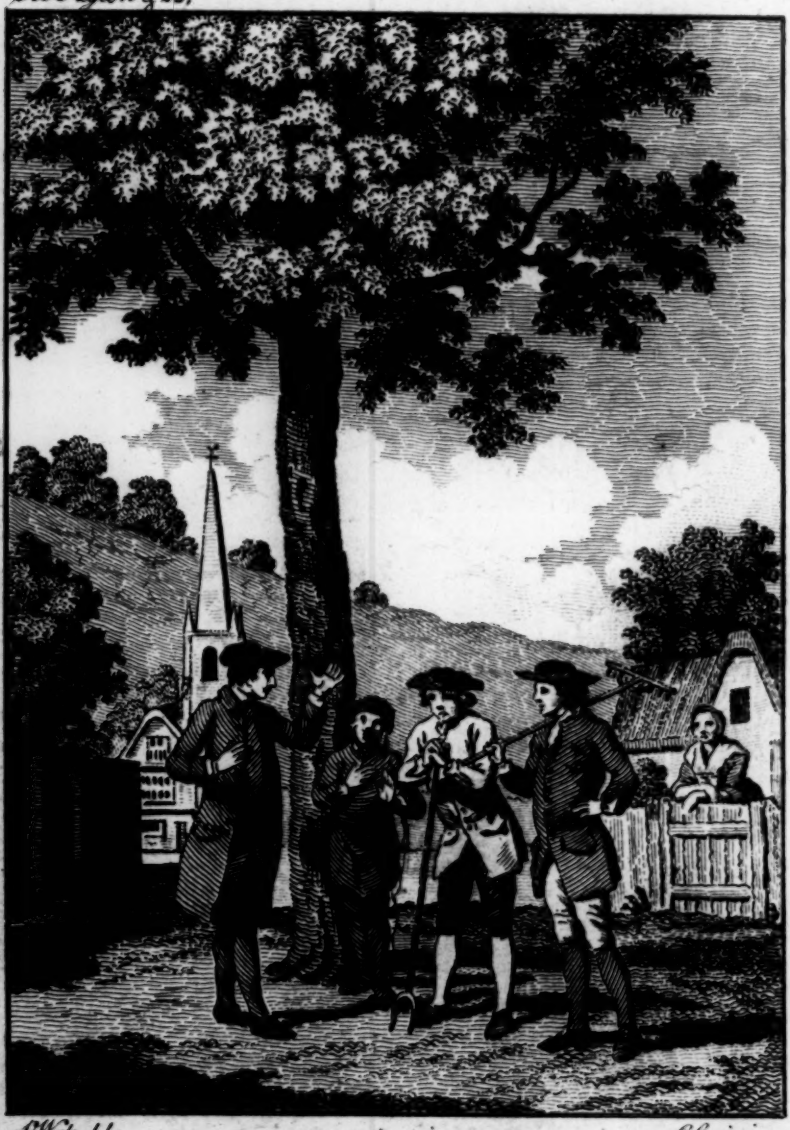

S. Wale del.

C. Grignion sc.

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE:

OR, THE

SUMMER'S RAMBLE

OF

Mr. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.

A COMIC ROMANCE.

——Amuſement reigns
Man's great Demand. YOUNG.

Romances are almoſt the only Vehicles of Inſtruction that can be adminiſtred to a refined and voluptuous People.
ROUSSEAU.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.
M DCC LXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

EDWARD SEYMOUR, Esq.

SIR,

THOUGH the Author of this Work ſeems to have been actuated by ambitious motives, in dedicating it to a perſon in ſo *eminent a ſtation* under his late Majeſty; yet, as the Editor has no views of that kind, he begs leave to inſcribe this Second Edition to you, Sir; as a Friend, with whoſe amiable qualities he has long been acquainted; and whoſe future conduct in life, he is convinced, will do credit to your illuſtrious Anceſtors. I am, with much affection and eſteem,

SIR,

Your obliged
humble ſervant,

October 12, 1773.

THE EDITOR.

A
PREFATORY ANECDOTE.

By the EDITOR.

GOING lately into the ſhop of a little Upholſterer, not far from the celebrated haunt of the Muſes called Grub-ſtreet, I obſerved him with a bunch of ſmall keys in his hand; with one of which he had juſt opened a black leather port-folio, or travelling letter-caſe. The poor man ſhaking his head with an air of diſappointment, I inquired into the cauſe of his chagrin; upon which he gave me the following account.

"Some years ago," ſays he, "a jolly plump "Gentleman, with a very ſerious countenance, "came to lodge at my houſe, and rented an "apartment up three pair of ſtairs backwards. "It is not uſual," continues he, "to give any "long credit to lodgers of that kind. But the "Gentleman in queſtion looked like a very "honeſt man. (By his dreſs, indeed, I ſhould "have taken him for a country Clergyman; "but that he never drank ale, or ſmoked

 "tobacco.)

" tobacco.) I was unwilling, therefore, after " the firſt week, to give him the trouble of a " weekly payment; ſo had let his rent run on " for near ſix weeks: at which time, one Friday " morning, before any one was ſtirring, he " ſuddenly decamped; leaving nothing be- " hind him, but an old Bible, an old pair of " ſhoes, and an old grizzled periwig. I did " not think it worth while to advertiſe my " Lodger. I made enquiries after him at the " Coffee-houſe however which he frequented, " and at the Chop-houſe where he dined; but " have heard nothing of him to this day."

The Upholſterer, it ſeems, was in hopes, that this Letter-caſe (which, upon removing the bed-ſtead, he had found thruſt over the teſter) might have contained a bank-bill, or ſomething of value. But, to his utter confuſion, he found nothing in it, except the manuſcript of the following Hiſtory; which he conſidered as waſte paper, and, prophetically of its fate perhaps, ſaid, " it was good for nothing but to line trunks " and band-boxes."

Upon caſting my eyes, however, over two or three different pages, I thought it might ſuit the taſte of the preſent age; in which alſo the ſubject appeared by no means unſeaſonable. I there-

fore

fore offered the honeſt man an equivalent for his ſix weeks rent; and after drinking half a pint of mountain together at the next tavern, we finiſhed our contract.

Upon examining my purchaſe, I found the following rough-draught of the Author's Preface; which, notwithſtanding the ſagacious Upholſterer's argument to the contrary, makes it probable that the hiſtory was written by a Clergyman.

"The APOLOGY;

OR,

"A WORD to the WISE.

"THE firſt Romance that we read of (called The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea) was written by Heliodorus, a Thracian Biſhop. The Prelate was called before a Synod for this indecorum; and having his choice given him, either to ſuppreſs his Romance, or to quit his Preferment, he is ſaid to have preferred the literary fame of that juvenile performance to the revenues of a Biſhopric.

"But, though the good man may be blamed for his conduct, I think the Synod were too ſevere in their cenſure: for I can ſee no more harm in a Fable of this kind (if properly

" conducted) than in any other either mytho-
" logical or parabolical repreſentation of the
" truth. Nay, I am convinced that Don Quix-
" ote or Gil Blas, Clariſſa or Sir Charles Gran-
" diſon, will furniſh more hints for correcting
" the follies and regulating the morals of young
" perſons, and impreſs them more forcibly on
" their minds, than volumes of ſevere precepts
" ſeriouſly delivered and dogmatically inforced.

" The following narrative was intended to
" expoſe a ſpecies of folly, which has fre-
" quently diſturbed the tranquillity of this na-
" tion. The Author indeed by no means con-
" ſiders Ridicule as a proper teſt of Religious
" opinions. But they are the practices of their
" itinerant preachers, rather than the gene-
" ral principles of the people in queſtion, which
" he thinks exceptionable. And the following
" work is ſo far from ridiculing Religion (as
" perhaps may be objected) that, he flatters him-
" ſelf, it has a direct tendency to prevent Reli-
" gion becoming ridiculous, by the abſurd con-
" duct of ſuch irregular Teachers of it. And he
" does not ſee how the honour of God is any
" more concerned in an attempt to expoſe the
" ill-judged zeal of a frantic Enthuſiaſt, than
" the authority of the King would be in our
" laughing

" laughing at the abſurdities of ſome pragmati-
" cal Country Juſtice, or a Petty Conſtable.

" As for the frequent alluſions to Scripture,
" the author is ſorry that the truth of his prin-
" cipal character, not only juſtifies, but makes
" ſuch alluſions neceſſary; and the charge of pro-
" phaneneſs will fall upon the Journals from
" whence thoſe expreſſions are taken, and not
" upon the author of this hiſtory *."——Thus far the Author.

In a blank leaf, next to the title-page, I found an odd inſtance of the Author's peculiar turn: for he had there written this whimſical parody upon Shakeſpeare's whimſical Epitaph;

" Reader! for goodneſs ſake, forbear
" To change one word that's written here.
" Bleſs'd be the man that ſpares my ſcribbling;
" But, curs'd be he that would be nibbling."

Accordingly, as I found the language tolerably correct, and the whole piece as highly finiſhed as this ſpecies of writing is thought to deſerve, I have given it to the Publick juſt as I found it; though I cannot but think that the Author might have heightened the ridicule of his principal character, by making more uſe of ſome modern Journals: which has ſince been done, on a different

* Many of thoſe ſcripture expreſſions are omitted in this edition.

occaſion, with exquiſite humour, by one of the firſt Writers * of the age, for genius and learning.

Now, what became of the Author of this Hiſtory; (whether he was picked up by thoſe foes to indigent merit, the Bum-bailiffs; or thoſe friends to baſhful courage, a Preſs-gang;) it is impoſſible, in this particular, to gratify the Reader's curioſity. But, from his Landlord's account, it ſeems probable, that, having ſome ſcruple about publiſhing this work, he left it, as the oſtrich does her eggs, to take its chance: or perhaps made uſe of this innocent ſtratagem; that if ever, by any accident, his piece ſhould ſee the light, he might engage the attention of the Publick to a ſubject which he thought of importance: and, by his myſterious and ſudden departure, would inſinuate that he had put a voluntary period to his own life. For, I cannot but think, that inſtead of an Editor's informing the world, that a work was produced, either amidſt an hurry of buſineſs, or in retirement; in a fit of ſickneſs, or on a journey; by a youth under twenty, or by a Lady; or the like unintereſting circumſtances; it would be more likely to rouze the curioſity of mankind, to aſſure them, that it was written by a man that had either hanged or drowned himſelf.

* Bp. of G.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above ludicrous defiance of the Critics, I could not but ſmile at the following memorandum; which partly accounts for the Author's not giving his work to the Publick, according to his firſt intention.

" *N. B.* Having written the following Tale " for my winter-evenings amuſement; when a " *weakneſs in my eyes* would not permit me " to read: and being conſcious that I have " tranſgreſſed, in ſeveral inſtances, the ſtrict " rules of the epopœa; I was deterred from " publiſhing it, by a ſett of *cenſorious Chriſtians*, " lately ſtarted up, called *Reviewers*; who will " not ſuffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, " without giving him a jog; nor to talk non- " ſenſe, without contradicting or ridiculing " him."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the Preface was printed off, happening to mention this adventure with the Upholſterer, as alſo the Cypher at the end of the following Dedication, to a Glouceſterſhire Squire, he lifted up his hands; and, in a ſtrain of alliteration, cried out, "Cot's life! my old "friend and crony! that comical cur, Chriſto-"pher Collop!—commonly called—the come-"ly Curate of Cotſwold! He was always ſcrib-"bling; and, I remember, about ten years "ago, took a walk to London (as he always "walked, to keep down his *fat*), with an intent "to publiſh ſomething, as his friends imagined: "but he would never diſcover the event of that "journey.

"What is remarkable, however," added the Squire, "if Kit were really the author of a "thing of this kind, is, that, although he did "not approve of the Methodiſts rambling about "the country, as many of them do; yet he "was ſuſpected to *favour* them in his heart, "and continued ſo to do to the day of his "death."

THE AUTHOR's DEDICATION,

TO

MONSIEUR PATTYPAN,

PASTRY-COOK TO

His moſt Sacred Majeſty King GEORGE II.

SIR,

THOUGH a ſtranger to your perſon, I am no ſtranger to your ingenuity and your profound ſkill in your profeſſion. I have often amuſed myſelf with ſome of thoſe elegant *compoſitions* with which you daily *entertain* the Publick. I have long been acquainted with the *virtues* of your *diet-bread*; am a great friend to your *wigs*; and think myſelf under great obligations to your admirable *puffs*.

As I am convinced therefore you will make a *proper* uſe of my Works; will do juſtice to their merit, and *cover* their defects: that, by the well-known goodneſs of your *taſte*, you will *preſerve* them from the attacks of the *ſoureſt* Critics; and, by the *ſweetneſs* of your diſpoſition, defend them againſt their *biteereſt* enemies: if you are not over-ſtocked with waſte-paper by my brethren of the quill, I beg leave to dedicate theſe few ſheets to your ſervice; and am, Sir,

Your devoted humble Servant,

T. T.

THE INTRODUCTION.

EVERY Barber and blind Fidler * is acquainted with the falſe delicacy of Politian and Peter Bembo; who would never read the Bible (the Vulgate tranſlation of it, I ſuppoſe) for fear of corrupting their ſtyle. Now, though I would not be ſo unreaſonable, as to expect the gentle Reader of this trifling Hiſtory to have read his Bible, much leſs all the numerous Commentators upon it: to have peruſed the profound treatiſes of John Burſtamantius upon the Sacred Animals, or Laurentius Codomannus upon the Scripture-chronology; to have ſtudied Quiſtorpius's Annotations, or the learned labours of Copenſtenius, Stumpius, Conrade Goclenius, and the like: yet, in order to reliſh many parts of this narration, and to enter into the humour which is ſometimes aimed at; I think it abſolutely neceſſary that a man ſhould have ſome

* "Lippis notum & tonſoribus." HOR.

ſmattering

ſmattering in the Religion of his country: ſome tincture of that education which prevailed in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; I mean, that he ſhould have been taught his Catechiſm in his infancy; or, at leaſt, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue: nay, that he ſhould have dipped into the Bible ſometimes; or, at leaſt, ſhould have occaſionally converſed with thoſe that have. For, as the Hero of this Romance ſallies forth in order to revive the practice of, what he imagines to be, true Chriſtianity; it is impoſſible that a perſon of a mere modern education (of which the doctrines of Chriſtianity ſeldom make the leaſt part) ſhould comprehend the Writer's intention.

But, as I would wiſh, for the ſake of the Bookſeller, to have my Work as univerſally intereſting as poſſible, ſuch a perſon may yet perhaps find ſome little amuſement; eſpecially if he has a taſte for regular Journals, or Books of Travels; where we frequently attend the adventurer with great patience from ſtage to ſtage: though perhaps we meet with nothing more material, than the diſtance of one place from another; the proviſions the traveller finds at his Inn;

Inn; "the number of Aldermen that govern, or "the number of Bells that entertain," a borough town; or the like diverting particulars.

The Reader will likewiſe meet with ſeveral trifling incidents from real life; which, however, the Author flatters himſelf, are ſo far diſguiſed, by an alteration of the circumſtances of place and time, as to prevent a particular application—unleſs where a particular application was intended.

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THE

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Education and juvenile Purſuits of Mr. Wildgooſe.

IN a ſequeſtered village, whoſe Gothic ſpire (though hardly diſcernible in a map of the world) makes a picturesque appearance under the Cotſwold hills, the family of the Wildgooſes had been ſettled for many generations. The only ſurviving heir to their freehold eſtate, which, next to that of the Squire, was the moſt conſiderable in the pariſh, was Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe, the ſubject of the following hiſtory.

They had had another ſon indeed, who died in his infancy: and alſo a daughter; but as ſhe married young, contrary to her parents' approbation, and became the careful mother of many children, ſhe, for that reaſon, made but a ſmall figure in the annals of the family.

Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe received the firſt rudiments of his education at a little free-ſchool by the ſide of the church-yard; from whence he was removed, at a proper age, to a conſiderable grammar-ſchool: and having, by the time he was ſeventeen, gained as much claſſical knowledge as is uſually taught in thoſe ſeminaries, the maſter greatly extolled his parts and genius. His father therefore, whoſe veneration for learning roſe in proportion to his own want of it, thinking his ſon might augment his fortune by ſome learned profeſſion, ſent him to finiſh his ſtudies in the Univerſity of Oxford. Young Wildgooſe applied himſelf to the ſciences with great aſſiduity. And, though he had been prevailed on to make one or two excurſions to London, and had taken a glimpſe of the faſhionable world; had ſeen Quin in his meridian at Drury-lane, and Garrick in his dawn at Goodman's-fields; had ſhewn his face at the Bedford coffee-houſe, and even eat a jelly with

with Betty Careleſs * in Covent-Garden—notwithſtanding theſe youthful ſallies, young Wildgooſe went through the buſineſs of the College with diligence and regularity. And having in his perſon and behaviour ſomething naturally agreeable, an openneſs of countenance, and a ſimplicity of manners; he gained the love and eſteem of his acquaintance, which were pretty numerous, and of the genteeler ſort of young people in the Univerſity. But, ſoon after he had been created ſenior Soph, by the ſolemn impoſition of Ariſtotle upon his head (which ſolemnity he made a pretence for drawing upon the old gentleman for ten guineas extraordinary), and when he was juſt aſpiring to the high dignity and honourable privileges of a Bachelor in Arts, he was recalled to his native ſeat by the death of his father.

Old Mr. Wildgooſe had always ſhewn a great affection for his ſon. But the neceſſary expences of an Univerſity education appearing to him the height of extravagance; according to the opinion he now entertained of his ſon Geoffry, he was afraid his eſtate would be ſquandered away, the moment he was laid in his

* "CARLESIS! ah! noſtris & fleta & flenda camœnis."
Meret. Brit.

grave. Beſides, as it had been freed from a conſiderable incumbrance by Mrs. Wildgooſe's fortune (who was the daughter of a wealthy Clergyman), and as it had been greatly augmented by her good œconomy and his own frugality, he left a great part of his fortune in Mrs. Wildgooſe's power. As Mr. Geoffry however was the only ſon, and was conſcious of being the darling of his mother; this circumſtance gave him no kind of uneaſineſs. And though his father had intended him for ſome learned profeſſion (as was obſerved); yet, being now his own maſter, and the natural averſion which moſt young people have to confinement falling in with his mother's inclination to keep her ſon always with her, he dwelt at home for ſome years: a comfort to his mother in her decline of life; a converſable companion to the neighbouring gentlemen; an oracle amongſt the farmers; and a wag amongſt the goſſips at every chriſtening and feſtival entertainment.

Mr. Wildgooſe's chief employment was to manage to the beſt advantage that part of his mother's eſtate which ſhe kept in her hands. This however, with the aſſiſtance of an old ſervant, gave him little trouble; and left him at liberty to amuſe himſelf, either in company or

in the common recreations of the country; or, what was more to his taſte, in reading hiſtory, poetry, and, in ſhort, moſt of the beſt authors in the Engliſh language. He frequently walked out indeed with his grey-hound, or with his ſpaniel and gun: but the one was rather for a companion, and the other for ſhew, than for any great pleaſure which he took either in courſing or ſhooting. In this obſcurity Mr. Wildgooſe had probably ſpent his life, and joined the undiſtinguiſhed liſt of his deceaſed anceſtors, but for the following contemptible incident.

CHAP. II.

A Diſpute with the Vicar.

CHriſtmas being ſtill obſerved amongſt the lower ſort of people as a ſolemn feſtival; Wildgooſe had been invited by a ſubſtantial farmer, at that ſeaſon, to ſpend a ſociable evening with Mr. Powell, the Vicar of the pariſh, and other company. Mr. Wildgooſe, though a ſenſible man, uſed frequently to entertain his illiterate companions, and excite their admiration, with ſome academical paradoxes: and was fond

of exhibiting his dexterity in managing an argument, on the moſt trifling occaſions, in all the forms of mood and figure, agreeably to the rules of Ariſtotle or Locke.

In the courſe of this evening's converſation there aroſe a diſpute between Wildgooſe and the Vicar, in which, according to the letter of the law, Wildgooſe perhaps had the right ſide of the queſtion.

There had lately been a new window-tax impoſed, which, amongſt the middling ſort of people, was a frequent ſubject of complaint. Wildgooſe, it ſeems, ſince his retreat into the country, had been improving the old manſion-houſe, by opening a glaſs-door into the garden. The queſtion was, whether this door ought to be taxed as a window or not; as the Overſeer, ſupported by the Vicar, ſeemed to think it ought. Wildgooſe inſiſted upon it, "that, however a ſet "of Country Juſtices (who ſeldom were great "logicians) might determine, a door was not a "window: that it was eſſentially diſtinguiſhed "from it by its name, its ſtructure, its uſe, and "what not."

The Vicar, inſtead of anſwering him merely in a ſerious way, turned his reaſoning into ridicule, with ſome humour, and perhaps with ſome ſolidity. He ſaid, "that as a glaſs door con-

"veyed

" veyed light, it anſwered the end of a window, " and ought to be taxed as ſuch: that its being " uſed as a door, did not deſtroy the uſe of it as " a window: and, that the name of a thing did " not alter its nature. In ſhort," ſays the Vicar, " you may as well argue, that a pudding and " a dumplin are eſſentially diſtinguiſhed, as that " a glaſs door and a glaſs window are ſo."

As a pun or a ludicrous expreſſion has frequently more weight with the vulgar than the moſt ſolid argument, the Doctor, by his raillery, turned the laugh againſt his antagoniſt, and put him to an aukward ſilence. The converſation however was ſoon changed; and the company continued their mirth and good-humour. But this defeat ſunk deeper into Wildgooſe's boſom than one would eaſily imagine, and was attended with conſiderable conſequences, which greatly affected the future conduct of his life.

CHAP. III.

The ſerious Conſequences of it.

SOME of the moſt important events in hiſtory, if traced to their original, have ſprung from the moſt trifling cauſes. The murder of Cæſar in the capitol was chiefly owing to

his not riſing from his ſeat, when the Senate tendered him ſome particular honours. The negotiations with the Pope for diſſolving Henry the VIIIth's marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are ſaid to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltſhire's dog biting his Holineſs's toe, when he put it out to be kiſſed by that Ambaſſador. And, not to multiply inſtances in ſo plain a caſe, the Ducheſs of Marlborough's ſpilling a baſon of water on Mrs. Maſham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory Miniſtry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

Thus, to deſcend from theſe heroic examples, the greateſt revolution in Mr. Wildgooſe's life ſprang from a frivolous diſpute; in which he was apparently ſo tenderly intereſted.

To account for his reſentment on this occaſion, however, we muſt obſerve, that every man acts a kind of ſubaltern part in converſation. And he, who is an inferior or a common man in one company, may be a captain or a leading orator in another. There are few perſons of ſo mean a capacity, or ſo deſpicable accompliſhments, as not to have a circle of acquaintance, who reverence their opinions, and amongſt whom they are heard with attention, and utter their

their deciſions with a kind of oracular authority. This was the caſe with Mr. Wildgooſe. In company with any of the neighbouring gentlemen, his ſuperiors, he was modeſt, and patient of contradiction: but in an aſſembly of yeomen, he was in his glory, in his very kingdom. By ridiculing his opinions therefore, and diminiſhing his conſequence amongſt his own ſubjects, Mr. Powell was guilty of a kind of high treaſon; which Wildgooſe could not eaſily forgive.

Time, however, might have worn off this unreaſonable diſguſt againſt the Vicar, if Mr. Wildgooſe had not gone to church the next Sunday, whilſt the impreſſion was ſtrong upon his imagination. He had always been remarkably decent in his behaviour at the public worſhip: and not only made his reſponſes with an audible voice; but generally, leaning over the pew, accompanied the Miniſter through both the leſſons, with a Latin Bible, which he had brought with him from the Univerſity. At the ſame time, however, Mr. Geoffry was ſhrewdly ſuſpected to have been guilty of ſome ſlight offences againſt the rules of chaſtity with his mother's maid. And though, in general, he might not be worſe than his neighbours: yet he probably did not ſurpaſs

them ſo much in his private character, as he did in his external deportment at church.

Now it happened unfortunately, that the Doctor was haranguing that day upon the ſin of hypocriſy; which, one would think, is a ſubject the leaſt liable to a particular application by the hypocrite himſelf: for what knave or debauchee would be encumbered with the maſk of piety, unleſs he flattered himſelf, that it concealed his real character, and ſcreened him from the attacks of public cenſure? It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Wildgooſe was conſcious to himſelf of ſome ſlight failings, inconſiſtent with his ſanctified appearance; and was too nearly concerned in the ſubject of the Parſon's diſcourſe, not to make a particular application. And whether he ſuſpected Mr. Powell to have pried into his ſecrets; or whether, as he was piqued againſt the Vicar, he thought the reſentment was mutual; whatever was the cauſe, he from that time avoided his company, and determined for the future to abſent himſelf entirely from church.

As he could not, without expoſing his weakneſs, give any reaſons for this alteration in his conduct; he by degrees grew ſhy of the reſt of his acquaintance, and ſunk inſenſibly into a gloomy, unaccountable kind of miſanthropy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wildgooſe, who was fond of her ſon, became very uneaſy on his account, but could not gueſs at the cauſe of his malady. She was always preſſing him to go more abroad, and viſit his neighbours. Nay, ſhe got Mr. Powell, the Vicar himſelf (who was really a good-natured man, and, with his wife, often drank tea at Mrs. Wildgooſe's) to talk to her ſon on the ſubject. Mr. Geoffry pleaded lowneſs of ſpirits; and a diſreliſh for company; and ſaid, with ſome ſullenneſs, "that he choſe to be alone." In ſhort, he found out ſo many excuſes from time to time, that at laſt it was looked upon as his way, his humour, to be always alone; and Mrs. Wildgooſe deſiſted from her maternal expoſtulations.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Wildgooſe enters upon a new Courſe of Studies.

BUttered toaſt for breakfaſt now became unſeaſonable, and gave way to ſage and bread and butter. Lamb and ſallad ceaſed to be a Sunday's dinner, or part of the ſecond courſe, and was an obvious diſh at every table. The

Parſon of ——— no longer threw his oyſter-ſhell into the ſtreet, ambitiouſly luxurious! but ſupped in his garden upon codlins and cream, or a bit of ſoft cheeſe and a cucumber. In other words, the ſpring was far advanced—when Mr. Wildgooſe was, one day, ſitting in his old-faſhioned parlour; and, in an indolent poſture, ruminating upon ſuch trifles as uſually employ a diſguſted mind: the windows were ſhaded with an over-grown laurel; and the ſolemn vibrations of an old clock from its ſable trunk, with the diſtant ſound of a doleful ditty which the ſervant whiſtled as he was digging in the garden, concurred to increaſe his melancholy.

"He roll'd his eyes, that witneſs'd huge diſmay;"

and ſurveyed, over and over again, every picture and every part of the hereditary furniture of the manſion-houſe, which had been ſo familiar to his eyes from his very infancy. At laſt, he happened to fix them on an old forlorn quarto, that lay upon a lofty ſhelf, covered with duſt, and tinged with ſmoke an inch within the margin. Something prompted him to look into it; which, ſtarting from his elbow chair, he immediately put in execution. He found it to contain a miſcellaneous collection of godly diſcourſes,

courſes, upon predeſtination, election, and reprobation, juſtification by faith, grace and free-will, and the like controverted points of divinity: the productions of thoſe ſelf-taught teachers and ſelf-called paſtors of the church, in the time of Cromwell's uſurpation. As his uſual ſtudies had been very inſipid to him, ſince he was become thus a prey to melancholy, and out of humour with himſelf, the Vicar, and all the neighbourhood, this crude traſh happened to ſuit Mr. Geoffry's vitiated palate: eſpecially as theſe writings abounded with bitter invectives againſt the regular Clergy and the eſtabliſhed Church; and with ſentences of reprobation upon all mankind, except a few choice ſpirits, called the Elect.

Mr. Wildgooſe read over this curious volume in an indolent manner; which rather amuſed, than pleaſed him; and bewildered, rather than inſtructed him. He was ſo far from being cloyed however with this crabbed food, that he found his appetite increaſe by indulgence. And, recollecting that there was a cloſet in the houſe which had been locked up ever ſince the death of his grand-mother (who was a rigid Nonconformiſt), thither he inſtantly reſorts; and finds it ſtored with a variety of authors of the

ſame ſtamp: ſome Preſbyterian, ſome Independent, ſome Anabaptiſt, ſome Fifth-monarchy men; the works of that ſwarm of ſectaries in the laſt century; all differing ſomewhat in their principles, but all agreeing in their inveteracy againſt the Church of England.

This was no unpleaſant food for Wildgooſe's diſorder. For, having conceived ſo great a prejudice againſt the Vicar of the pariſh, he gladly embraced any ſyſtem that ſeemed to thwart his uſual doctrine. In ſhort, in half a year's time, he had gone through the whole library of godly diſcourſes; the Marrow of Divinity, Crumbs of Comfort, and Honey-combs for the Elect, The Spiritual Eye-ſalves and Cordials for the Saints, and * Shoves for heavy-ars'd Chriſtians; and was forced, at laſt, to take up with an old tattered folio of Foxe's Martyrology, and another of Maſter Clark's Lives of famous Men; amongſt others, that of Mr. Carter of Norwich, who (the hiſtory informs us) was a mighty lover of Norfolk-dumplins.

* A very good book of old Baxter's.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Adopts a new Syſtem of Religion.

THE Puritanical principles, which he had thus imbibed, prepared Mr. Wildgooſe to reliſh the doctrines of the Methodiſts; which began, about this time, to ſpread in every corner of the kingdom. And he was much pleaſed with the Journals of their proceedings; two or three of which he had accidentally met with, and which made no ſlight impreſſion on his imagination. Such a multifarious body of divinity indeed quite unſettled Mr. Geoffry's mind; and filled his head with ſuch a farraginous medley of opinions, as almoſt turned his brain. It produced at leaſt, to ſpeak candidly of the matter, that ſort of phrenzy, which we aſcribe to enthuſiaſts in muſic, poetry, or painting, or any other art or ſcience; whoſe imaginations are ſo entirely poſſeſſed by thoſe ideas, as to make them talk and act like madmen, in the ſober eye of merely rational people.

But, to compleat poor Geoffry's religious phrenzy, ſome ſtraggling Itinerant had lately pene-

penetrated into that neighbourhood; and held-forth once or twice a week at a market-town a few miles from the village where Wildgoose lived. These nocturnal meetings he now frequently attended: at first, without his mother's knowledge, or that of any of his neighbours; and when she discovered it by his frequent absence, she thought it more prudent to connive at his whimsies, than aggravate them by opposition.

A pious inclination to retail the doctrines which he heard at those meetings, as well as the natural propensity which men have to propagate their own opinions, concurring with the prejudice which Mr. Wildgoose had conceived against the Parson of the parish, strongly urged him to give vent to that fund of spiritual knowledge, which (like the volatile bee) he had been the whole summer in gleaning from those flowers of rhetoric and from those flourishing orators above-mentioned.

He would now and then venture to defend the cause of the Methodists, before his mother: but she would never hear him with patience on the subject. She said, "If the Clergy would but "do their duty, as her poor father did, and as "the canons of the Church required, there would "be

"be no neceſſity for theſe extraordinary proceed-
"ings. And if they neglected their duty, com-
"plaint ſhould be made to their lawful ſuperiors.
"Her own father," ſhe ſaid, "was a very good
"man. And, whatever little ſhew of piety theſe
"upſtart preachers might raiſe amongſt their fol-
"lowers, by the novelty of the thing; ſhe was
"ſure her father did more real good in his ſphere,
"by a regular diſcharge of his duty in an exten-
"ſive pariſh. That he inſtructed the ignorant,
"and reproved the vicious: that he catechized the
"children, viſited the ſick, and (as far as his cir-
"cumſtances would permit) relieved the poor:
"and that not only his own pariſh, but the
"whole neighbourhood, were the better for his
"inſtructions and his example, to this day."

As Mrs. Wildgooſe was ſo zealous an advocate for the Church, Mr. Geoffry forbore to diſplay his ſentiments any further in her preſence: though he took an opportunity, now and then, of privately inſinuating his notions into the maid, who, being young, was more attentive and more pliant than the man, whom age and habit had rendered ſtubborn and averſe to ſpeculation. In other reſpects, as Wildgooſe had long ſince deſerted his old companions amongſt the creditable part of the neighbourhood, he was under a neceſſity,

ceſſity, at preſent, of keeping ſilence from (what he thought) ſuch good words, though it was no ſmall pain and grief to him.

CHAP. VI.

Preliminaries with the faſtidious Reader.

MR. Wildgooſe, being impatient of any longer confinement, began after ſome time to creep out in the duſk of the evening, and join the ſober aſſembly of labourers and mechanics under an old elm, at the cottage-gate of an honeſt ſociable Cobler; where the news of the pariſh, or the weather of the enſuing day, the badneſs of the times, or the ſcarcity of money, and other matters of general concern, were adjuſted with great wiſdom and penetration.

As Jeremiah Tugwell (which was the name of this Cobler) will bear a conſiderable part in this hiſtory, the polite reader will not be offended with a ſlight ſketch of his perſon and character.

Here, however, it may be neceſſary, once for all, to ſettle preliminaries with ſuch readers as are poſſeſſed with the modern *tapino-phoby*, or dread

dread of every thing that is low, either in writing or in converſation. For as people in high life are leſs prone to that exceſs of zeal or religious enthuſiaſm, which gave occaſion to the following tale, than people in a leſs elevated ſphere, the author could not, conſiſtently with probability, introduce him ſo frequently amongſt the former, as amongſt the latter.

I have ſometimes been tempted to think, however, that high and low are by no means neceſſarily confined to the different ranks and ſtations in life; and have even ſuſpected (though I do not preſume to have penetrated into the very *ſanctum ſanctorum* of high life) that there may be as much low wit and as many practical jokes going on over a bottle of burgundy at the Star and garter, or at Arthur's; as over a pot of porter at the Robinhood ſociety. It ſeems at leaſt probable, that as we ſometimes find very low wit employed upon the higheſt ſubjects; ſo there is room for high humour (if the author had abilities) upon the loweſt ſubjects.

If the reader however has otherwiſe determined it; if he is of opinion, that every repreſentation of nature, that does not relate to the great world, is to be exploded as contemptible ſtuff; he will certainly repent of having read

thus

thus far; and I would exhort him, by all means, to return in peace to his card-aſſembly or to his chocolate-houſe, and purſue ſo low a ſubject no further.

For the ſake however of the leſs critical cuſtomer; the "fat, ſleek-headed" gueſt; who, like a prudent traveller in a ſtage-coach, inſtead of affecting to be more ſqueamiſh than his companions, is reſolved to be pleaſed with whatever is ſet before him, we will proceed in our narration.

CHAP. VII.

What ſort of Man Jeremiah Tugwell was.

COME! then, thou goddeſs Fame, if haply thou canſt ſteal a moment from high life, from trumpeting forth the praiſes of the great artiſt of the golden-boot in Berkley-ſquare *, and I do not blaſphemouſly invoke thy power to record the humbler virtues of a rural craftſman;

* On a ſign there, a painter had copied Roubiliac's figure of Fame on the wing: in her right hand exalting a golden boot; with a trumpet in the left, ſounding forth the praiſes of the illuſtrious boot-maker.

come

come to my aid! and beſtow one blaſt in honour of the fidelity, courage, wit, and humour, of the renowned Jeremiah Tugwell.

Jeremiah Tugwell then, or Tagwell, or Tackwell (for, learning having been at a low ebb in the family, the orthography is ſomewhat dubious: nay, a conceited fellow in the village, who pretended to etymology, ſaid it ought to be written Tugwool, and that wool was put for ſheep, and ſheep for mutton by a ſynecdoche: ſo that the true meaning of the name, according to his conceit, was Tug-mutton. But I value at a nut-ſhell theſe fanciful etymologies; which endeavour to elicite a ſignificative meaning from every family name, the originals of which are infinitely uncertain; and our conjectures about them are often as far from the truth, as the interpretation of dreams by an old midwife *)—

Tugwell then was a thickſet little fellow, near fifty; but of a ſtrong conſtitution and hale complexion. And though age and accidents had made conſiderable depredations on his perſon; had turned the colour of his buſhy locks; had

* A learned Antiquary inſiſts upon it, that *Tugwell* is a corruption of *Togbill* near Bath; and *Togbill* of *The Oak-hill*; being a wood of Oaks, where the Druids went in ſearch of the ſacred Miſſeto.

made

made bald the crown of his head, and robbed him of moſt of his grinders; yet theſe ſtrokes of time had only given him a more pictureſque appearance: and one ſolitary tooth in his upper mandible, when any thing excited his mirth, gave an inexpreſſibly droll and joyous air to his phyſiognomy.

As to his character, Jerry had a tolerable ſhare of natural ſenſe: but, having ſomewhat of a ſpeculative turn, and being fond of books, he too much diſregarded the common maxims of prudence; and paſſed, amongſt his more provident though really leſs ſagacious neighbours, for an half-witted fellow. By which means, though Jerry was really a tolerable hand, a more popular operator having ſtarted up, he had loſt moſt of his cuſtom as a Shoe-maker, and was dwindled into a mere mender of ſhoes, or, what is vulgarly called, a Cobler. He ſtill worked for Mrs. Wildgooſe's family, however; who had always made it a point of conſcience, not wantonly to change their tradeſmen, from any imaginary want of ſkill in an old man, whoſe honeſty and deſire to oblige them were unqueſtionable.

Though Jerry was fond of books, it was chiefly thoſe of the fabulous kind, which dealt in the marvellous

marvellous and the romantic. As he did not trouble himſelf about the niceties of chronology or geography, Jerry was particularly fond of "The Seven Champions of Chriſtendom," who are ſaid by the hiſtorian to have ſprung up ſoon after the deſtruction of Troy; that is, about ſome thouſand years before Chriſt was born: and one of them to have ridden on horſe-back from Sicily, through Cappadocia, Tartary, the Iſland of Cyprus, &c. the direct road to Jeruſalem. Tugwell was poſſeſſed alſo of the old edition of Mandeville's Travels; who is the author alluded to by Shakeſpear, as ſpeaking of "antres vaſt and deſerts idle," and of "men "whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders." Jerry delighted to talk of Preſter John, of the Holy-land, and of the wandering Jew; "that curſed Shoe-maker," who thruſt our Saviour out of the judgement-hall; for which he is condemned to a vagabond life, till Chriſt comes in judgement; whoſe real exiſtence * Jerry as firmly believed, as any part of the Goſpel.

He had alſo ſome ſmattering in aſtronomy, though he had not yet embraced the Newtonian ſyſtem: he could point out Charles's wain and

* Matthew Paris, no contemptible hiſtorian, mentions his being frequently ſeen in the Eaſt, about 400 years ago.

the polar ſtar; and could give as good an account of the Northern lights as moſt other philoſophers: yet Jerry ſtrenuouſly denied their appearance in England before the beheading of the rebel lords in the year fifteen.

For, as to his political principles, Tugwell was ſuſpected, like ſome of his neighbours, to be ſtrongly attached to the Stuart family: though this attachment ſeemed to have no other foundation than a compaſſion for the diſtreſſed, and never ſhewed itſelf but in an harmleſs pun once a year; in wearing a ſprig of rue and thyme on the Eleventh of June (the acceſſion of his late Majeſty), as the Tenth was honoured with a white roſe.

As for Jerry's moral character, his juſtice, temperance, and fortitude; they will ſufficiently appear in the courſe of this hiſtory.

Tugwell had no family, but his wife Dorothy, his dog Snap, and a tabby cat. His only ſon Joſeph, having violated the chaſtity of the Juſtice's maid (who was known to be common to all men), rather than marry her, liſted for a ſoldier; and was ſuppoſed to be dead in America.

Jerry and his ſpouſe were more equally yoked than Jobſon and Nell in the farce; though in the preſent inſtance the female prerogative rather prepon-

preponderated: by a proper exercise of which, notwithstanding his censorious neighbours thought Jerry cursedly hen-pecked, Dorothy contrived to convince him that he had the best wife in Christendom.

CHAP. VIII.

Sketch of Mr. Wildgoose's Theological System.

"NO more of Jeremiah Tugwell, for hea-
"ven's sake!" says the delicate Reader, whose patience has hitherto been unexhausted. I shall only add therefore, that as Tugwell's name was liable to puns, and capable of significant applications; so the situation of his stall, within view of the street, exposed him to the familiar salutation of those that passed by. And, as every one had something to say to Jerry, so Jerry had something to say to every one: and this gave a sort of petulant dicacity to his repartees, by no means agreeable to the natural civility of his disposition.

The Reader will observe likewise, that Tugwell's profound knowledge of books had infected his language; which was frequently in-

terlarded with hard words, not always applied or pronounced with the utmoſt propriety.

Such then were the circumſtances, perſon, and character, of Jeremiah Tugwell, at whoſe cottage-gate Mr. Wildgooſe made the firſt eſſay towards propagating the doctrines which he had lately adopted.

He took occaſion firſt to lament the great decay of Chriſtian piety (which, with regard to his preſent audience, was probably a complaint but too juſtly founded). He then began to inſinuate, "That the preſent doctrine and diſcipline of the "Church were the chief cauſes of this degeneracy: "That, for his part, he had attended the public "worſhip, as others did, merely becauſe it was the "cuſtom of the country; but that he had always "found it a tedious piece of lip-labour, without "the leaſt edification: That as for the Parſon's "preaching, it might ſerve juſt to keep up ſome "little appearance of religion amongſt us, and "perhaps might prevent ſome people from being "quite ſo bad as they would otherwiſe be; but "could never reform one ſinner, nor make men "wiſe unto ſalvation. Beſides," ſays he, "if we "could live a good moral life, and practiſe all the "good works which the Doctor ſo earneſtly re-"commends; all this would be little to the pur-

"poſe.

"poſe. Faith in Chriſt, ſays he, is all in all. "We muſt be cloathed with the ſplendid robes of "his righteouſneſs, inſtead of the filthy rags of "our own works. In ſhort," continues Wildgooſe, "we muſt be aſſured, that we are in the "number of the Elect, and have the ſeal of adop-"tion (the impreſſion of which," he hinted, "none "but a few choice ſpirits like himſelf were ac-"quainted with); and if our name were thus "once up (according to his doctrine), we might "lie a-bed, and give ourſelves no further trou-"ble."

With this, and a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe, Mr. Geoffry entertained his little circle under the great elm at Tugwell's gate: and though they were not capable of diſtinguiſhing nicely between his doctrine and what they heard at church; yet, being delivered to them in a more familiar manner, and by a new teacher, and in a new place, it made a conſiderable impreſſion upon them, and brought them punctually the next evening to their uſual rendezvous. But, as the report of Mr. Wildgooſe's appearing amongſt them ſoon increaſed the number of this little aſſembly, and alſo as the evenings began now to be pretty cool, he thought it proper to adjourn to Tugwell's chim-

ney-corner. Beſides, Mr. Wildgooſe was ſufficiently ſenſible of the difference between mere talking, and preaching in a fanatical manner. Where nothing was intended but informing the underſtanding, the former alone might anſwer the end: but where the paſſions were to be moved, and the affections engaged, a more vehement action (approaching to geſticulation), a greater earneſtneſs and more impaſſioned tone of voice were to be made uſe of: which an orator upon a level with the crowd and in the open ſtreet could by no means exert to the beſt advantage.

CHAP. IX.

He commences Orator.

MR. Wildgooſe therefore now borrowed a ſtool of Dame Tugwell; and, exalting himſelf above his audience, harangued them in the true Goſpel tone and ſtyle of addreſs. To ſhew them the neceſſity of the new birth and of a divine faith, he began to deſcribe, in heightened colours, the univerſal depravity of human nature. He confeſſed, "that, for his part, he had "violated every precept of the moral law, as

" contained in the ten commandments." And, in the heat of his oratory, (with eyes fixed and foaming mouth) he inſiſted upon it, " that he " had blaſphemed God, and curſed the king; " that he had diſhonoured his father and his " mother; that he had murthered his brother—" Here the company ſtared, as it was well known that he never had but one brother, who died of the chin-cough.—He declared, " that he had " defiled his neighbour's wife; that he had robbed " upon the highway—"

" Stop! ſtop! Maſter," cries Tugwell, who could hold no longer, " why ſure you are beſide " yourſelf—I believe your Worſhip is as honeſt " a gentleman as anyi n t he county—"

" Ah! Jerry," replies Wildgooſe, correcting himſelf, " I have not perhaps been actually " guilty of thoſe enormous tranſgreſſions: but " every unregenerate man is daily guilty of " them virtually, as we ſay; inaſmuch as he " has the ſeeds of corruption in his heart, and " it is only by the grace of God that he is " reſtrained from putting them in execution."

In this ſtyle Mr. Wildgooſe uſually addreſſed his little audience: and though he had really a claſſical taſte, and, on common ſubjects, an elegance of expreſſion; yet, by confining himſelf ſo

long to the Puritanical writings above-mentioned, and thoſe of the Methodiſts, he had ſtrongly imbibed their manner: and his language on religious topics abounded with that ſtrange jargon of thoſe pious people, which chiefly conſiſts in applying the quaint Hebraiſms of the old Teſtament and the peculiar expreſſions of the primitive Apoſtles to their own ſituations, and every trifling occurrence of modern life.

Thus, in alluſion to the ſacred unction, he would tell them, "that God anointed (that is, "*greaſed)* the wheels of his ſoul;" and blaſphemeouſly makes him act as a ſurgeon and apothecary, "purging him with hyſſop, heal-"ing his putrid ſores, and binding up his broken "bones." Sometimes God is a Grub-ſtreet writer; and "writes bitter things againſt "him." And he always ſpeaks of himſelf, as an Apoſtle and Evangeliſt; "that few could "reſiſt the power with which he ſpoke *;" and "that he ſpake as one having authority, and not "as the Scribes;" that is, common country Parſons.

As Mr. Geoffry was ſometimes rather prolix in his diſcourſes, Tugwell would put him in mind, "that talking was *dry* work." He therefore

* Journal, p. 108.

frequently

frequently enforced his arguments with a flaggon of good ale from his mother's cellar; which afforded great comfort to his thirſty audience, cemented their friendſhip, and contributed not a little to convince them that they were in "the right way." And, to keep Dame Tugwell in good-humour (who was ſovereign in that manſion), and to make her ſome recompence for the uſe of her houſe, Mr. Geoffry ordered her to come daily to his mother's kitchen; where, together with her broth or pot-liquor, he contrived to ſlip ſomething more ſubſtantial into Dorothy's pipkin.

CHAP. X.

A peculiar Species of Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline.

BY this kind of management, Mr. Wildgooſe's audience greatly increaſed, and became almoſt as numerous as Mr. Powell's, the Vicar's, at church. For, though Mr. Powell did his duty in the pariſh with ſufficient care, and, as Jerry uſed to ſay, was "a pretty man in a pulpit;" there was a peculiarity in his conduct, which made him many ſecret enemies, and which deſerves to be recorded.

Mr. Powell was a man of great benevolence, but, being a Cambro Briton (of the Ap-hoels of Brecknockſhire), he was ſubject to a national impetuoſity of temper: and, being endued with great bodily ſtrength and proportionable courage, if any of his pariſhioners were notoriouſly guilty of ſwearing, drinking, or any other ſcandalous vice, he would addreſs them in this manner: "Look you, my friends; your drunkenneſs and "profaneneſs are an open inſult upon the laws "of that great King whom I have the honour "to ſerve; and an affront to me, who bear "his commiſſion. As I have often admoniſhed "you therefore againſt ſwearing and drinking, "and you ſtill perſiſt in the ſame courſe; I "give you fair warning once more, that the "next time I hear or ſee any thing of this kind, "I will drub you moſt confoundedly." This method had ſo good an effect, that, as they knew he had ſtrength and courage to put his threats in execution, he was very ſeldom under any neceſſity of doing ſo.

Thoſe, however, who were thus kept in awe, though they could not but reverence Mr. Powell's character, rather feared than loved him; and were glad to liſten to any doctrine which they thought

thought was in oppoſition to the Vicar's.—But to return from this digreſſion.

CHAP. XI.

Mr. Wildgooſe takes an extraordinary Reſolution.

BY haranguing ſo frequently upon the ſame topicks, Mr. Wildgooſe began to talk very fluently: and, from attending to the applauſes of his little audience, and obſerving the effect of his oratory upon them, he began to entertain no mean opinion of his own eloquence, and to aſpire after a more extenſive fame. Nay, he thought himſelf falſe to his truſt, thus to bury "his talent in a napkin;" to hide his "candle under a buſhel;" and not to let his "light ſhine before men," for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Beſides, from reading the accounts of God's dealings with ſeveral of his Saints; particularly with John Bunyan, who in his youth had been greatly addicted to the diabolical diverſions of ringing bells, dancing at may-poles, and other profane amuſements (as he himſelf informs us):

yet, in his advanced age, was thought worthy, for his pious labours in God's vineyard, to be ſent to Newgate: from peruſing theſe, I ſay, and the Acts of our modern Apoſtles, contained in their Journals abovementioned; Mr. Wildgooſe was ambitious of emulating their ſpiritual adventures, and even burnt with zeal to imitate them in their ſufferings; and wiſhed for nothing ſo much as to be perſecuted for the ſake of his religion. The ſuffering for one's opinions gives a man an air of conſequence in his own eyes; as it ſuppoſes him to think for himſelf, and to be diſtinguiſhed from the herd of mankind, who live and die unregarded, content with the hereditary notions of their unthinking anceſtors.

Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe, therefore, having no longer any pleaſure in the ſociety of his more creditable neighbours, nor in his wonted amuſements, ſince his fancy became entirely poſſeſſed with theſe enthuſiaſtic ideas, determined to leave the management of his mother's eſtate to their old ſervant Stephen; and, like a true "Spiritual Quixote," to abandon his dwelling: and, in imitation of Mr. Whitfield and his aſſociates, to uſe his earneſt endeavours to revive

vive the practice of primitive piety and the doctrines of the Reformation, by turning Miſſionary, and publiſhing his religious notions in every part of the kingdom.

END OF BOOK I.

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Original of Methodiſm. Mr. Wildgooſe's Reſolution to viſit the Society at Briſtol.

WHEN the learned Humphry Prideaux (as the ſtory goes) offered his Life of Mahomet to the Bookſeller; he was deſired to leave the copy with him, a few days, for his peruſal. The Bookſeller, who had not the learning or taſte of a modern Artiſt, having conſulted with his learned Garreteers, who were highly pleaſed with the performance, told the Doctor at his return, "Well, Mr. What's-your-"name," ſays he, "I have peruſed your manu-"ſcript: I do not know what to ſay to it; I be-"lieve

"lieve I ſhall venture to print it: the thing is "well enough; but—I could wiſh there were "a little more humour in it."

Now though the courteous Reader ſhould be as fond of humour as this facetious Bookſeller was; yet if, in travelling through a flat country, he ſhould now and then meet with a picturesque proſpect, ſometimes with a bit of galloping ground, and ſometimes with a droll object upon the road, he muſt patiently ſubmit to jog on ſome parts of the way, without any thing to entertain or amuſe him; for ſuch probably will be the fate of the gentle Reader of this various Hiſtory.

About this time, the ſect of the Methodiſts (as was before obſerved) began to ſpread into moſt parts of the nation: though perhaps it is doing them too much credit, and at the ſame time an act of injuſtice, to call them *a ſect*; as I know of few novel opinions which they maintain, except that of the lawfulneſs of preaching without a legal call, and of aſſembling in conventicles, or in the open fields, in direct oppoſition to the laws of the land.

A late Writer * does Mr. Whitfield the honour of being the firſt author of Methodiſm;

* Hiſtorical Review of the Tranſactions of Europe.

whom

whom he alſo calls a Fellow of Pembroke-college in Oxford. But as Mr. Whitfield diſclaims all worldly grandeur; and with great humility aſſures us, that (like the bleſſed Founder of our religion) he was born in an inn *: ſo, like him, I am perſuaded, he will confeſs, "that he came "not to be miniſtred unto, but to miniſter." For he was really a Servitor, and not a Fellow, of that learned ſociety. Neither was Mr. Whitfield concerned in the firſt inſtitution of Methodiſm, though he has ſince made ſo ſhining a figure amongſt them. For, ſome years † before he came to the Univerſity, Mr. John Weſley, Fellow of Lincoln-college, his brother Charles, a Student of Chriſt-church, Mr. Clayton of Brazen-noſe, and two or three more young gentlemen, (with a very laudable intention) agreed to ſpend two or three evenings in a week together, in reading hiſtory or other entertaining and inſtructive books; inſtead of drinking, which (at that time) was too much in vogue

* Vid. God's dealings with Mr. Whitfield. There is nothing ſo ridiculous (or rather profane) which pious Writers will not ſay, for the ſake of a witty alluſion. Thus the learned Biſhop Taylor ſays, that Chriſt was born at the ſign of the Star in Bethlehem.

"Born at an Inn,
"A Star the Sign—" Gold. Grove.

† About the year 1730.

among

among the young people of the Univerſity. The Sunday evenings they appropriated to religious authors: which ſoon convinced them of the great neglect of practical religion in that place, as well as in other parts of the kingdom. In conſequence of theſe convictions, they formed themſelves into a little ſociety; and raiſed a ſmall fund for charitable uſes: to relieve the neceſſitous, buy medicines for the ſick, and to diſperſe books amongſt the ignorant. They agreed alſo to go occaſionally and viſit the priſoners in the caſtle; who, at that time, were much neglected. And, that they might have the more leiſure for theſe charitable offices, without breaking in too much upon the buſineſs of their colleges, they were obliged to fix ſtated hours for theſe employments, and their other religious exerciſes: to which they were directed by Mr. Nelſon's "Practice of Devo-"tion." This ſtrict regularity and Methodical conduct, after ſome time, acquired them the name of Methodiſts; though not without alluſion probably to an ancient ſchool of Phyſicians of that denomination.

Mr. Weſley, however, I am convinced, had no thoughts, at that time, of ſeparating from the Eſtabliſhed Church (the moſt eſſential of whoſe doctrines

doctrines he has generally adhered to), much leſs of robbing the community of ſo many uſeful mechanics; who, with a view of raiſing themſelves above their fellow-plebeians, without any other apparatus than a long cravat and a demure pertneſs of countenance, together with a little common-place jargon (picked up at their weekly aſſemblies), forſake their lawful callings, and commence reformers and teachers of their brethren. But "the beginning of ſtrife is as "the letting out of water:" and if one man may break through the eſtabliſhed order of ſociety, another has the ſame right to do it; which muſt end at laſt in utter confuſion.

Theſe people then had ſeveral Societies at this time, in London, Briſtol, and in moſt of the conſiderable towns in England. But as Briſtol was the neareſt to the place of Mr. Wildgooſe's habitation; and he ſaw, by the news-papers, that Mr. Whitfield, at this time, made that his principal reſidence; he reſolved to viſit the Society in that city, and confer with them upon the ſubject of the cauſe in which he was now a volunteer; and to take inſtructions for the better diſcharge of the miſſion, to which, he flattered himſelf, he had a divine call.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Communicates his Intentions to Tugwell.

MR. Wildgooſe, having determined to go on a pilgrimage to Briſtol, after ſome deliberation, communicated his intention to his foreſaid honeſt neighbour, Jeremiah Tugwell, but under a ſtrict injunction of the greateſt ſecreſy. And, as he thought it would be more agreeable to have a companion in his travels, finding him alone in his ſtall, he began to ſound Jerry upon that ſubject.

Mr. Wildgooſe eſteemed Tugwell, and Tugwell fancied himſelf, a true convert to his religious ſyſtem. For, hearing him harangue ſo often upon the ſame ſubject, Jerry had learnt, whenever Mr. Wildgooſe talked to him upon that head, to echo back moſt of his expreſſions, with an appearance of a ſincere conviction. If Mr. Wildgooſe lamented the ſad decay of Chriſtian piety; Tugwell would ſhake his head, and clinch it with a more vehement exclamation againſt the wickedneſs of the age. If Wildgooſe aſſerted the preference of faith to works; "Yes,

"yes,"

"yes," cries Jerry, "faith's all; our good "works are no better than filthy rags, in the "ſight of God."

And as Jerry's paſſions were naturally tame and moderate, he was not often guilty either of ſwearing or drinking; the moſt common foibles of men in his rank of life.

As to the former, however, Jerry might rather be called aDemi-juror, than a Non-juror; as, inſtead of the uſual profane execrations, he would content himſelf with ſome ſoftening modifications of them. Inſtead of the ſhocking exclamation of "G-d d—n you!" Jerry would uſe, "G-d mend you, or convert you!" Inſtead of "Od's blood! od's wounds! or pox take you!" Jerry was content with "Odſbodikins! odſzoun-"terkins! pok-i-cat take you!" and the like. And even theſe caſtrated imprecations Jerry ſeldom uſed, even in the paroxyſms of his wrath, without a decent ſalvo; as, "God forgive me "for ſwearing," or "I was going to ſay," and the like. Which, however, anſwered the purpoſe of venting his rage, and at the ſame time ſecured him from the imputation of impiety and profaneneſs.

As to drinking, Tugwell's greateſt temptation was from the Angel in his neighbourhood; I mean,

mean, the ſign of the Angel, where he longed to be tippling with the ſociable part of his acquaintance. But as there is no law in England againſt the wife's "wearing that emblem of ſo-"vereignty, the breeches," Dorothy kept the caſh; and by that means kept Jerry within tolerable bounds, unleſs when he could ſecrete a teſter for ſome bye-jobb; on which occaſions he would ſometimes elope and take his fill. But ſince Mr. Wildgooſe had made uſe of his cottage for their nightly aſſemblies, this ſupplied the place of other leſs innocent amuſements. So that Tugwell flattered himſelf, he was a true convert to religion; that he had made a great progreſs in the road to heaven, and was qualified to teach others the way.

But to prepare Tugwell for a proper aſſiſtant in his miſſion, Mr. Wildgooſe took this opportunity of examining him upon ſome of the diſtinguiſhing doctrines which he had of late been inculcating.

Wildgooſe aſked Jerry therefore, "Whether "he had a true ſenſe of his fallen condition, "and that he was a wicked ſinner, and had "broken every commandment of the moral law? "For, unleſs he was convinced of ſin," he ſaid, "he could not hope for pardon.

"Tell

"Tell me, therefore, Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, "have you ever broke the firſt or ſecond commandment; or have you ever been guilty of worſhipping idols?—"*Idols!*" ſays Jerry: "why yes, to be ſure, I have been very *idle* "ſometimes, that's *ſartain*; eſpecially at Chriſtmas and Whitſuntide, and *ſich* good times, as "one may ſay!"—"Pſhaw!" ſays Wildgooſe, "you miſtake me, Jerry; I mean, did you "ever worſhip more gods than one, or any "falſe gods, as the Jews and Heathens did!"—"Oh!" ſays Jerry; "what Bel and the Dragon, and Nebuchadnezzar, and *ſich* like. No, "no! thank God, I never *troubles* my head "about them. I *goes* to church on Sundays and "holydays, and *worſhips* the twelve Apoſtles, and "*ſich* like; but I never pray to the Virgin "Mary, or worſhip images, as the *Papiſhes* do."

"Well, Jerry; but you may have been guilty "of idolatry, by ſetting up idols in your heart, "and loving any thing more than God."

"Ah!" ſays Jerry, "God forgive me! to be "ſure, I formerly loved nine-pins and cudgel-"playing, better than going to church and ſay-"ing my prayers."

"Well then, Jerry, thou haſt broken the firſt "and ſecond commandments. Now for the "third—

"third—Didſt thou never take the name of "God in vain?"

"No," ſays Jerry, "I hope not; God be "praiſed! I never was guilty of that—though "to be ſure, when a body is in a paſſion, a body "may uſe a bad word, now and then, ſuch as, "Pok-i-cat take you! Od's-bobs! Odſbodikins! "and the like—but there is no harm in that."

"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "if you think them "bad words, there is harm in them, and they "are very wicked; and if you do not, they are "very ridiculous. Do you know, Jerry, that "many of thoſe words are corruptions, either "of the moſt tremendous oaths, or of the moſt "ſhocking execrations? 'Pok-i-cat take you!' "is only a corruption of 'The pox of God take "you!' 'Odſbobs' (as you call it) means 'As "ſure as God's above us!' and 'Zounterkins' "(which you frequently uſe) is a corruption of "'God's wounds,' and is a moſt ſhocking oath, "as ſwearing by the precious wounds of our Re-"deemer. In ſhort, Jerry, the only way to "avoid the guilt of profane ſwearing is, to uſe "the greateſt ſimplicity of ſpeech; to let your "Yea be yea, and your Nay nay, as our great "Maſter directs."

Tugwell

Tugwell ſtared at this expoſition of his unmeaning gibberiſh; but Wildgooſe proceeded in his examination.

"In the next place, Jerry, have you never "profaned the ſabbath, by doing your ordinary "work on the Lord's day?"

"No," ſays Jerry, "except paring turnips, "now and then, and boiling the pot; which we "ha'n't time to do always on working-days— "And I remember, I once ſate up till Sunday "morning, to finiſh a pair of ſhoes againſt "Eaſter."

"Well, Jerry," continues Wildgooſe, "if I "were to examine you through the whole Deca-"logue, I am afraid there is not one of the mo-"ral precepts, but what thou haſt tranſgreſſed, "either in thought, word, or deed. For, as the "tenth commandment is intended to guard "againſt the breach of the reſt; if you have "not actually been guilty, you may intention-"ally, even by coveting your neighbour's houſe, "your neighbour's wife, or any thing that is "his."

"Nay," ſays Jerry, "as for coveting my "neighbour's wife, nobody can accuſe me of "that; for, thank God, I have the beſt wife in "England."

Juſt

Juſt as Jerry was ſaying this, Dorothy, who had liſtened for ſome time, and did not hear the noiſe of the hammer, called out, with no very harmonious voice, "Why don't you mind your "work? Don't you know thoſe ſhoes muſt all be "finiſhed againſt Whitſunday?"

The dread of Dorothy's diſpleaſure, therefore, put a ſtop to Mr. Wildgooſe's ſcrutiny for the preſent; and ſo they parted, but in the evening reſumed their deliberations.

As Jerry then had no family to provide for, but his wife Dorothy, who could ſupport herſelf by her own induſtry, and (as he ſuſpected) had already made a purſe for herſelf, he wanted but little perſuaſion to come into Mr. Wildgooſe's propoſal; eſpecially as the courſe of his ſtudies had given him a romantic turn, and a ſtrong inclination for travelling, although his ſituation in life had never permitted him to indulge that propenſity. Beſides, as Jerry made a ſort of merit of accompanying Mr. Wildgooſe, he did not doubt but he would, ſome time or other, recompence him for his trouble. Tugwell therefore told Mr. Wildgooſe, "that he ſhould be "very proud to bear him company, if he was "reſolved to go. But, pleaſe your Worſhip—" Jerry was here going to propoſe ſome artful ſcru-

ples, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

Jerry's affected Scruples.

TUgwell aſſured Mr. Wildgooſe, "he "ſhould be very proud to accompany him "to the Land's end, if occaſion were; for that "he always loved travelling. But, Maſter," ſays he, "what muſt we do for money, to pay "for our lodgings, and to provide neceſſaries "upon the road? For, as Madam is not to know "of our going, belike your Worſhip's purſe will "ſoon be *diſ*hauſted."—"Oh! as for that," ſays Wildgooſe, "you may make yourſelf eaſy "—The labourer is worthy of his hire. Thoſe "to whom we impart our ſpiritual things, will "abundantly ſupply us with thoſe carnal con-"veniences which you are ſo anxious about; "at leaſt, Providence will infallibly provide for "thoſe that rely upon him: and I have as good "ſecurity for the neceſſaries of life in God's "promiſes, as if I had millions in the Bank of "England.

"Was not Elijah fed as well by ravens, doſt "thou think, as he would have been from the "King's

"King's table? And did not he ſleep as ſweetly "under a juniper-tree, as he would have done "upon a bed of ſtate?"

"Yes, yes," ſays Jerry, "that is very true; "but then that was in the Holy Land; where "belike it is much warmer than it is in this "country. And then mayhap there were no "inns nor ale-houſes in thoſe days; nor any "thing to be got for love or money, in the wil- "derneſs where Elijah travelled: ſo that he "was obliged to truſt to Providence, as a body "may ſay—however, folks were not ſo hard- "hearted in thoſe days; but were more given "to *hoſtility*, than they are now."—"Hoſpi- "tality, I ſuppoſe, you mean," ſays Wildgooſe.— "Well, well, that is all one," replies Tugwell; "but I am no Oxford ſcholar, that's *ſartain*;" (which was all that Jerry thought requiſite to make him as wiſe as his maſter.)—"But "howſomever, now-a-days, if a poor man does "but aſk for a cup of drink upon the road, he's "taken for a thief or a *bagabond*. Inſtead of "giving a man any thing to eat, they will only "give one good advice, 'Why don't you get "to your own pariſh?' ſays one: 'Why don't "you work? ſays another, and not beg?' "'Here are ſo many idle fellows about the

"country!' ſays another. And then it's good "luck, if the houſe-dog be not ſet upon one, "and one gets off without a torn ſkirt! I ſhould "like well enough to travel amongſt your "Turks and *Hometans* (as Thomas Coryat the "Somerſetſhire man did), where a man may "lay down his knap-ſack in an evening, and "lodge in a ſort of alms-houſe or *carry-fancy*, "as the book calls it, and nobody aſk any "queſtions: but there's no travelling in a "Chriſtian country, without a little money in "one's pocket."

"Well," ſays Wildgooſe, "if that be all, I "could take money enough, to provide us ne-"ceſſaries upon the road. But I greatly que-"ſtion whether it be lawful, for a Preacher of "the Goſpel to take any thought for the things "of this life: the firſt Apoſtles (you know) "were forbid to take either purſe or ſcrip, "or to have two coats apiece."—"Well," ſays Tugwell, "I believe we ſhall have but *one* "*coat* between us; as your Worſhip will hard-"ly walk in a great-coat this ſummer-time; "and mine is but a waiſtcoat, and make the "beſt of it!"—"Why, I ſuppoſe, the only "intention of thoſe particular expreſſions," replies Wildgooſe, "is, that we ſhould not diſtruſt

"Provi-

"Providence—but ſhould give good Chriſtians "an opportunity of diſplaying their charity and "benevolence."

"Well but, Maſter," continues Tugwell, "what muſt we do for clean linen, as a body "may ſay? For your Worſhip, belike, has been "uſed to ſhift you twice a week: and I, moſt "commonly, *puts* on a clean neckcloth every "Sunday, and ſometimes a clean ſhirt. Now I "have a thought (if ſo be it is not contrary to "Scripture) to take my wallet over my ſhoul-"der; and that would hold ſome clean linen, and "a cruſt of bread and cheeſe ſometimes. For "we may happen to loſe our way upon Cotſ-"wold; and that's but a heatheniſh ſort of a "country at beſt."

"Why, to be ſure, Jerry," replies Mr. Wildgooſe, "we ought to take all prudent means "for our ſubſiſtence, and not expect Providence "to feed and cloath us by a conſtant miracle, as "he did the children of Iſrael in the wilder-"neſs."—"No, no," ſays Tugwell, "to be "ſure, their meat dropt into their mouths, as a "body may ſay; and their ſhoes never waxed "old, in their forty years travels; and yet, "I believe, they trampt it on foot all the "way."

"Well," ſays Wildgooſe, "I do not recollect, "that either Mr. Weſley or Mr. Whitfield ever "make any mention in their Journals, that "they took either money or clean ſhirts with "them, nor whether they thought it lawful or "unlawful to uſe any precaution of this kind. "But, let me ſee, you have got a brown jug at "home, I think, Jerry; have you not?"—"That "I have, Maſter; and it will hold two quarts, "good meaſure."—"Well, well! you muſt know "then, that Mr. Whitfield and his friends have "revived a cuſtom of deciding doubtful points by "lot. He does not tell us indeed the manner "of doing this. But I know, the method amongſt "the ancients was to write down the two queſ-"tions upon ſcraps of paper, and ſhake them in "an urn or pitcher, and leave the determination "to Providence."—"Why," ſays Jerry, "if "that be all, one may put thoſe ſame papers into "an old hat: or why cannot one toſs up an half-"penny, heads or tails, as boys do: but then, "methinks, it may happen wrong ſometimes; "and what is lawful at one time may be unlawful "at another, juſt as it turns up trump."—"Why "you muſt obſerve, Jerry, this method is only "to determine particular facts, or whether one "ſhould act ſo or ſo on any particular occaſion; "and

" and this ſure we may leave to the deciſion of " Providence.

" But however, Jerry, without any more diſ- " pute on the matter, we may be ſure of this, " that whilſt we are honeſtly employed in pro- " moting the glory of God and the good of " mankind, he will never ſuffer us to want what " is neceſſary for our ſupport.—Seek ye firſt " the kingdom of God, and his righteouſneſs, " and all other neceſſary things ſhall be added " unto you." A text of Scripture, how abſurdly ſoever applied, was always deciſive with Tugwell. And he was now worked up to a pitch of Spiritual Quixotiſm; and grew impatient to ſet out, and begged Mr. Wildgooſe to name a day for their departure towards Briſtol.

Wildgooſe told him, " that, as Whitſuntide " was at hand, and as great irregularities were " practiſed amongſt the common people upon " thoſe feſtivals, at wakes and revels, and other " ungodly meetings, particularly at a heatheniſh " aſſembly of that kind, on the Cotſwold-hills, " called Dover's meeting *; he had thoughts of

* This was a meeting of great renown in the laſt century, for an annual celebration of games, on the hills of Cotſwold, inſtituted by one Dover, a public-ſpirited Attorney of Barton on the Heath in Warwickſhire, which were frequented by the Nobility and Gentry for ſixty miles round. They are deſcri-

" making that in their road to Briſtol."—" Ah!" ſays Tugwell, " I have been many a time at " Dover's meeting, and won an hat there, at " cudgel-playing, when I was a young man: " and they ſay, there is to be good ſport there " this year."—" Ah! Jerry," replies Wildgooſe, " doſt thou call that ſport, where ſo many poor " ſouls are devoted to deſtruction, by drinking, " ſwearing, and all kinds of debauchery? Theſe " wakes, or revels, are the Devil's ſtrong-holds, " whence he iſſues forth, and takes captive the " poor deluded people at his pleaſure: however, " I am determined to bear my teſtimony againſt " them, by preaching to our brethren, and warn- " ing them of their danger, whether they will " hear, or whether they will forbear. And ſo, " we'll reſolve to ſet out next Thurſday morning,

bed in a very ſcarce book, entitled, *Annalia Dubrenſia: Upon the yearly Celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotſwold Hills*, &c. *Lond.* 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory Verſes prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonſon, Randolph, and many others, the moſt eminent Wits of the times. The games, as appears by a curious frontiſpiece, were, chiefly, wreſtling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courſing the hare with greyhounds. Theſe games are more than once alluded to by Shakeſpeare. See Mr. Warton's very ingenious obſervations on that great Poet, in the Appendix to the edition publiſhed, in 1773, by Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens.

 " which

" which I think is the day when that meeting is " always held.

Tugwell ſaid, " He would be ready to attend " his Worſhip at break of day, if he could give " Dorothy the ſlip. But," ſays he, " there is " another thing which I had forgot: how does " your Worſhip deſign to travel; on foot, or on " horſe-back?"—" Why, Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, " didſt thou ever hear that the Apoſtles " rode on horſe-back? No; St. Peter himſelf " never thought of any ſuch thing (much leſs " of riding in a coach or poſt-chaiſe, as many of " his ſucceſſors have done), but performed all " his journies on foot, as I intend to do."—" Well, well, Maſter," ſays Tugwell, " I do " not ſpeak on my own account: for I never " have been on horſe-back ſince I was twelve " years old; when I uſed to ride the Squire's " horſes to water ſometimes, along with old " Thomas Heartwell, the Coachman.

" Well, Maſter Geoffry, I will be ready to " attend your Worſhip, on foot or on horſe-back, " by land or by ſea, whenever you pleaſe." And ſo they parted for the preſent; each to make what little preparation he thought neceſſary for ſuch an expedition.

CHAP. IV.

Eſſay on Quixotiſm.

THOUGH the profeſſion of Chivalry has been exhibited to us, by Cervantes, as an object of ridicule; we muſt not imagine that it was in itſelf, and in its original, really ridiculous. Knight-errantry took its riſe from true heroiſm, and the moſt generous principles of honour and public ſpirit *. The moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity were in reality Knights-errant: who wandered about, to ſubdue monſters, or to deliver men from oppreſſion; to protect the innocent, or chaſtiſe the inſolent; and, in ſhort, to redreſs thoſe grievances which were not ſufficiently provided againſt by eſtabliſhed laws, in the ruder ages of the world.

The abſurdity which we laugh at in the celebrated Don Quixote is, his attempting to revive that profeſſion, when the more perfect regulations of civil ſociety had rendered it, not only unneceſſary, but unlawful.

By poring inceſſantly over the legendary tales of romance, his ideas of things were ſo ſtrangely perverted, and his imagination poſſeſſed with

* See HURD's Letters on Chivalry.

ſuch

ſuch frantic notions, that he thought himſelf obliged in honour to ſally forth, and ſubmit to voluntary hardſhips; in queſt of adventures which he was not likely to meet with, and to redreſs grievances which no longer exiſted; or in which, under a regular government, he had no right to interfere.

Thus he not only miſtook wind-mills for giants, and an harmleſs flock of ſheep for an army of Pagans; but challenged an honeſt Farmer to mortal combat for correcting his own ſervant, and ſet at liberty ſome priſoners who by legal authority had been condemned to the galleys.

The like abſurd imagination had poſſeſſed our Spiritual Quixote. There was a time, when Providence, for wiſe reaſons, thought fit to delegate men, inveſted with extraordinary powers, to publiſh ſome important truths to mankind; to warn them of approaching calamities; to combat the ſuperſtitious opinions, or to reform the immoral practices, which had prevailed in the world to an enormous degree.

In this ſenſe, Patriarchs and Prophets, Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, and even St. Paul himſelf, might be ſtyled Spiritual Knights-errant: though they had divine commiſſions to take the

profeſſion upon them, for the moſt important ends.

And even our primitive Reformers had both reaſon and ſcripture ſo evidently on their ſide, and the errors of Popery were become ſo flagrant and intolerable; that they ſeem juſtified in breaking through the reſtraints of human eſtabliſhments, by the palpable neceſſity of the occaſion.

But our modern itinerant Reformers, by the mere force of imagination, have conjured up the powers of darkneſs in an enlightened age. They are acting in defiance of human laws, without any apparent neceſſity, or any divine commiſſion. They are planting the Goſpel in a Chriſtian country: they are combating the ſhadow of Popery, where the Proteſtant religion is eſtabliſhed; and declaiming againſt good works, in an age which they uſually repreſent as abounding in every evil work.

But there is another ſpecies, or rather a ſlighter degree, of Quixotiſm, which proceeds merely from the mimetic diſpoſition of mankind, and is perhaps more common in the world than is generally imagined. What I mean is, a deſire of imitating any great perſonage, whom we read of in hiſtory, in their dreſs, their manner of life,

life, their moſt indifferent actions, or their moſt trifling peculiarities; eſpecially of thoſe who, by living in ſome diſtant age of the world, have acquired a kind of venerable heroiſm to their character. And there are few people, I believe, ſo ſeverely rational, as not to have ſome ſlight tincture of this harmleſs frailty, or, as the wiſe men of the world would call it, this ridiculous affectation.

Indeed, life itſelf would be inſipid, nor could human-nature ſupport itſelf upon merely rational pleaſures, did not fancy enlarge our ſphere of enjoyment; not only by giving an additional gloſs to the moſt ſubſtantial objects, but alſo by ſtamping an imaginary value upon the moſt trifling; which by that means, whilſt the novelty laſts, frequently become the ſource of the moſt exquiſite delight.

I remember a gentleman of the Houſe of Commons, a man of great learning and fine taſte; who, having been particularly converſant in the Engliſh hiſtory and antiquities, and whoſe fondneſs for the paintings of Vandyke had given him a reliſh for the dreſs of our ancient nobility, indulged himſelf (when at his country ſeat) in the humour of wearing ſhoe-ſtrings, inſtead of ſhoe-buckles; and a collar-band, in-

ſtead of a neck-cloth; and in ſeveral other antiquated cuſtoms: which he would gravely defend, by arguments of convenience and propriety.

I alſo knew a man in the Univerſity, who, having read at how great a price the earthen lamp of Epictetus was ſold after his death, and flattering himſelf that the implements of his lucubrations might be valued as curioſities by poſterity, determined to renounce the uſe of candles (as a modern invention), and, like that Philoſopher, to ſtudy by a lamp; which, to his utter confuſion, he happened to over-turn, and ſpilt a conſiderable quantity of oil upon an handſome folio, which he had borrowed of his tutor.

Nay, a whimſical gentleman, within my memory, took it into his head, that, inſtead of a night-cap, he would ſleep (like the ancient heroes) in an iron helmet, which adorned his hall; till one night it unfortunately fell off his head, and demoliſhed his chamber-pot.

Thus Mr. Wildgoofe, in imitation of our primitive Reformers, and thoſe other worthies in the frontiſpieces of thoſe books of the laſt century with which he had been lately converſant, who wore their own hair according to the faſhion of the times; that he might reſemble thoſe venerable men, even in his external appearance,

Mr. Wildgooſe, I ſay, ſince his retreat from the world, had ſuffered his own hair to grow for ſome months: though perhaps there might alſo be ſomething of convenience in this at firſt, to avoid the impertinence of his officious Barber; who, whilſt he was working the lather into his ſtubbed hair, would take upon him to inſinuate ſome ſociable advice into his patient; which was more irkſome to Mr. Wildgooſe in his preſent gloomy ſituation, even than the rough inſtruments and heavy hand of this ruſtic operator. This alone therefore would have been a ſufficient reaſon for his omitting to be ſhaved, and nouriſhing his own hair; which, though it was now thick enough to keep him warm, yet as it did not extend below his ears, he made but an uncouth appearance to thoſe who had been uſed to ſee him in a decent periwig. But to proceed in our ſtory.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Wildgooſe and his Friend Tugwell ſally forth, in Queſt of Spiritual Adventures.

EARLY on Thurſday morning then, in the Whitſun-week, Mr. Geoffry Wildgooſe forſook his downy bed; and, rejecting that artificial covering of the head, called a peruke, juſt ſmoothed

ſmoothed his locks with his fingers, put on a plain blue coat, with a black pluſh waiſtcoat and breeches, and, with a few guineas in his pocket, iſſued forth, in queſt of ſpiritual adventures.

The harmleſs red-breaſt, with his ſolitary note, began to break in upon the ſtillneſs of the dawn, and, from the ſweet-briar that grew round the lattice, to interrupt the gentle ſlumbers of Jeremiah Tugwell, when Mr. Wildgooſe arrived under his window; and, by the ſignal agreed upon, ſummoned him to the place of rendezvous. Jerry ſoon appeared at the cottage-gate, in his ſhort jerkin (being ſomewhat between a coat and a waiſtcoat), his jelly-bag linen cap upon his head, with his oaken ſtaff under his arm, and his wallet on his ſhoulder.

Wildgooſe delivered to him a couple of ſhirts, a ſmall Bible, and two or three pious manuals, which were to be the companions of his pilgrimage. Tugwell however (who was a happy compoſition of fleſh and ſpirit), having ſome regard to the body as well as the ſoul, had the precaution, which Wildgooſe wanted, to thruſt privately into his wallet a good luncheon of brown bread, and ſome Glouceſterſhire cheeſe; which clandeſtine conduct it is not recorded that Wildgooſe ever thought proper to reſent.

The

The ſun had hardly appeared above the horizon, when the two pilgrims turned their backs upon their native village, making what ſpeed they could towards the Cotſwold-hills, to avoid meeting any of their neighbours, whoſe curioſity might retard them in their progreſs.

In about two hours, they reached the brow of the hill; when Mr. Wildgooſe, making an halt, to take breath, looked round upon the country below them. The ſun had now begun to exhale the dews of the morning; which, being thinly diſperſed through the air, gave a charming freſhneſs to every object that roſe to their view. There was an extenſive proſpect of the rich vale of Eveſham, bounded at a diſtance by the Malvern hills. The towers and ſpires, which roſe amongſt the tufted trees, were ſtrongly illuminated by the ſloping rays of the ſun: and the whole ſcene was enlivened by the muſic of the birds; the reſponſive notes of the thruſhes from the neighbouring hawthorns; and the thrilling ſtrains of the ſky-lark, who, as ſhe ſoared towards the heavens, ſeemed to be chanting forth her matins to the great Creator of the univerſe.

Wildgooſe was touched with a kind of ſympathy: and a ray of true devotion darting into his ſoul,

ſoul, he broke out in the words of Milton, with whom he had been much converſant—

" Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
" Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
" Thus wondrous fair. Thyſelf how wondrous then?
" Unſpeakable! who ſit'ſt above theſe heavens,
" To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
" In theſe thy works; yet theſe declare
" Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine."

After a little pauſe, " Jerry," ſays he, (addreſſing himſelf to Tugwell) " I am always " charmed with this fine proſpect, though I have " viewed it ſo many hundred times."—" Yes," (ſays Jerry, who was ſlipt behind his maſter) " one may ſee—a number of miles here—that's " *ſartain*."—" I don't think the beauty of a " proſpect depends upon the number of miles " one may ſee," ſays Wildgooſe, " but upon " the number and diſtinctneſs of the objects, " and the richneſs of the country."—" Why, " yes," ſays Tugwell, " to be ſure—the vale— " is rich land—and moſt of it—worth forty " ſhilling an acre—but then—it's plaguy dirty— " in the winter."

As Tugwell was going on, Mr. Wildgooſe turned about, and found that the breaks in his ſpeech were owing to the regular whiffs which he

he took at his pipe. For, whilſt Wildgooſe was engaged in contemplation and ſoliloquy, Jerry had been employed in ſtriking fire to ſome touch-wood, which he always carried in his tobacco-box for that purpoſe; and had juſt lighted, and was puffing with violent efforts, his ſhort pipe. "Ah! Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, "I find thou "art not yet weaned from the vanities of this "world. Thou art not content with the heaven-"ly manna of meditation, but ſtill luſteſt after "the garlic and fleſh-pots of Egypt."—"Why "then, Maſter Wildgooſe, is it any ſin to take "an harmleſs pipe of tobacco? I don't think "ſmoking now and then is contrary either to "the Law or the Goſpel."—"Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, "I don't think ſmoking tobacco "abſolutely ſinful: for to the good, all things "are good, if they be received with thankſ-"giving."—"Then, belike, one ought to ſay "grace over a pipe of tobacco?" ſays Jerry.—"I don't ſay that," replies Wildgooſe; "but "I'll venture to ſay, that one ought not to take "any ſort of pleaſure, for which one cannot "return God thanks. In ſhort, Jerry, I am "afraid thou haſt got ſuch an habit of tickling "thy palate with ſomething ſtrong, that thou "canſt not eaſily do without it; for which rea-

"ſon

" ſon thou oughteſt to break it off at once."—Jerry, who was a little nettled at being interrupted in what he thought ſo innocent an enjoyment, cried out, " Well, well, I *loves* a pipe; " and, thank God, can afford to buy an half-" penny-worth of tobacco: and I would not " leave it off, if the Biſhop himſelf, or even " Mr. Whitfield, were to preach againſt it. In " ſhort, Maſter, if ſmoking *a dry pipe* be a ſin, " God ſend us ſome good liquor! which is all " that I'll ſay about the matter."

Wildgooſe ſhook his head, and began to fear that Tugwell was only half a convert; but thought it was beſt not to exaſperate his fellow-traveller, or diſcourage him by too much ſeverity at their firſt ſetting out: he therefore dropped the diſpute, and trudged on at a round rate for ſome time.

CHAP. V.

Tugwell meets with a perilous Adventure.

THE two friends now proceeded on their journey; Mr. Wildgooſe occaſionally inculcating ſome wholeſome doctrine into his diſciple, and Tugwell fumigating the air with the incenſe of his tobacco.

They

They had travelled near two miles without any occurrence worth recording; when, on a ſudden, they heard at a diſtance the chearful cry of a pack of hounds, accompanied with the muſic of French-horns. As they trudged on, the ſound approached ſtill nearer and nearer; and at laſt they were ſurprized with the appearance, not of four or five fox-hunters, as might be expected, but of four-ſcore or an hundred horſe-men, upon full ſpeed. The caſe was, Lord B— of Nottinghamſhire, had taken a ſeat upon the Cotſwold-hills, for buck-hunting; and had that morning turned out a fine ſtag, which the hounds had purſued with great eagerneſs, and probably over-run the ſcent; for, coming to a wall, they were now at a ſtand, and gave the whole company an opportunity of coming to a rendezvous.

I have obſerved, there is hardly a man amongſt the vulgar people, but affects to be a ſportſman, and that would not think it as great a diſgrace to be thought a coward, or deficient in courage, as void of taſte or ignorant of the terms peculiar to the manly exerciſe of hunting.

Accordingly Tugwell, though his ſedentary occupation had permitted him to be but little converſant with field-ſports, or the pleaſures of the

the chace, yet was ambitious of being thought a ſportſman. And, ſeeing the dogs at a ſtand, lagged behind Mr. Wildgooſe (who walked on, wrapped in meditation) to wait the event. At laſt, in the midſt of a furze-brake, Tugwell ſpied the head of ſome animal; which his imagination immediately repreſented as the branching horns of the ſtag. And now, fired with ambition, and making ſure of the applauſes of the whole field, Jerry waved his hat over his head; and, with the utmoſt vociferation, in the fox-hunters' language, cries out, "* Tallio! Tallio! "Tallio!" The huntſman underſtood him, and immediately drew off the dogs towards his bawling monitor; when, to his great vexation, and Tugwell's utter confuſion, up ſtarts a ſwinging jack-aſs, whoſe long ears Jerry miſtook for the horns of the ſtag. The jack-aſs, with his hideous braying, put to flight the huntſman's courſer; who, however, was wheeling round, to reward Tugwell for his intelligence with the diſcipline of a horſe-whip. And many of the gentlemen being now come up, and diſappointed of their ſport, and ſuſpecting that Jerry had done it out of fun, were ſurrounding him in great wrath, and threatened to be the death of

* Quaſi, *Tail-oho!*

him.

him. Poor Tugwell threw himſelf upon his knees; and with one hand flouriſhing his ſtaff to guard his head, he extended the other to ſue for mercy: but expected every moment to fall a ſacrifice to the rage of the vociferous ſtag-hunters. At laſt, one of the gentlemen, who ſaw theſe affairs in a leſs important light, turned it off with a joke, and diſmiſſed him, in the polite phraſe (being a mixture of real compaſſion and affected profaneneſs)—"D-mn the "fellow! let the poor devil go about his buſi-"neſs."

Tugwell took them at their word, and gathering up his ſteps with great agility, and without looking behind him, ſoon joined his friend Wildgooſe; who, wrapt in contemplation, was advanced a conſiderable way before him, having not given the leaſt attention to what was going on—but upon Jerry's relating to him his danger, and his eſcape from it, Wildgooſe immediately ſtarted from his reverie; and, in the firſt tranſports of his zeal for his friend, was determined to attack theſe ſons of Nimrod with the thunder of his eloquence. But, luckily for them, they were by this time gone off many furlongs in purſuit of their game, and out of the reach of Wildgooſe's rebukes.

He

He therefore contented himſelf with ſending a pious ejaculation after them, and with reprimanding Tugwell for his officious impertinence; recommending to him a "more ſimple and uni-"form conduct for the future, and not to en-"tangle himſelf again in the vain amuſements of "a carnal and wicked generation."

CHAP. VII.

The natural Effects of Hunger and Fatigue.

THE two pilgrims had now almoſt reached the plain called Dover's-hill, where the revel was to be held: but, as the ſport did not begin till the afternoon, and the ſun now began to wax troubleſome, Jerry propoſed reſting under an oak, that caſt an inviting ſhade near the ſide of a wall; and opening his wallet, he produced a large ſegment of a brown loaf, and cheeſe in proportion, the reviving odour of which put Wildgooſe in mind of his breakfaſt: for hitherto he had not beſtowed a thought upon that article, nor on the means of procuring it.

"Now, Maſter," quoth Tugwell, "if we "had truſted to Providence, and I had not "brought ſome bread and cheeſe in my wallet, "what would your Worſhip have done for a "break-

"breakfaſt?"—"Hold thy profane tongue!" replies Wildgooſe: "this is not a difficulty "which requires the interpoſition of Providence. "But whenever that is the caſe, I am certain of "his aſſiſtance: and God often makes thoſe his "inſtruments, to bring about his gracious de- "ſigns, who intend nothing but their own plea- "ſure; as I ſuppoſe thou didſt, Jerry, in bring- "ing thy bread and cheeſe in thy wallet."

After making an hearty though dry breakfaſt (for his precaution did not extend ſo far as to provide drink as well as food), Jerry's ſpirits having been exhauſted by his early riſing, long walk, and the conſternation he had been in from the huntſman's whip, he threw himſelf at length upon the turf; and was ſoon got into a world of his own, ſnoring moſt profoundly.

Mr. Wildgooſe at firſt pulled out one of his little manuals, and began to read: but he, being likewiſe a little fatigued, ſoon yielded to the demands of nature, and followed his fellow-traveller's example; where we ſhall leave them to their repoſe a little, whilſt we enquire what effect their departure had upon Mrs. Wildgooſe and Dame Tugwell, whom they left at home.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Character of Mrs. Wildgooſe. And the Perplexity occaſioned by the Elopement of Mr. Wildgooſe and Tugwell.

MRS. Wildgooſe was a woman—that wore a white hood—and breakfaſted upon ſage-tea—which particularities, and the principles that gave riſe to them, were the diſtinguiſhing ſtrokes of her character. For, in every inſtance, Mrs. Wildgooſe (like a ſenſible woman) preferred convenience to ſhew, and always ſacrificed any preſent pleaſure to the future eaſe and happineſs of her life. Accordingly, in contempt of modern faſhions, and to guard againſt the tooth-ach, ſhe continued the venerable ſarſenet hood, which was the mark of gentility in the days of her youth; and ſhe drank ſage-tea, rather than indulge herſelf in the delicious flavour of hyſon or congo, at the expence of her health, which ſhe found affected by that more agreeable beverage.

Mrs. Wildgooſe had a truly maternal fondneſs for her ſon; and was diſappointed in not having him

him as a conſtant companion at her meals, and her hours of leiſure from her domeſtic buſineſs. But, as ſhe was ſenſible that he was at preſent under a wrong influence, ſhe forbore to exaſperate his malady by oppoſition or teazing expoſtulations. She was no ſtranger (as we obſerved) to her ſon's frequenting Tugwell's houſe, to the company he kept there, nor to the manner in which he entertained them; had heard of his attending the Methodiſts meeting at ——; and had frequently intended to conſult with Mr. Powell, the Vicar, on that ſubject. But though ſhe was afraid this religious caſt of mind was rather the effect of melancholy than of any rational conviction; yet ſhe thought it was the moſt innocent turn his diſorder could take; the dram-bottle or other vicious indulgences being too frequently the ſad refuge of ſuch unſociable mortals in their ſolitudes. And as his motions had of late been ſo very irregular, and he frequently walked out at the garden-gate very early into the fields with his grey-hound, and breakfaſted at his own hours; ſhe took no notice of his abſence this particular morning.

But Dame Tugwell, though Jerry had been often as early as this at the labours of the ſtrap, and was frequently whiſtling and ſinging, to

the diſturbance of his neighbours, before ſun-riſing—yet ſhe regularly ſummoned him at eight o'clock, from his little ſtall near the houſe, to partake with her of a warm breakfaſt; but not finding him this morning at his ſtation (if I may uſe that expreſſion for want of a better), ſhe had made diligent enquiry amongſt her neighbours without ſucceſs. At laſt, it came into her head, that Mr. Wildgooſe and he had been more frequently together of late, than they ever uſed to be before. She, without much heſitation, therefore, repairs to Mrs. Wildgooſe's, to enquire if he had been there this morning. Upon being anſwered in the negative, and alſo informed that Mr Wildgooſe had not been ſeen that day (though it was now much later than he had ever been abſent before), both ſhe and Mrs. Wildgooſe began to be greatly alarmed—"I will be hanged now," ſays Dame Tugwell, "if theſe two have not ſome *figary* "in their brain: I have obſerved his Worſhip "and our Jerry always whiſpering and laying "their heads together of late: and whenever I "came near them, they were as mute as a fiſh "forſooth. For my part, I never liked all this "preaching and praying: there is no occaſion "for it; is there now, Madam Wildgooſe? If a

" body does but *keep one's church*, and does one's " beſt to live, and pays every one his own, I " do not ſee what elſe is required of us." (This ſhe ſaid as knowing Mrs. Wildgooſe's opinion of the matter.)—" But what crotchet can be got " into their heads now?" continued Dorothy. " Maſter Wildgooſe has been ſo *malancolly* of " late, to be ſure he would not go to ſuch a " place as Dover's meeting: for, elſe, our Jerry " has been talking of the *ſport* there two or three " times within this day or two—but what " ſhould Jerry do there now, unleſs he puts in " for the ſilver ſpoon, that is to be grinned for? " However, I ſhall hear of him, if he is there-" about—and I will lock up his beſt waiſtcoat " for the future; and make him know, he ſhall " not run about ſpending his money at this rate " without my leave."

Mrs. Wildgooſe, as ſoon as the volubility of Dame Tugwell would permit, deſired her " to make herſelf eaſy about her huſband; that, " if he was gone with her ſon, ſhe would pay " him for his trouble, and be anſwerable for his " coming to any harm."—" No! God forbid!" quoth Dorothy, " for I am but a poor helpleſs " woman, you know, Madam, ſince my poor " Joſeph went for a ſoldier; and now if my

"husband should leave me too, what will be-
"come of me? Times are so hard, and money
"so scarce—and I can earn but one poor
"eighteen-pence a week; and that is but a
"small matter to keep a body, you know, Ma-
"dam." Dorothy was running on, like the flyer of a jack, when Mrs. Wildgoose desired her to be pacified, ordered her some victuals, and left her.

When Mrs. Wildgoose was alone, however, she began to be very seriously alarmed for her son. She could not possibly guess what project he was engaged in. She was at first inclined to send her old servant to Dover's-hill, which Dame Tugwell had mentioned, that she might be satisfied whether he were gone thither or not: but immediately rejected that design; as she was convinced young Wildgoose, in his present state of mind, would not appear at a public meeting of that kind.

Whilst she was in this perplexity, Mr. Powell, the Clergyman of the parish, came in, as he frequently did in the morning: who, being informed of the affair, immediately said, "he
"should not be at all surprized to hear that
"Mr. Geoffry was gone, somewhere or other,
"after these Methodists: for he was well as-
"sured,

"ſured, he had been preaching up their Puri-
"tanical notions amongſt his neighbours for
"this half year; that he had lent two or three
"of their Journals about the pariſh, and had
"frequently attended an itinerant Preacher at
"——(though it had been kept a ſecret from
"Mrs. Wildgooſe, as he imagined). I have
"often had a mind to talk to Mr. Geoffry
"on this ſubject" (continued the Vicar)—
"but you know, Madam, he has of late avoided
"me; and indeed there is no reaſoning with
"people who refer you to their own inward
"feelings; which you can no more deny, than
"they can prove: and who take for ſacred the
"wildeſt ſuggeſtions of their own fancy."

Mrs. Wildgooſe knew what Mr. Powell ſaid to be very true, and could not tell what to think of the matter: but as her ſon's conduct had for ſome time been ſo unaccountable, ſhe thought it in vain to form any conjectures about it; ſo waited with patience for his return, which ſhe expected every hour. But in that poor Mrs. Wildgooſe was greatly diſappointed.

CHAP. IX.

Proceed towards Dover's-hill Revel.

THE two fellow-travellers were left, under a ſpreading oak, taking a comfortable nap together. Wildgooſe's high ſpirits, however, would not ſuffer him to doze long: but, having ouzed his companion, they were now moving on towards the ſcene of action, refreſhed from the fatigues of the morning: which refreſhment proved by no means unſeaſonable in the ſequel.

Mr. Wildgooſe, being intent upon his adventurous undertaking, that of preaching for the firſt time to a mob of holiday clowns at a revel, moved on in profound ſilence. And though he did not think any premeditation neceſſary, as he depended upon ſome ſupernatural power to give him utterance; yet he could not forbear anticipating, in ſome meaſure, the incidents which he ſhould probably meet with on this occaſion, nor avoid recollecting how ingeniouſly Mr. Whitfield ſpiritualized every circumſtance attending his miniſtration.

Thus

Thus when he was to preach from the ſtarting-poſt at Northampton, for inſtance, "He took "occaſion to ſpeak home to their ſouls, con-"cerning our ſpiritual race *." And from the windmill at Bedford, "He exhorted them not "to be carried about by every *wind* of doc-"trine *;" and the like. So Wildgooſe was deviſing with himſelf how to allegorize the different athletic exerciſes, which were uſually practiſed on theſe occaſions, and apply them to the beſt advantage.

To the wreſtlers, he intended to preach up the neceſſity of *ſtruggling* againſt fleſh and blood; againſt the world and the Devil; and alſo frequently to *wreſtle* with God in prayer, as Mr. Whitfield ſo often did.

The cudgel-players, he thought, he might aptly enough exhort to *bruiſe* and "*break the* "*head* of that old red ſerpent" the Devil, as St. Auſtin calls him: and to *guard* themſelves againſt every *attack* of their ſpiritual antagoniſts; and the like.

They proceeded therefore in ſilent meditation for ſome time; till at length Tugwell took the liberty to expoſtulate a little with his maſter

* Continuation of Whitfield's Journal, p. 106, &c.

upon the ſubject. "Pleaſe your Worſhip," ſaye he, "I have been thinking about this ſame "preachment of ours, which we are now going "about: ſince we are almoſt got to the place, "methinks my heart begins to fail me a little. "To be ſure, it does one's heart good, to hear "your Worſhip preach—and talk about juſti- "fication—and *preſtination*—and *reperbation*, "and—and—generation, and *ſich* like—in our "chimney-corner—in an evening: for then, "as one may ſay, we have nothing elſe to do, "and nobody to contradict us. But here, when "folks are got together, to make merry; that "is, to break heads, and to kick ſhins, and "*ſich* as that; methinks, they will hardly have "time to hear us preach: and mayhap they "may only laugh at us, for talking about re- "ligion at *ſich* a time as this—or belike may "pelt us with dirt or horſe-dung, and *ſich* as "that."

"Ah! Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, "have not I "told thee, how Mr. Whitfield has preached to "twenty thouſand people at a time, upon Ken- "nington Common; where (as he aſſures us "himſelf *) he was frequently attended by four-

* Vide Journal.

ſcore

" ſcore coaches, and numbers of horſes; and " yet all was huſhed, the moment he began to " ſpeak--their hearts were melted; they would " have plucked out their eyes, and have given " them to him; they crowded about him, hug- " ged, and were even eager to ſalute him *! " But be that as it may, Jerry; I am determin- " ed to diſcharge my duty; and ſhould think " myſelf happy to ſuffer in ſo glorious a cauſe.— " The true Saints have often moſt ardently " thirſted after contumelies, deriſions, and other " inſtances of perſecution."—" Well, well! " Maſter, God's will be done!" ſays Tugwell; " I did but ſpeak—not that I am afraid of any " one, for my part; nor would not turn my " back to the beſt man in Glo'ſterſhire."— " Well, do not be too confident, neither, Jerry; " remember the violent profeſſions of St. Peter: " and yet he was found deficient in the time of " danger.—We muſt truſt in the Lord, and take " the ſword of the ſpirit; but, if we confide to " our own ſtrength, and to *carnal* weapons, we " may find ourſelves deſerted in the day of " temptation."

* Journal.

CHAP. X.

Mr. Wildgooſe's firſt Harangue.

THEY now approached the place of rendezvous, where the revel was held; which was a large plain on the Cotſwold-hills. Their ears were ſaluted with a confuſed noiſe of drums, trumpets, and whiſtle-pipes: not thoſe martial ſounds, however, which are heard in the field of battle; but ſuch as thoſe harmleſs inſtruments emit, with which children amuſe themſelves in a country fair. There was a great number of ſwains in their holiday-cloaths, with their belts and ſilk handkerchiefs; and nymphs in ſtraw hats and tawdry ribbands, flaunting, ogling, and coqueting (in their ruſtic way) with as much alacrity as any of the gay flutterers in the Mall.

A ring was formed about the wreſtlers and cudgel-players, by the ſubſtantial Farmers on their long-tailed ſteeds, and two or three forlorn coaches ſauntering about with their vapouriſh poſſeſſors: who crept out from their neighbouring ſeats, to contemplate the humours of theſe

theſe aukward ruſtics, and waſte an hour of their tedious month in the *country*, where (as a great * modern obſerves) "*ſmall matters ſerve* for "*amuſement.*"

Wildgooſe and his friend Jerry, making but a ſmall figure in this numerous aſſembly, were at a loſs how to draw the attention of the multitude. As they had made a dry breakfaſt, and had drunk nothing the whole day, Jerry aſked his maſter, "Whether it were any ſin to call "for a pint of ale, at *ſich* a time as this?" So, with Wildgooſe's conſent, they went to one of the booths, and were refreſhing themſelves with the aforeſaid potation, when the company began to divide; and proclamation was made, that a holland ſhift, which was adorned with ribbands, and diſplayed on a pole, was going to be run for; and ſix young women began to exhibit themſelves before the whole aſſembly, in a dreſs hardly reconcileable to the rules of decency.

"Nice people have been obſerved to have "the groſſeſt ideas." And perhaps ſuch chaſte men have the moſt unchaſte conceptions of things. Be that as it will; Wildgooſe no ſooner

* Life of C. Cibber.

perceived that myſterious veil of modeſty, the holland ſmock, thus rudely expoſed to public view, and theſe young women prepared to engage in ſo looſe a diverſion, than he found his wonted zeal revive; and mounting upon an inverted hamper, near the booth, he beckoned to the mob, crying out,

"For Heaven's ſake, my Chriſtian brethren, "if you have any regard to the *health* of your "ſouls, ſhun, as you would the *plague*, theſe "anti-chriſtian recreations; which are utterly "inconſiſtent with the holineſs *preſcribed* in the "Goſpel, and are poiſon to your future ex-"pectations."

The people, ſeeing a man of a tolerable appearance thus exalted above the crowd, and preparing to harangue, began to ſtare, and to enquire of each other what he would be at! As they heard imperfectly the word *health*, and more words of a medicinal tendency, the prevailing opinion was, that a mountebank was going to diſpenſe his medicines, for the benefit of mankind: and Tugwell's wallet was ſuppoſed to contain the ſovereign packet of the learned Doctor. Mr. Wildgooſe however ſoon undeceived them, by addreſſing the crowd in the Apoſtolical ſtyle; though he had not yet ac-

quired the true *bon ton* or Goſpel *lingo* of Mr. Whitfield and his aſſociates.

" Men, brethren, and fellow-chriſtians! You " are here aſſembled to keep holiday; that is, " to ſacrifice to the Devil: to perform the moſt " agreeable ſervice, which you could poſſibly " deviſe, to that enemy of mankind.

" This feſtival is called Whitſuntide, and " was appointed to commemorate the moſt ſo- " lemn event recorded in the annals of our " religion; namely, the effuſion of the Holy " Spirit upon the primitive Apoſtles. But, in- " ſtead of being filled with the Holy Spirit, as " the Apoſtles were, you are filling yourſelves " with ſpirituous liquors and ſtrong drink: with " the ſpirits of geneva; with Engliſh ſpirits, " and foreign ſpirits, and what not?

" Oh! my brethren, conſider what you are " about: is this renouncing the Devil and all " his works? Is this deſpiſing the pomps and " vanities of this wicked world, and reſiſting " the ſinful luſts of the fleſh? The very pur- " poſe and intent of this ungodly meeting is di- " rectly oppoſite to your moſt ſolemn vow at " your baptiſm. Inſtead of guarding yourſelves " againſt the attacks of your ſpiritual adverſary; " inſtead of bruiſing the head of that old ſer- " pent,

"pent, the Devil; you are breaking one ano-
"ther's heads with cudgels and quarter-ſtaffs;
"inſtead of wreſtling againſt fleſh and blood,
"you are wreſtling with and ſupplanting one
"another. So far from renouncing the pomps
"and vanities of this wicked world, you are
"running for holland ſmocks, and making pro-
"viſion for the luſts of the fleſh.

"Ah! my dear country-women; you that
"are ſo ſolicitous for theſe terreſtrial garments,
"theſe garments ſpotted by the fleſh! let me
"beſeech you to labour after the celeſtial robes,
"the ſpiritual decorations and ſaint-like orna-
"ments of piety, meekneſs, and chaſtity; and
"not to ſet your hearts upon ſuch profane
"trappings as pink ribbands and holland
"ſmocks.

"Indeed, what uſe will you make of theſe
"tawdry ſhifts, ſhould you gain the prize? I
"bluſh to anſwer ſuch a queſtion. They may
"*make* a poor SHIFT, like the fig-leaves of Eve,
"to cover the nakedneſs of your bodies; as our
"good works do the nakedneſs of our ſouls.
"But unleſs you are cloathed with a better
"righteouſneſs than your own, you will here-
"after be ſtripped bare, and be expoſed to the
"deriſion of men and angels—"

From

From the ſecret connexion which this ſubject had with generation, Mr. Wildgooſe was inſenſibly ſliding into the nature of regeneration, and the new-birth; and was going to explain ſome of the moſt myſterious doctrines of Chriſtianity to theſe unruly diſciples: when a good orthodox Publican, thinking his craft was in danger, cried out, "Come, come, what's that to the pur-"poſe; lift up the ſmock! Come, my maids! "ſtand ready for the ſport!"

He was ſeconded by a ſhrewd young Carter (with a ſilk handkerchief about his neck), who could not but laugh at the familiarity of Wildgooſe's compariſons: and thinking alſo that this harangue would ſpoil the diverſion which they were now intent upon, he threw the rind of an orange at the orator's head. Another levelled a piece of horſe-dung (with an unlucky dexterity) exactly into Tugwell's mouth, as he ſtood liſtening with a conceited attention to his maſter's eloquence. Their example was followed by a great part of the company; who, as Jerry had foretold, began to bombard them ſo furiouſly with clods of dirt and horſe-dung, that Mr. Wildgooſe was ſoon forced to diſmount from the top of his hamper. And one of them, tilting up the form on which Tugwell was exalted, laid him ſprawl-

ing

ing in the moiſture, occaſioned by the ſtaling of horſes, or ſpilling of the liquor; where he lay wallowing for ſome time, being ſaluted with ſeveral bumps and joſtles in contrary directions; which prevented his emerging from the ſlippery ſoil.

In ſhort, Wildgooſe thought it adviſeable to preſerve himſelf for a more favourable opportunity: wherefore, lifting up and diſengaging his fellow-labourer, they drew off from the field of battle, amidſt the loud ſcoffs and exulting ſhouts of the unthinking multitude; Wildgooſe only expreſſing his compaſſion for them by a ſignificant ſhake of the head, and crying out, "Poor "ſouls! they know not what they do." And Jerry, when he was got pretty well out of their reach, bawled out, "Ay! ay! *parſecute* on— "*parſecute* on—*parſecute*—*parſecute!* You have "the beſt of it in this world; but we ſhall be "even with you in the next."

Thus unſucceſsfully ended Wildgooſe's firſt effort towards reforming the world; which, however, ſo far from diſcouraging him, only excited his zeal: and he thought himſelf extremely happy in being counted worthy even of ſo ſlight a perſecution; and deſired Jerry "not to "be diſheartened, for that they ſhould meet with

"better

" better ſucceſs, when God ſhould think fit to " incline the hearts of his people to liſten to " their admonitions."

Tugwell (who was a little diſconcerted by the bad ſucceſs of their firſt attempt) anſwered, " that he did not doubt but God would bring " every thing about in his own good time; but," ſays he, " perhaps the time is not yet come." And having a great deſire (though he did not care to ſpeak out) to return to his own chimney-corner, ſaid, " Suppoſe, Maſter, we were to go " and try firſt what we can do with the men in " the vale. And now, I don't think there was " any body at Dover's-hill that knew us; for " I did not ſee one ſoul of our town, and I know " they are all buſy in hay-harveſt: ſo that we " might ſlip home again at night, and nobody " be ever the wiſer."

" Why, Jerry," ſays Wildgooſe, with ſome warmth, " doſt thou think me ſuch an apoſtate? " what! to turn back, as ſoon as I have put my " hand to the plough? No, Jerry, you may do " as you pleaſe; but I will this night make the " beſt of my way towards Glouceſter, where " Mr. Whitfield was born, and firſt preached " the word; and I make no doubt but I ſhall " there find a little flock at leaſt ready to receive " me."

This

This gentle rebuke had its effect upon Jerry; and he found his ſpirit of travelling begin to revive. He told his maſter, therefore, "he ſcorned "to forſake him;" and ſaid, "When he had "waſhed his face, which was a little ſullied by "his fall, he ſhould not value what had hap-"pened, of a ruſh. But," adds he, "if it "were to do again, I would have had one bout "with the cowardly dog who tilted up the "form."

Wildgooſe exhorted his friend to Chriſtian patience, and to return good for evil; and ſo they trudged on for ſome miles, without any other adventure.

CHAP. XI.

Armigerorum Laudes; *or, a Panegyric on Eſquires, both ancient and modern.*

"WHOSE houſe is that," (ſaid I to ſome labourers on the London road) "with a little cupola on the top, and an enor-"mous length of Chineſe rails before it?"—"Squire Shapely, the Londoner's," ſays one of the labourers.—"Yes," (ſays another, with "an

" an arch leer) " he was a London Taylor; but " has got a little money, and has built a fine " houſe; and is now a Juſtice o'peace, and a " *Squire.*"—Such is the ſtile and title, taſte and œconomy, of your London Eſquire.

A country Squire is a gentleman in a remote province; who reſides conſtantly at the manſion-houſe of his anceſtors, which he keeps in tolerable repair, makes a new pair of gates, and builds a ſummer-houſe at the corner of his garden. Relying upon his ſilver ſpurs and a tight boot, he makes one attempt towards gaining a rich heireſs: but not ſucceeding, he marries his maid, gets an heir to his eſtate, dies, and is forgotten.

He viſits the metropolis once in his life-time; and takes up his quarters at the Ram in Smithfield: goes to viſit his old aunt, from whom he has great expectations; who, for the credit of the family, makes him put on a ſword, which gets between his legs, and almoſt overſets him. He therefore walks through Fleet-ſtreet in his boots: a ſharper joſtles him into the kennel; another ſnatches his whip from under his arm, under pretence of revenging the affront, and makes clear off with it: gives five and ſix-pence for a pair of buck-ſkin gloves, double-ſtitched;

returns

returns into the country, with a terrible idea of the extravagance and tricks of the town; and (though a conſtant dupe to the knaviſh cunning of his tenants, and the exorbitant gains of a country ſhop-keeper) deteſts every thing that bears the name of London, except "the London "Evening-Poſt," and the London carrier that brings him down a barrel of oyſters at Chriſtmas. Now this ſort of man is your country Eſquire *.

From theſe inſtances I infer, that Eſquires are of various kinds; and that an Eſquire, in the modern ſenſe of the word, is a being, in his definition, his exiſtence, and his œconomy, totally diſtinct from the Squires of antiquity. The race of Squires, whoſe utility to the world in general, and to us diminutive authors in particular, I wiſh to celebrate, were, in their original, *Armigeri*, or *Scutiferi*; that is, armour-bearers to ſome ancient hero; and from thence transferred into modern tales and romances, in which every Knight has his Eſquire. Such was Automedon to Achilles, the faithful Achates to Æneas, Sancho Panza to Don Quixote, and Ralpho to Hudibras. Now, as the Squires of the heroic ages performed thoſe inferior offices

* A character now almoſt forgotten in England.

of

of life, which were beneath the dignity of the hero himſelf; drove his chariot, bridled his horſe, or ran on errands, and the like: ſo in mock heroics, or familiar romance, the Squire is frequently the vehicle of low humour; or the ſubject of ſuch practical jokes, as would too much degrade the ſolemnity of the Knight-errant himſelf. Thus Sancho Panza is toſſed in a blanket; whilſt good epic rib-roaſtings, and heroic knocks on the pate, are reſerved for the noble Don, his maſter.

And as poetry and romance is, or ought to be, an imitation of real life; the like ſubordination of character is frequently to be met with in company, and the converſation of the world. An Eſquire, in this view, is a gentleman of an eaſy ſubmiſſive temper, of moderated appetites, and patient of injuries; who acts an under-part in life, and ſerves as a kind of ſhield to protect, or a foil to ſet off, the principal character.

Every perſon of any diſtinction is accordingly ſurrounded by his proper ſatellites or attendants of this kind. My Lord has his Dangler, who ſecures him a proper deference amongſt ſtrangers, by ſetting the example himſelf. The Biſhop has his Chaplain, who, at loo or all-fours, lets his

his Lordſhip name the trump. Nay, every Squire, in the modern ſenſe of the word, has a Squire in the ancient ſenſe, who attends him on all occaſions, in the ſhape of an hunting Parſon, a nominal Captain, or a pacific Lawyer; who ſhields him from the vehemence of his brother Juſtice's wit; or acts the dwarf in underſtanding, whenever his Worſhip is diſpoſed to ſhine or to be witty himſelf; or explains his jokes, or defends his paradoxes, as the occaſion happens to require.

I might proceed to ſhew the ſame convenient ſubordination of character in every rank of life; but this would be too great a digreſſion from my purpoſe, which was, only to ſhew the utility of this race of men, in works of this kind; and to entreat the Reader to conſider the Squire as a lawful repreſentative of the Knight, or rather as a *Merry Andrew* to our Spiritual *Quack*; and that, if Tugwell is not only "witty "in himſelf," but "the cauſe that wit is in "other men" as (Falſtaff ſays)—if he utters a facetious thing, or receives a kick on the breech —let it be placed to account, as ſo much wit and humour in the author; which he could, with the ſame eaſe, though not with the ſame propriety,

propriety, have transferred to Wildgooſe himſelf, his principal character.—

But to proceed in our hiſtory.

CHAP. XII.

Mr. Wildgooſe's hoſpitable Reception at the Houſe of an Orthodox Clergyman; and the Event of a Diſpute between them.

THE two Pilgrims had now proceeded near ſeven miles from the place of their luckleſs atchievement; Wildgooſe rejoicing that he was counted worthy to ſuffer for religion (as he thought it), and Tugwell conſoling himſelf with the hopes of better ſucceſs for the future; when they arrived at an obſcure village on the ſide of the hills, a little before ſun-ſet. They were directed to a neat public-houſe, by a ſmall ſign—whoſe device it required ſome ſkill in hieroglyphics to decypher. The Painter had probably intended it for the Red Lyon; but ſome ambiguity, which aroſe from an injudicious mixture of the lights and ſhades, gave it rather the appearance of a Shoulder of Mutton.—When they

they entered the houſe, they found it pre-occupied by a very ſober party; conſiſting of an Exciſeman, a Grazier, the Parſon of the pariſh, and a Mole-catcher.

Mr. Wildgooſe inquired of the Landlord, "whether he could furniſh them with a bed?" Inſtead of anſwering his queſtion, the Landlord (according to cuſtom) aſked him, "which way "they were travelling?" This not being to the preſent purpoſe, Wildgooſe deſired an anſwer to his firſt queſtion. Mine Hoſt told him, "theirs "was but a by-place, and no great thorough-"fare, and that they had ſeldom any body lay "there: but, however, when his Dame came "home (which ſhe certainly would do before "midnight, as ſhe was only gone to a merry-"making in the next pariſh), he would ſee "about it; and he did not doubt but they "could contrive to lodge them, though," ſays he, "we have but one room, where I and my "wife lie; but then we have two beds in it.— "Well, but what will you pleaſe to drink, Sir?" continued my Landlord.

Our travellers being a little diſconcerted at this account of my Hoſt's accommodations; Wildgooſe enquired, "How far it was to Glou-"ceſter?"—"To Glouceſter, Sir? Why, you "are

"are out of your way to Glouceſter, but *how-*
"*ſomever* we call it twelve miles; and, I be-
"lieve, it is pretty good meaſure: do not you
"think it is, Maſter Pottle?" This was the name of the honeſt Clergyman; to whom mine Hoſt appealed, by way of commencing a converſation between him and the travellers; as talking together is generally an introduction to drinking together, which it was his intereſt to promote. But Mr. Pottle, being conſcious of the impropriety of his preſent ſituation, and that he muſt appear in a low light to a ſtranger of a tolerable figure, as Wildgooſe was, affected to have no connection with the company, but to be employed in ſome uſeful meditation. Inſtead of regarding my Landlord's appeal therefore, he aſſumed all the dignity he was poſſeſſed of, inflated his cheeks, and puffed out whole volumes of ſmoke, which being reverberated by the low roof, he ſoon filled the houſe with the fumes of his tobacco.

As the Doctor did not vouchſafe them an anſwer, Wildgooſe had now given his attention to a common ſubject of diſpute, which was carrying on between the Grazier and the Exciſeman; the former of whom had aſſerted, "That "if a man happened to buy an horſe, which

" was *touched in the wind*, or had any other con-
" cealed defect; it was no harm to put him off
" again, without diſcovering his faults."—As this diſpute bore ſome relation to the precepts of religion, and ſeemed to concern Wildgooſe, who had taken upon him the office of reforming pernicious principles and corrupt practices; he could not forbear interpoſing. And having been formerly a ſmart logician (as was obſerved in the beginning of this hiſtory); after expreſſing his concern, that ſuch a practice ſhould bear a diſpute in a Chriſtian country; he ſaid, " that moſt controverſies were perplexed,
" for want of ſettling preciſely the queſtion in
" debate, and keeping ſtrictly to the terms. He
" begged leave therefore to reduce the diſpute
" to the following * argument, or ſyllogiſtical
" form, as it is called;

" All cheating is ſinful:
" The putting off an unſound horſe for a
" ſound one is cheating: Therefore,
" The putting off an unſound horſe for a
" ſound one is certainly ſinful."

Here the Doctor, taking the pipe from his mouth, could not forbear putting in his verdict.

* Though they deſpiſe human Learning, thoſe that have had a learned education are fond enough of diſplaying it.

" Oh!

"Oh! ho! Sir," ſays he, "I find you have "been bred at the Univerſity. *Negatur minor:* "I deny your ſecond propoſition, "That put- "ting off an unſound horſe, *in a fair*, is proper- "ly cheating, in the popular ſenſe of the word." "—Look you there now," ſays Wildgooſe; "this is the common method of diſputing: you "beg the queſtion—and have alſo changed the "terms of the propoſition upon us; and put "words into the premiſes, which have nothing "to do with the concluſion. If we were to be "governed by popular opinions and popular "practices, we ſhould ſoon have no more ho- "neſty amongſt us than we have religion." "—Religion!" ſays Pottle; "why, to be ſure, "it is a very profligate age that we live in; and "the world is over-run with infidelity, hereſy, "and enthuſiaſm; and the Church never was "in ſo much danger from Atheiſts and Sectaries "as at this day."

"Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, "I apprehend the "Church's greateſt danger is from the careleſs "lives and degenerate principles of its own "members."—Come, come," replies Pottle, "we will not diſpute about religion in this "place. And, as I am afraid my Landlord can- "not very commodiouſly lodge you; rather

" than you ſhould be diſtreſſed, you ſhall be " welcome to ſuch a bed as I can give you, at " my houſe."

Though Wildgooſe recollected what had paſſed between him and the parſon of his own pariſh; and was a little apprehenſive of being involved in ſome controverſy with a perſon whoſe profeſſion would probably lead him to combat his preſent opinions, and diſcourage him from the undertaking in which he was now engaged; yet he could not refuſe ſo kind an offer, eſpecially as it was now too late for them to think of going further that night. He therefore thanked the Doctor for his great civility; and, attended by his truſty friend, accompanied him to the parſonage-houſe.

As they were going out of the houſe, my Landlord's curioſity prompted him to whiſper Tugwell, and aſk him, " Whether he and his " fellow-traveller did not deal in corks? Or " perhaps," ſays he, in a low voice, " you have " ſome *run* goods in your wallet, to diſpoſe " of."—" No, no," replied Tugwell, " my " maſter is no ſuch perſon as you take him " for: he is a gentleman, that is heir to three " or four hundred pounds a year, and ſcorns " to ſell any thing. But no matter for that: " I ſhall

"I ſhall not tell our private matters to every "fool that aſks me. No, no, I underſtand "travelling better than that comes to."

CHAP. XIII.

What happened at the Parſon's Habitation.

MR. Pottle had now brought his two gueſts to his own houſe; and, ſending Tugwell into the kitchen, took Wildgooſe into a tolerably neat parlour. His elbow-chair ſtood ready for his reception; and his Tunbridge-ware tobacco-diſh, with ſome ſcraps of paper folded up for the uſe of his pipe, were placed upon the table. There were ſeveral old news-papers lying in the window, and a ſingle picture of Cardinal Fleury hung over the chimney-piece.

Mr. Pottle was an hale man, of about five and fifty; was a batchelor; and all his domeſticks were, an elderly houſe-keeper, and a man-ſervant about his own age. His character will ſufficiently appear from the evening's converſation.

Pottle had a cloth laid for himſelf and Mr. Wildgooſe, who ate pretty heartily of a cold ſhoulder of mutton and cucumbers; and Tug-

well was very happy in the kitchen, with a jug of good liquor, and the remains of what came out of the parlour.

After ſupper, Pottle filled his pipe, and began to beat about and inveſtigate what ſcheme Mr. Wildgooſe was engaged in; what was his buſineſs at Glouceſter; and how he came to travel on foot. As Wildgooſe deſpaired of converting a man of his years and profeſſion, whoſe principles were probably ſettled for life, he was at firſt a little upon the reſerve, and evaded the hints Pottle had thrown out in regard to the intention of his journey.

Pottle then began to make ſome apology for being ſeen in an ale-houſe; and, that his gueſt might not ſuſpect it was his uſual cuſtom, he ſaid, "as the parſonage-houſe was ſo far from "the church, he had gone thither to wait for "the funeral of a poor man, that died three "miles off, in an hamlet belonging to his pa-"riſh. But," ſays he, "they know my me-"thod; that if they do not come by ſix o'clock, "I would ſooner leave the corpſe in the church-"yard all night, than bury it. And ſo, I ſup-"poſe, they have deferred it till to-morrow."

"Why," replies Wildgooſe, "I believe the "poor country people are very troubleſome "upon

"upon theſe occaſions: but their ignorance is "rather to be pitied, than blamed. They fancy "it a mark of reſpect to their deceaſed friends, "to keep them above ground as long as poſſi-"ble."—"Yes," ſays Pottle, "and don't care "what inconvenience they put us to, for the "ſake of their ridiculous humour; which *can* "be of no ſervice to the dead."—"Why, to "be ſure," ſays Wildgooſe, "it is of no great "conſequence, what becomes of the *bodies* of "the deceaſed. But yet, I think, one ſhould "condeſcend a little to the ſcruples (and even "to the weakneſſes) of our brethren, in indif-"ferent things, eſpecially if our doing other-"wiſe may probably prejudice them againſt us, "and prevent our being of ſervice to them in "their more important concerns. I own, if I "were a Clergyman, I ſhould conſider myſelf, in "ſome meaſure, as the ſervant of the public; "and think myſelf obliged to bear with their "humours, in ſome degree, rather than forfeit "the good opinion of my pariſhioners."

"Sir," replies Pottle, with ſome warmth, "whatever opinion a parcel of ignorant country "bumpkins may have of me, I'll never ſubmit "to their unreaſonable prejudices and ſuperſti-"tions. A pack of raſcals! the more you hu-

" mour them, the more they will impoſe upon " you. If they have any thing to complain of, " let them complain to the Biſhop; but I'll do " my duty as to the *cure of ſouls*, and let them " go and be hang'd!"

" Pray, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, " (if I may " take the freedom) what do you mean by the " cure of ſouls?"—" By the cure of ſouls? " Why, I mean, burying the dead—baptizing " children, and marrying—and—and—reading " prayers, and preaching, and the like."—" Why, as to burying and marrying," replies Wildgooſe, " thoſe functions ſeem rather to be- " long to the care of the body, than to the cure " of ſouls. And as for preaching (though I " don't doubt, Sir, but your doctrine is an ex- " ception) yet, from what I have obſerved from " the generality of preaching, whatever be- " comes of our ſouls, Chriſtianity cannot long " ſubſiſt amongſt us, unleſs it ſhould pleaſe " God to ſend ſome better labourers into his " vineyard."

Upon this, Pottle flew into a perilous paſſion; took the pipe from his mouth, ſtarted up from his chair; and, advancing towards Wildgooſe, " Sir," ſays he, " what! do you affront me in " my own houſe? I am afraid you are a Preſ- " byterian;

" byterian; or, what is worſe, one of thoſe Me-
" thodiſts, that ramble about the country, un-
" ſettling people's minds, and prejudicing them
" againſt their proper paſtors—a pack of raſcals!
" who are a reproach to toleration.—But, S-S-S-
" Sir," ſays he—Though Pottle was eloquent enough in his pulpit, where nobody contradicted him; yet, having naturally ſome impediment in his ſpeech, it ſhewed itſelf upon the leaſt oppoſition. Being therefore in great wrath with Wildgooſe, his choler almoſt choaked him, and he could hardly utter his indignation intelligibly. But, cocking up his tobacco-ſtopper on his little finger—" I'd have you to know, Sir," ſays he, " the ch-ch-ch-church has po-po-power—I ſay, " the ch-church has po-power to pu-pu-pu-
" puniſh ſuch r-r-r-raſcals—I ſay, the ch-ch-
" church has po-power—" Juſt as he was uttering theſe words, and was retreating backwards from Wildgooſe, who was got up to pacify him, he happened to tread in a ſmoking-box filled with leaves, and fell flat upon his back—bawling out and reiterating, " The church has power," ſo loud, and in ſo angry a tone, that Pottle's man (who, together with his Houſe-keeper and Tugwell, came to liſten) threw open the parlour-door; and ſeeing Wildgooſe ſtanding over his

maſter (whoſe wig was tumbled off in the fall) and endeavouring to aſſiſt him in getting up; the man miſtook his intention, and imagined it was the poſture of a triumphant combatant. He therefore runs up to him, and with great violence gave Wildgooſe a blow under the left jaw. Tugwell, ſeeing his maſter thus rudely treated, attacks Pottle's man in his turn. The old Houſe-keeper fell upon Tugwell, tooth and nail, crying out, in an exalted key, "I thought they were a "couple of *caſuiſtical* * *tyrannical* raſcals; and "would not have had my maſter harbour ſuch "vagabonds. After filling his belly with the "beſt in the houſe, to knock a gentleman "down! a *diſ-gratitude*, *villantry* fellow!"

The Houſe-keeper's voice, being a ſort of uniſon to the barking of a dog, alarmed an old ſpaniel that lay ſleeping in the chimney-corner; who began yelping round the combatants with great fierceneſs, and completed the tumultuous uproar.

Pottle however had now raiſed himſelf, and with Wildgooſe was endeavouring to part Tugwell and his man Jonathan, who were the only parties that continued the fray. Pottle alſo explained the affair to the old Houſe-keeper; told her, "the ſtranger was in no fault as to his fall;

* By *caſuiſtical* and *tyrannical*, Mrs. Bridget probably means *jeſuitical* and *puritanical*.

"but,"

" but," ſays he, " I am afraid we have taken a " couple of wolves in ſheeps-cloathing into our " houſe."

Wildgooſe likewiſe, perceiving he had forfeited the good opinion of his Hoſt, could not bear the thoughts of remaining all night under his roof. He therefore bade Tugwell follow him; and, making the beſt apology the circumſtances would bear, to Mr. Pottle, for the trouble he had occaſioned in his family, and thanking him for his kind entertainment, marched out of the houſe, without any interruption from his reverend Hoſt.

CHAP. XV.

Night-thoughts: Of Ghoſts and Goblins. They meet with an uncommon Adventure.

THE character and conduct of this very orthodox Divine contributed not a little to convince Mr. Wildgooſe of the neceſſity of ſome reformation in the church; and confirmed him in his reſolution of proſecuting with all diligence his romantic undertaking.

The moon ſhining very bright, and there being but little night at that time of the year, the two Pilgrims purſued their journey, taking the firſt road they could find, which pointed towards Glouceſter. They had travelled near a mile, and were now got into a very dark lane (by the ſide of a wood) that led down the hill on which the village ſtood. The gloomineſs of the ſcene, and the ſtillneſs of the night, in a ſtrange place, raiſed in Tugwell ſome ideas of terror, which (notwithſtanding his perſonal valour in rencounters and at fiſticuffs) he had in his youth been greatly ſubject to. And though he pretended now to be above theſe childiſh fears, yet he ſtuck very cloſe to his maſter; and, with an affected bravery, began to fiſh out Wildgooſe's opinion about ghoſts and apparitions.

"Some folks now," quoth Jerry, "would be "almoſt afraid to walk by themſelves, in ſuch "a dark lane, at this time of night. But I "don't ſuppoſe there is any *ſich* thing as ſpirits "now-a-days—do you think there are, Maſter "Wildgooſe?"—"Any ſuch thing as ſpirits! "Jerry? Why I believe there are no more walk "by night, than there are by day: and I am

"*partly*

" *partly* of the ſame opinion with a great man *, " who ſays, ' That goblins and ſpirits have " really no more to do with darkneſs than with " light;' and accounts for our terror on theſe " occaſions from what he calls ' the aſſociation " of ideas."—" Yes, yes," ſays Tugwell, " I " remember the *ſociation* in the time of the " rebellion; our Squire would not *ſociate*."— " No, no, Jerry, what I mean, is the joining " things together in our fancy; ſo that when a " child is told, by his nurſe, of ghoſts appear- " ing by night, he ſhall never be able to ſeparate " the notion of ſpirits from that of darkneſs, as " long as he lives.

" But though this may account for that par- " ticular kind of terror, yet certainly the ſenſe " of our being off our guard, when alone in " the dark, and ignorant what enemies we may " be expoſed to, muſt neceſſarily make us ap- " prehenſive of danger upon thoſe occaſions. " So that, let a man have never ſo clear an " head to ſeparate ideas; yet I think it almoſt " impoſſible to be equally calm and eaſy in " darkneſs and ſolitude, as we are in the open " day-light."

* Mr. Locke.

Tugwell

Tugwell was as ſtill as a mouſe during this diſcourſe of Wildgooſe, though he did not underſtand a word that was ſaid.

"As for there being any ſuch thing as ſpirits "in one ſenſe," continued Wildgooſe, "no one "that is not an Atheiſt can deny this: but "though perhaps, before the times of Chriſtia- "nity, Providence might think it neceſſary "more frequently to interpoſe, by permitting "the viſible appearance of ſuperior beings, upon "*important occaſions*; and though I am con- "vinced the Devil has ſtill as real an influence "over the ſouls of men as he had then; yet "you may take it for granted, Jerry, that every "ſtory which you ever heard of their viſible "appearance is an impoſture, and, if more "nearly inquired into, may be accounted for "from natural means; taking its riſe, either "from the intereſted deſigns or terrified ima- "ginations of wicked or weak people.—I my- "ſelf remember, when I firſt went to the Uni- "verſity, I lived in a large chamber, hung with "green baize; the bed was placed in a ſort "of receſs, ſeparated from the dining-room by "two large folding doors, which were thrown "open, when I went to bed, to make it more "airy. I happened once to wake about mid-

night:

" night: and, it being ſtar-light, ſaw, on the " further ſide of the room, a tall figure in " white, near ſix feet high. It ſeemed to have " a ſquare cap on its ſhoulders, but was without " an head."—" Lord have mercy upon us!" (ſays Tugwell, laying hold on Wildgooſe's ſkirt) " yes, without a head! So grandmother " uſed to ſay, that ghoſts commonly do appear " without a head."—" Well," continues Wildgooſe, " though I uſed to laugh at things of this " kind, I could not account for this dreadful " phænomenon. The more I ſtared at it, the " more I was convinced it was ſomething real. " After lying ſome time, and muſtering up my " courage, I leaped out of bed, determined to " unravel the myſtery—when lo! I embraced " in my arms, a white ſurplice, which a ſcholar " of the houſe, having left in my room after " evening prayers, had hung up on a braſs peg, " over which I had ſuſpended my ſquare cap, " ſuch as they wear in the Univerſity."—" Yes, " yes, your *trenchard* caps, I have heard of " them," ſays Tugwell.

" Thus, I am convinced, would every ſtory " of apparitions have ended," ſays Wildgooſe, " if the ſcared ſpectator had had reſolution " enough to examine it to the bottom."

" Why,

"Why, to be ſure," ſays Tugwell, "appa-
"ritions are not ſo common now-a-days as
"they were in former times. But I remem-
"ber, when I was a boy, father had been to
"fetch the midwife, upon your grandfather's
"mare, old White-foot. She was as good a
"ſervant as ever went upon four legs; your
"grandfather bought her of old Simon Per-
"kins."—"Well," ſays Wildgooſe, "proceed
"with your tale."—"It was a very dark night,"
continues Jerry; "and father was riding by
"a lone uninhabited houſe, at the end of a
"cloſe lane, as this may be, when he ſaw
"*ſtrange* lights in every window. And when
"he came into the middle of the lane, vaſt balls
"of fire rolled along under his horſe's feet: and
"then the Squire's Lady, who died in child-bed,
"drove along in her coach and ſix, with her
"child in her arms;—and—and the Coachman
"(it is *ſartain* true) the Coachman was with-
"out a head—and"—As Jerry was going on
with his terrible ſtory, bounce came his foot
againſt ſomething; and down he tumbled a—ſe
over head; bawling out, "Lord have mercy
"upon me! I have tumbled over a coffin!"—
"Blockhead!" cries Wildgooſe, "why, thou
"wilt talk ſo long about ghoſts, till thou art
"frightened

"frightened at thy own ſhadow." Jerry however (ſtrange as it was) happened to be in the right: and the Reader will eaſily gueſs at the cauſe of ſuch a ſhocking indecency: it was the very corpſe which Parſon Pottle had been waiting for, of a poor man who died at the extremity of his pariſh; and his ſurviving friends, willing to take a decent leave of the deceaſed, had continued drinking till after ſix o'clock; when, bringing him to the bottom of this hill, and recollecting that Mr. Pottle would certainly not perform the laſt office that night, they had left the coffin there, to the terror of poor Tugwell, and the aſtoniſhment of his friend *.

They were now come into the open plain again, and travelled a good pace till towards break of day; and Tugwell pretended to know, by the courſe of the ſtars, that it was near three o'clock: and, as his zeal was not quite ſo active as his maſter's, he began to complain of fatigue and want of ſleep. They therefore made towards a barn, a little out of the road; which being locked, they were forced to repoſe themſelves upon ſome ſtraw under a ſhed, where however they ſlept ſoundly for ſome hours; and

* N. B. A real fact.

riſing

riſing greatly refreſhed about eight o'clock, proceeded on their journey; Jerry, according to cuſtom, reminding his maſter to lay in a good breakfaſt at the firſt public-houſe upon the road.

CHAP. XV.

The Event of Mr. Wildgooſe's ſecond Harangue.

IN the afternoon, when they were got within a few miles of Glouceſter, at a genteel houſe near the end of a village, they ſaw almoſt the whole pariſh aſſembled in the court, to ſee a ſet of morrice-dancers: who (this holiday-time) dreſſed up in bells and ribbands, were performing for the entertainment of the family, and of ſome company that had dined there. Wildgooſe thought this a proper opportunity of diſplaying his eloquence, and communicated his intention to his fellow-traveller. But he, having not ſo ſoon forgot the ill ſucceſs of their yeſterday's adventure, would have diſſuaded Wildgooſe from making a ſecond attempt at ſo unſeaſonable a juncture; and ſaid, moreover, "that, for his "part, he loved to ſee people merry at *ſich* a "time

"time as this:" but Wildgooſe ſoon ſilenced his ſcruples; and he being by this time ſufficiently convinced of his maſter's obſtinacy, immediately got amongſt the morrice-dancers, and acquainted them with his intention. As they were no ſtrangers to itinerant orators in that country, they ſuſpended their diverſion for a while, and got round the Preacher; who, by this time, was mounted upon ſome ſteps, and began to hold forth, with great vehemence, againſt all feſtival amuſements, as contrary to the ſerious ſpirit of the Goſpel; and particularly againſt thoſe irregularities which were practiſed at revels and Whitſun-ales. This doctrine, being rather ill-timed, was not much reliſhed by a great part of the audience, who ſoon began to be impatient of the interruption which was given to their entertainment.

Thoſe who are acquainted with this ſort of * *morrice-dance* (which is ſtill practiſed in ſeveral parts of England) muſt know that they are uſually attended with one character called the "Tom Fool:" who, like the Clown in a Pantomime, ſeems to be a burleſque upon all the reſt. His fool's cap has a fox's tail depending,

* A corruption of *Moriſco* dance, probably introduced from Spain by John of Gaunt.

like

like a ramillie wig; and inſtead of the ſmall bells which the others wear on their legs, he has a great ſheep-bell hung to his back-ſide.

Whilſt the company therefore were all attentive to the Preacher, this buffoon contrived to ſlip the fool's cap upon Tugwell's head, and to fix the ſheep-bell to his rump. Which Jerry no ſooner perceived, than his choler aroſe, and, ſpitting in his hands, and clenching his fiſts, he gave the Tom Fool a ſwinging blow in the face. The Fool, having more wit than courage, endeavoured to eſcape amongſt the crowd. Tugwell purſued him in great rage, with the ſheep-bell at his tail; the ridiculous ſound of which, forming a ſort of contraſt to the wrath in Jerry's countenance, cauſed a great deal of loud mirth amongſt the company.

Wildgooſe, now finding it to no purpoſe to continue his harangue, aſſiſted in extricating Tugwell from the throng, who had now formed a ring round him and the Jack Pudding: and, reprimanding him for his want of Chriſtian meekneſs, he bade him follow him, and "ſhake "off the duſt from their feet," according to the language of our modern Apoſtles, when they would decently extricate themſelves from any uncommon difficulty. They now therefore purſued

ſued their journey, without any further moleſtation.

Wildgooſe told Jerry, "they had hitherto in-"deed met with but unchriſtian-like uſage;" but comforted him with the aſſurance of meeting with a more friendly reception, when they ſhould arrive at the Bell at Glouceſter (where Mr. Whitfield was born); "for," ſays he, "where "a true Goſpel-ſpirit prevails, the genuine fruits "of it are, Peace, Joy, Brotherly Love, and "Chriſtian Charity." Jerry replied, "that a "cup of good ale would be the greateſt *joy* to "him at preſent; for that he was very dry." Wildgooſe however would not take the hint, nor ſtop till they arrived (early in the evening) at the ancient city of Glouceſter.

END OF BOOK II.

THE

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Mr. Wildgooſe's Reception at the Bell at Glouceſter, the Birth-place of Mr. Whitfield.

IT had been the cuſtom of Mr. Wildgooſe, in any little excurſions which he had formerly made, whenever he came into any city or conſiderable town, to inquire (like other travellers) into the trade and manufactures of the place; or what curioſities, of art or nature, were worthy of a ſtranger's notice. But, in the preſent ſituation of his mind, he had loſt all reliſh for things of that kind: inſtead therefore of making any obſervation upon the ſituation, buildings,

or antiquities of Glouceſter; or being in the leaſt ſtruck with the beauty of its cathedral, and the remarkable lightneſs of its Gothic tower; Mr. Wildgooſe conſidered it in no other light than as the birth-place of Mr. Whitfield, and immediately enquired for the Bell-inn.

When they arrived under the gateway, the travellers addreſſed themſelves to a Waiter (who was carrying a diſh of Scotch-collops into a parlour acroſs the court,) and aſked, "Whe-"ther they could have any lodgings there?" He, ſurveying them with a contemptuous air, did not vouchſafe them an anſwer.

They then applied to a ſort of Scullion, who was doing ſome drudgery near the kitchen. She, ſeeing two people about her own level (as ſhe thought), ſpoke to the Cook, who, after ſome muttering expoſtulations, went to her Miſtreſs behind the bar, and aſked her, "whether ſhe "would lodge two foot paſſengers." Mrs. Whitfield, being engaged with company, roſe up with ſome reluctance, and came to the window of the bar; where ſpying two ſuch duſty figures, her uſual politeneſs to ſtrangers forſook her—"Hey-day!" quoth ſhe, "lodgings in-"deed! yes, to be ſure; becauſe Squire Field-"ing, forſooth, in that romancing book of his, "pretends

" pretends that Tom Jones was harboured here, " we ſhall be peſtered with all the trampers that " paſs the road."

Wildgooſe was thunder-ſtruck at this unchriſtian-like reception. But Tugwell, who, on the firſt appearance of ſo fine a lady, had ſtood with his hat off, now replaced it on his head; and repeating her words, " *Trampers* indeed!—I " would have you to know," ſays he, " his " Worſhip could have rode upon as good a " gelding as any one in the country; and could " have mounted me too, for that matter; if it " were not more like good Chriſtians to travel on " foot. But I thought folks that keep an ale-" houſe were obliged to take in all comers." —" Keep an ale-houſe! you ſaucy jack-an-" apes!" ſays Mrs. Whitfield, who had not much Chriſtian meekneſs—" you have miſtaken the " houſe; you ſhould have gone to the Bird in " Hand, in Tripe Lane. There perhaps you " would find reſt for travellers, ſuch as you."— " Well, well, Dame," ſays Tugwell, " there is " no harm done; if you won't lodge us, I ſup-" poſe there are others that will, and be glad of " our cuſtom. *Trampers* indeed! I think Mr. " Whitfield might have preached you into " better manners."

CHAP. II.

An hoſpitable Barber accommodates Mr. Wildgooſe with a Lodging, and a Place to preach in.

THE two Pilgrims were a little diſconcerted at this mortifying reception, and at a loſs how to proceed. And though Wildgooſe had of late affected to deſpiſe all worldly diſtinctions, and to make light of external reſpect, the conſequence of them; yet he was a little ſhocked at this unforeſeen effect of his voluntary humiliation, and almoſt began to wiſh that he had travelled in a manner more ſuitable to his ſtation in life.

As they were deliberating what courſe to take, Wildgooſe eſpied a Barber's pole; and reflecting, that perhaps Mrs. Whitfield, being ignorant of his enlightened heart, might be ſcandalized at the frowſy appearance of the outward man, reſolved to get rid of his beard, have his hair refreſhed, and his cravat a little decently adjuſted. He therefore entered the ſhop; where the caſe was quite reverſed. The honeſt Barber, whoſe leſs affluent circumſtances inſpired more gentle manners, and made him civil to the meaneſt cuſtomer,

received them with great affability and apparent benevolence; and, with a voluble tongue, as he was preparing his razor, ran over the heat of the weather, duſtineſs of the roads, and other general topics, which thoſe artiſts have ready at hand, for the entertainment of their cuſtomers, and to divert their attention from the pain which often attends the operation under the moſt ſkilful performer.

Whilſt Wildgooſe was doing penance under the inſtrument of this ingenious Tonſor, he took the opportunity of conſulting him about a lodging for himſelf and fellow-traveller; and informed him what treatment he had met with at the Bell. This Tugwell confirmed, with ſome expreſſions of reſentment; aſſuring the Barber, "that his maſter could afford to pay "for whatever he called for; and did not want "to ſpunge upon any one. We know the cuſ-"tom at ſuch houſes," continues he; "'tis "*touch pot, touch penny*—we only want money's-"worth for our money."

The Barber, encouraged by theſe overtures of familiarity, took the liberty in his turn to enquire, "which way they came; whither they "were travelling; what ſtay they ſhould make "at Glouceſter; and, if he might be ſo bold, "what

"what branch of buſineſs Mr. Wildgooſe was "engaged in?"

Wildgooſe, from the fulneſs of his heart, ſoon let the Barber into the nature of his calling; and that he intended to employ the talent of preaching, which had been intruſted to him, for the good of the poor inhabitants of that city. The Barber replied, "That Mr. Whitfield, to be ſure, "had preached there frequently with good ſuc- "ceſs; and had left a few ſcattered diſciples "amongſt them: but," ſays he, "the Shoe- "maker's wife often goes in ragged ſhoes."— "That is an old ſaying, and a true one, to my "knowledge," cries Tugwell.—"Well," ſays the Barber, "I was going to obſerve, that al- "though there had been a Society begun here by "Mr. Whitfield, yet, ſince he went to Georgia, "and has been in ſo great requeſt in London, "Briſtol, and other parts of England, the people "of Glouceſter are not much the better for "having had ſo great a Prophet born amongſt "them. As for lodgings," continued the Barber, "our houſe is large enough, for that matter; "though it is a little out of repair, and, as I "have a wife and family of children, we are "a little ſtreightened for beds: however, per-

" haps, my wife will endeavour to accommodate " you."

Wildgooſe replied, " That he was very eaſily " accommodated in that reſpect, for he had de- " termined not to pamper the fleſh; and would " ſubmit to any hardſhips for the good of his " brethren.—But," ſays he, " what muſt we do " for a room to aſſemble in?"—" Why as for " that," returned the Barber, " we have a ſort " of old dining-room, which will exactly ſuit " your purpoſe; though there is no furniture " in it, but a few broken chairs, and an old " cyder-caſk or two, which will not be much " in the way."

In ſhort, the Barber informed his wife of the affair; who having peeped at them through the kitchen door, and formed an opinion of them no ways injurious to their honeſty, they ſoon came to an agreement; and the two Pilgrims took up their reſidence at this friendly Barber's.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

At Glouceſter.

THE Barber's ſhop in a country town has been (time out of mind) the grand office of intelligence: partly from the leiſure and loquacity of that race of men; and partly (as was hinted before) from the peculiar nature of the connexion which is formed between the *Agent* and the *Patient*, during the act of ſhaving, in which nothing but news or other general topics can prudently be the ſubject of their converſation. The arrival of a ſtranger, therefore, of ſo extraordinary a character as that of Mr. Wildgooſe, could not long be a ſecret amongſt the lower claſs of Plebeians; eſpecially as the Barber, in order to bring more cuſtom to his ſhop, took care to let every one know, that a ſtranger of good fortune was to hold forth there that very evening; for ſo Wildgooſe had determined, if he could raiſe any thing of an audience; being impatient to impart ſome ſpiritual advice to his poor countrymen: whom, notwithſtanding the reſidence of their good Biſhop,

Dean, and a whole College of learned Prebends amongſt them, he conſidered as "ſheep not hav-"ing a ſhepherd."

He was attended the firſt night only by a few mean perſons, who either came accidentally to the ſhop, or who had been invited by the Barber's wife from amongſt her neareſt neighbours. But the fame of this extraordinary Preacher being ſpread abroad, by each of theſe, in their ſeveral circles of acquaintance; before the next evening it had reached the remoteſt parts of the city; and had brought together not only the ſtraggling diſciples of Mr. Whitfield, but alſo the idle and the curious of every denomination, moſt of whom beſtowed no ſmall encomiums upon the youthful Orator. This ſucceſs encouraged Wildgooſe to make a longer ſtay in Glouceſter, than he had at firſt intended; ſo that in a week's time it became a ſort of faſhion to hear him; and he was attended by people of all ranks and degrees—from the ſauntering old batchelor and antiquated virgin, who lived upon their annuities and their card-money—to the pennyleſs porter who ran on errands, and the ſecond-hand ſempſtreſs who got her bread by reconciling old rags and making pin-cuſhions.

"Let a man preach like an Angel in his own "Church," (as Mr. Weſley juſtly obſerves) "no "one

"one regards him: but as ſoon as one comes "unto them, and ſays, 'Lo! yonder is a man "preaching upon a mountain!' the multitude "flocks out to hear him. It is the uncommon-"neſs of the thing," ſays he, "that eſpecially "recommends field-preaching."

The ſame may be ſaid with regard to Mr. Wildgooſe's ſucceſs in his conventicle at Glouceſter. If the Sexton had given out, on a Saturday night, that a ſtranger was to preach the next day at the cathedral, it might perhaps have brought thoſe to church who happened not to have upon their hands any more agreeable Sunday's amuſement. But when it was proclaimed, that a traveller was to preach at the Barber's upon a cyder-caſk, leaning over the top of an old cheeſe-preſs (which was all the pulpit which the Barber's lumber-room could ſupply), immediately the houſe was crowded with attendants from every quarter of the city.

But it muſt be remembered likewiſe, that Mr. Wildgooſe, notwithſtanding the preſent uncouth appearance of his ſhort hair, had ſomething naturally agreeable in his countenance, and alſo a very muſical tone of voice: and though, in the vehemence of his harangues, he had a wildneſs in his looks, proceeding from the

enthuſiaſtic zeal which poſſeſſed his imagination, yet that very circumſtance gave a more pathetic force to his eloquence. And he himſelf appearing ſo much in earneſt, and affected with the ſubject, it had a proportionable effect upon his audience.

He uſually began his diſcourſe with lamenting the univerſal corruption of mankind, and with a lively repreſentation of the dreadful conſequences to be apprehended from the juſtice of God: and inſtead of ſpeaking of Hell and Damnation in the refined terms and elegant circumlocutions of modern Divines (as a place not proper to be mentioned to a polite audience); he ran perhaps into the contrary extreme, by too groſs and minute a detail of particulars: which, however, though it might render his deſcriptions more ridiculous than terrible, to ſenſible people; yet it had its effect upon the bulk of his audience, and engaged their moſt earneſt attention,

When he had ſufficiently terrified them by the denunciation of eternal torments, he ſhifted the ſcene, and melted them into tears by the tendereſt deſcriptions of the mercy and compaſſion of God, and the fondeſt expreſſions of love from the great Shepherd of their ſouls.

And

And having been ſo deeply read in the Puritanical writings of the laſt century, and their lineal deſcendants the Methodiſts of theſe times, he had thoroughly imbibed their manner and ſtyle of eloquence, which conſiſts chiefly in a figurative application of the moſt luſcious expreſſions and ſenſual ideas to ſpiritual ſubjects; and which have been obſerved frequently to captivate the hearts of the moſt profligate, and lull them into a ſtrong perſuaſion, at leaſt, that they have received lively foretaſtes of the joys of Heaven; when they have really been ſoothing their fancies with the luxurious recollection of their former ſenſual indulgences.

Thus did Mr. Wildgooſe adapt his metaphors to the various characters and failings of his different hearers. For the lewd and laſcivious, he abounded with amorous expreſſions, and talked much in the nuptial ſtyle—"Their ſouls were "eſpouſed to Chriſt: he ſhall carry the dear "lambs in his boſom, and entertain them with "ſweet kiſſes from his *lily lips*—more ſweet than "the ſweet-ſmelling myrrh: he ſhall embrace "them, and fill them with raviſhing delights *." This ſort of language particularly charmed the female devotees.

* Whitfield's Sermons.

For the thirſty ſoul and luxurious epicure, he had "ſtreams of joy, and rivers of pleaſure: "feaſts of fat things—milk, honey, marrow, "and fatneſs," and all the moſt ſavoury ideas to expreſs the comforts of a ſpiritual life.

To the covetous and ambitious, he talked of nothing but of "hidden treaſures; gold, ſil-"ver, jewels, and precious ſtones; kingdoms, "crowns, and ſceptres;" and every thing that could captivate a worldly imagination *.

In ſhort, by this ſoothing eloquence, and the earneſtneſs of his manner, Wildgooſe ſoftened thoſe hearts, which, for ſome years, had reſiſted the admonitions of friends, and the ſuggeſtions of conſcience; and made many converts to religion: at leaſt he made them ſo as long as the brightneſs of thoſe ſimilies continued to glow in their imaginations. But, their affections only being moved, and their underſtandings not enlightened, nor their reaſon convinced, too many of them ſoon relapſed into their former diſſolute courſes

There was a buxom Widow, however, amongſt his diſciples, who, enjoying an handſome houſe

* Though theſe kinds of expreſſion are uſed in ſcripture, in compliance with the carnal notions of the Jews, and have affected their common language—yet on moral ſubjects, I think, they have but an uncouth effect.

only

only for her widowhood, and being therefore cut off from *iteration* of *nuptials*, had allowed herſelf ſome variety in her amours: but ſhe was now touched to the quick; and determined for the future to keep conſtant to an Half-pay Officer, who lodged in her firſt floor.

And a drunken Pettyfogger, who had been engaged in ſeveral dirty litigations, reſolved hereafter to be more ſober in his conduct, and alſo never to undertake any litigious ſuit—unleſs he were ſure of being well paid for his trouble.

Nay, an inveterate Miſer felt ſuch a lively compunction, that he formed, upon the ſpot, a ſolemn reſolution to diſtribute amongſt the poor all his old cloaths, which had been hoarded in his wardrobe from the very days of his courtſhip: and ſo far perſevered in his charitable deſign, as to give away, the very next morning, an old waiſtcoat—that was too little for him; and two pair of ſhoes—that pinched his corns: and even added a codicil to his will, by which he ordered a ſuſpicious moidore, which had been refuſed by his Banker, to be given in charity on the day of his funeral.

CHAP. IV.

Our Itinerant's Popularity increaſes.

THE fame of Mr. Wildgooſe's eloquence being thus ſpread through the city, Mrs. Whitfield was amongſt the firſt whoſe curioſity led them to make part of his audience. She ſoon diſcovered him and his fellow-labourer to be the individual *Trampers*, whom ſhe had treated with ſo little ceremony at the Bell; and finding they were bound on a Pilgrimage to her brother-in-law and the Society at Briſtol, ſhe took an opportunity of making ſome apology for her incivility; and told Wildgooſe, "that, as he "could have but indifferent accommodations at "his preſent lodgings, he was very welcome to "a bed at the Bell, whilſt he ſtayed in Glouceſ-"ter." But, though Mr. Wildgooſe was ready enough to overlook the perſonal ſlight which had been put upon him, he thought there was ſomething meritorious in his preſent ſtate of humiliation. He therefore thanked Mrs. Whitfield for her kindneſs, but choſe to continue where he was.

One

One evening, when Wildgooſe was deeply engaged in haranguing to a full houſe, an ordinary fellow, in a ſilver-laced hat, came into the room; and, ſqueezing through the crowd, gave a letter to one of the company, who handed it to Tugwell, that was ſitting on the head of a caſk under his maſter, and officiated as a ſort of Clerk. He watched his opportunity till Wildgooſe made a pauſe, and then preſented the letter. As ſoon as he began to look on the direction, the man that brought it (who was no other than the Glouceſter Journal-man) calls out, "Read it, "Maſter, read it; it brings you ſome news of "your poor mother." Wildgooſe, renouncing all family connexions, and diſregarding whatever concerned himſelf, ſtretched out his hand, and cried out, "I know no man after the fleſh, "nor woman neither;" and immediately went on with his diſcourſe.

The caſe was, that, although there were none of their townſmen at his firſt preachment on Dover's-hill; yet there were many that knew him by ſight, notwithſtanding he was diſguiſed in his own hair: and the ſtory had ſoon ſpread to Mrs. Wildgooſe's ears. The odd turn which her ſon's melancholy had taken, we may be ſure, muſt greatly affect a fond parent; and it had really

really thrown Mrs. Wildgooſe into a fit of ſickneſs. Mr. Powell, therefore, the Vicar of the pariſh, having been informed by the Journalman, that an itinerant Preacher of ſome fortune (as was given out) had been ſhewing off at Glouceſter, ſoon gueſſed, from the deſcription of him and his attendant, that it was his good neighbour Mr. Wildgooſe; and ſo diſpatched a letter by him, on his return, to acquaint Wildgooſe with the effect his extravagant whim had had upon his worthy mother. But Enthuſiaſm is deaf to the calls of Nature; nay, eſteems it meritorious to trample upon all the relative duties of life. Men of this caſt think nothing of any importance, but what correſponds with the chimerical notions which have poſſeſſed their fancies.

Wildgooſe therefore paid no other regard to the Doctor's intelligence, than writing a ſhort letter to his mother; in which he expreſſed his concern for her illneſs, but ſaid, "he was not at "his own diſpoſal; and could not, in con-"ſcience, live in carnal eaſe and ſecurity, when "the ſpiritual harveſt was ſo great, and the true "labourers ſo few. In ſhort," ſays he in concluſion, "woe be unto me, if I preach not the "Goſpel!"

CHAP. V.

Mr. Wildgooſe's Succeſs with the Ladies.

" IF chance ſome blooming nymph, with locks of gold,
" The brilliant luſtre ſparkling in her eye,
" Shading her lovely cheeks with hat of ſtraw,
" Or ſilken bonnet green of gloſſy hue,
" Enters the ſhop of learned Bibliopole,
" That vends his ware at Tunbridge or at Bath,
" Retailing modern traſh to ſaunt'ring beaux—"

SHOULD any of my amiable country-women, I ſay, ſmit with the love of novelty, carry home this trifling volume from ſome Circulating-library; and, throwing herſelf negligently upon her ſettee or ſopha—or even on the feet of her truckle-bed—have patience to attend two ſuch odd fellows thus far; ſhe will probably be diſguſted, that ſhe has not been entertained with a ſingle love-tale, which are generally looked upon as eſſential to works of this kind; and not only make a principal part of every epiſode, but are uſually interwoven with the body of the fable. But I would have them conſider

ſider the peculiar character of our Hero; which is not (at firſt ſight) at all friendly to the ſofter paſſions. If they can prevail on themſelves however to attend him a few pages further, they may perhaps diſcover ſome ſlight ſymptoms of an affection, not entirely of the ſeraphic or platonic kind.

There was amongſt Mr. Wildgooſe's female votaries one Mrs. Sarſenet, a Milliner; who notwithſtanding ſhe ſupported an infirm mother and a lame ſiſter by her induſtry, yet, from the ſeverity of Mr. Wildgooſe's doctrine, had conceived ſome ſcruples about the innocence, or even the lawfulneſs, of her profeſſion. She therefore deſired Mr. Wildgooſe to drink a diſh of tea with her; and took that opportunity of conſulting him, as a Caſuiſt, upon the ſubject. Upon conſidering the affair with ſome deliberation, Wildgooſe told her, "that, although ſome "branches of the trade, as it was often practiſed, "might *accidentally* promote vice; yet, as ſome "part of the female dreſs was not only *decent*, "but even neceſſary in this cold climate, and "as the trade had not *directly* any bad tendency, "he could not look upon it as abſolutely ſinful. "However," ſays he, "it greatly concerns "you, not to countenance the ladies that deal

"with

" with you, in any vain ornaments or wanton " attire; but to diſcourage any thing of that " kind, even againſt your own intereſt, as much " as you decently can." The Reader will find, in the ſequel, that Mrs. Sarſenet carried this doctrine rather to an extreme, and to the prejudice of her temporal intereſt and that of her family.

We muſt not imagine, however, that this grave matron was a proper object of *deſire* to a religious enthuſiaſt. There was with this Milliner a young Lady, who ſeemed not to be in the capacity of an apprentice, but rather as ſome friend upon a viſit to Mrs. Sarſenet, and who had ſomething in her manner and appearance above her preſent ſituation. A nice critic might perhaps diſpute her title to the character of a perfect beauty: but ſhe had a ſprightlineſs in her air, and a piercing brilliancy in her eyes, which, joined to the gloſs of youth, could not fail to attract the particular regard of Mr. Wildgooſe, and made him very aſſiduous in directing his pious precepts to ſo fair a diſciple. Whenever he ſaid any thing to which he expected a particular attention, he applied himſelf to Miſs Townſend (by a kind of inſtinct) for her approbation. But though this young nymph ſeemed well

well enough pleaſed when Mr. Wildgooſe talked to her upon indifferent ſubjects, ſhe was inclined rather to diſapprove of, and even to railly, the ſeverity of many of his opinions. Nay, in one of his viſits, which he repeated pretty often, ſhe took upon her to aſk Wildgooſe, "how "he could be ſo cruel, as not to viſit his poor "mother; who, ſhe found, was ill and deſired "to ſee him? for," ſays ſhe, with a ſigh and down-caſt look, "Heaven will never proſper diſ-"reſpect to a parent!"—Miſs Townſend's earneſtneſs upon this ſubject excited Wildgooſe's curioſity; and, with a more gallant air than uſual, he deſired to know "why ſhe looked ſo "very diſmal upon the occaſion?"—After a little pauſe, and a few bluſhes, ſhe replied, "that the "greateſt misfortune of her life, and her pre-"ſent unhappy ſituation, was owing to her diſ-"reſpect to a worthy, and, in general, a very "kind father."—"Pray, what misfortunes can "ſo young a Lady as you are have experienced?" ſays Wildgooſe; "for you don't ſeem yet to be "above ſixteen!"—Miſs Townſend ſeemed in confuſion at having diſcovered ſo much of her own affairs: but Mrs. Sarſenet told her, "She "need not be afraid of talking freely to ſo *good* "a man as Mr. Wildgooſe; who would never "make

"make any wrong uſe of her confidence; and "might probably give her ſome ſpiritual conſo- "lation, which would make her more eaſy un- "der this little calamity, which her own indiſ- "cretion, or rather *my folly*," ſays ſhe, "has "brought upon you."

Mr. Wildgooſe wiſhing it might be in his power to give her any aſſiſtance, and intreating her to gratify his impatience to be acquainted with her ſtory, Miſs Townſend dropped a tear; then, pulling up her ſpirits, gave the following account of herſelf.

CHAP. VI.

The Hiſtory of Miſs Townſend.

"MY father (as Mrs. Sarſenet knows) has "a *ſmall* eſtate on the borders of "——ſhire, where he now lives."—"No," ſays Mrs. Sarſenet, "I know that Mr. Townſend "has a very *conſiderable* eſtate, which has been "in the family for many generations."—"Well," ſays Miſs Townſend, "I don't know "what it is: but ——ſhire is my native place.

"My

" My poor mother has been dead about a twelve-
" month, to my inexpreſſible misfortune, and
" that of the whole family. She left behind her
" me and two ſiſters, one a few years older, the
" other conſiderably younger, than myſelf.
" Whilſt my mother lived, we ſaw a great deal
" of genteel company; and ſhe took care to
" have us inſtructed at home in all the uſual
" accompliſhments of our ſex. But, ſoon after
" her death, my father ſent us all three
" (though two of us were almoſt grown up, and
" my eldeſt ſiſter capable of managing his
" houſe) to a country boarding-ſchool, to the
" aſtoniſhment of the whole neighbourhood.
" We ſoon found, however, that my father's
" intention was, to make way for another Houſe-
" keeper, to whom he had taken an unaccount-
" able fancy. This was an Iriſh-woman, whom
" I ſhall call the *widow* Townſend; as ſhe
" came into the neighbourhood, about half a year
" before my mother's death, in the character of
" an officer's wife, one Captain Townſend, who
" had made a ſmall fortune in America, and
" called himſelf a relation of ours: but he dying
" ſoon after, this woman took lodgings in a ſmall
" market-town, at a little diſtance from my fa-
" ther's; and, as ſhe did not appear to be left

" in

" in very affluent circumſtances, ſhe made no " ſcruple, I believe, of undertaking the manage- " ment of my father's family, in the capacity of " an Houſe-keeper.

" The widow Townſend, as I ſaid, is an Iriſh- " woman, and about forty; not handſome; but " has ſomething in her manner, which attracts " the regard of the gentlemen, as much as it " diſguſts the generality of our ſex: my poor " mother (as Mrs. Sarſenet well knows) could " never bear her. She is a woman of no ſort " of converſation, and yet my father now makes " a conſtant companion of her; and we have no " reaſon to doubt, that, after a decent time, he " will make her our ſtep-mother: in which " caſe, though I ſhould think it my duty to " ſhew her all the reſpect which is due to my " father's wife; yet, at preſent, I own, I could " not bring my ſtubborn heart to ſubmit with " tolerable decency to the many mortifications I " daily met with from a woman in her ſitua- " tion.

" For, you muſt know, at Chriſtmas laſt, " my father thought it proper to permit my " eldeſt ſiſter and me to leave ſchool, and return " home again; as it muſt appear to every one, " that we were baniſhed for no other reaſon

" than to make way for a woman in her am-
" biguous ſituation—though I believe ſhe had
" another view in having my ſiſter at home,
" which I will explain to you hereafter.

" The widow Townſend affected, at firſt, to
" treat us with great civility, and even apparent
" affection; and uſed great art to make us reſt
" ſatisfied under the authority which ſhe had
" acquired. She indulged us in ſeveral little
" inſtances and articles of finery; in which, I
" believe, my own mother would have thought
" it improper to have gratified us. Theſe things
" won my ſiſter's heart; and it would be affec-
" tation in me, to ſay that I was not pleaſed
" with my gold watch and other trinkets, which
" ſhe had perſuaded my father to procure us.
" But ſtill I could not bear to be obliged to a
" woman, whom I conſidered as having an im-
" proper influence over my father, for what I
" imagined I might reaſonably have expected
" from the great affection he had formerly
" ſhewn me in particular; in whoſe favour, I
" flattered myſelf, he had always diſcovered
" ſome little partiality.

" For my father, you muſt know, was al-
" ways a very bookiſh, and is, I believe, a
" very learned man; and is reckoned a great

" Anti-

" Antiquary and Virtuoſo. I flattered myſelf, " therefore, that he was particularly pleaſed " with the taſte I diſcovered for reading, pre- " ferably to every other amuſement: to humour " which taſte, he himſelf had contributed, by " turning me looſe into one corner of his library, " which contained a collection of books made " by an old maiden aunt of ours; and conſiſted " of Dryden's Plays, and all the dramatic works " of the laſt age, novels, and romances of every " kind."

" I am afraid then," ſays Wildgooſe, " you " had not many religious books put into your " hands by your good father?"

" No," ſays Miſs Townſend; " but I had a " few by my good mother, which I made a " point of reading every Sunday; ſuch as Til- " lotſon's Sermons, the Whole Duty of Man, " and the like."

" Why," replies Wildgooſe, " you might as " well have read the Seven Champions or Jack " the Giant-killer, as either the Whole Duty of " Man or Tillotſon, who knew no more of " Chriſtianity than Mahomet *."

" Well," ſays Miſs Townſend, " I am not a " judge of thoſe things; but will go on with " my ſtory."

* Whitfield's Journals.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"MY taſte for reading," continued Miſs Townſend, "not only rendered me "the object of my ſiſter's jealouſy (who never "looked in a book), but made me leſs agreeable "to the widow Townſend; and has been, I am "afraid, the principal cauſe of my preſent un-"happy ſituation.

"For this woman, you muſt know, though "ſhe affects to be a great œconomiſt, yet (like "moſt of the Iriſh ladies) is never compleatly "happy but at the card-table: and as I was "unpolite, or rather impolitic, enough con-"ſtantly to declare my averſion to cards; this "gave her frequent occaſions to repreſent me to "my father, as one that regarded nothing but "my own gratification; 'which,' ſhe ſaid, 'was "a very bad ſymptom in a young perſon.' And, "what is ſurprizing, ſhe had brought my father, "who was formerly never eaſy out of his ſtudy, "to make one at quadrille, or piquet, every "evening. And my ſiſter, who had rather do

"any

"any thing than read, or work at her needle,
"was always happy in being of the party.

"The widow Townſend having ſo far ſuc-
"ceeded as to make my father leſs pleaſed with
"my favourite amuſements; as it was her in-
"tereſt to have no rival in his affection, ſhe
"began, by degrees, farther to inſinuate, 'that
"it would be much more to my credit, if I
"would apply more carefully to my needle;' in
"which article ſhe repreſented me as very de-
"fective, and even hinted 'that another year's
"ſchooling would be greatly to my advantage,'
"though Mrs. Sarſenet, I believe, is far from
"making any complaint of that kind. In ſhort,
"my father began, by degrees, not only to re-
"primand me, whenever he found me with a
"book in my hand; but daily diſcovered, on
"every occaſion, leſs fondneſs for me than he
"had formerly ſhewn. This encouraged Mrs.
"Townſend to treat me with leſs ceremony;
"and as for my ſiſter, ſhe not only became
"reſerved to me, in order to recommend herſelf
"more effectually to our gouvernante; but
"began to conſider me as a troubleſome rival in
"another affair, which I will now explain to
"you.

"My ſiſter, you muſt know, had a very "conſiderable fortune (near ſeven thouſand "pounds) left her by a great aunt, indepen- "dently of my father; and this ſhe will have "in her own power the day ſhe is eighteen, "which will be within theſe ſix weeks. This, "I am inclined to think, was Mrs. Townſend's "chief motive for bringing her brother (one "Captain Mahony, as ſhe calls him) into the "neighbourhood, and introducing him into our "family; where he comes almoſt every day, "and frequently ſtays there for a week together. "He is a Lieutenant, I believe, in a marching "regiment, though upon half-pay. He is "about thirty; a tolerably good perſon, and "dreſſes very genteely; but conceited and ig- "norant. Yet, as very ſeldom any other "gentleman came to the houſe) nor indeed "much company of any kind ſince this woman "has been there), this coxcomb contrived to "make ſome impreſſion, I believe, upon my "ſiſter's heart. And becauſe he would ſome- "times condeſcend to direct his nonſenſe to me "(either to conceal his deſigns upon my ſiſter, "or to raiſe her jealouſy), ſhe, by degrees, "began to conſider me as her rival, and of

"courſe

"courſe as an obſtacle to her wiſhes; and to "treat me accordingly.

"In ſhort, this behaviour of my ſiſter, the "inſults I daily met with from the widow "Townſend, and the coldneſs with which my "dear father began to treat me, made my ſitua-"tion at home extremely diſagreeable.

"But, completely to ruin me in the widow "Townſend's good opinion, and of courſe in "my father's favour, was a friendly letter "which I happened to receive from my good "Mrs. Sarſenet here; who, having a particular "regard for my late mother (they having been "ſchool-fellows at Chelſea), and hearing that "this woman (to whom ſhe knew my poor "mother had a particular diſlike) was come to "keep my father's houſe; ſhe had written to "me upon the ſubject; and, with more honeſty "than prudence perhaps, had declared her real "ſentiments of the matter: which letter the "widow Townſend (I believe, by my ſiſter's "means) unluckily got a ſight of; and from "that time grew ſo inveterate againſt me, that "(preſuming upon the influence ſhe had over "my father) ſhe inſiſted upon my being ſent "to ſchool again with my little ſiſter Quin-

" tilla, or ſomewhere out of the houſe; other-
" wiſe ſhe herſelf was determined to leave
" him.

CHAP. VIII.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

" BEING now continually expoſed to the
" widow Townſend's forbidding looks
" and reproaches; as alſo to the neglect of my
" dear father, and the ill-natured treatment of
" my ſiſter, who would not ſuffer me quietly to
" enjoy the only relief which I ſought, that of
" reading alone in my cloſet; but above all, the
" apprehenſion of being ſent to ſchool again, at
" my age—all theſe things put together provo-
" ked me beyond all patience.

" My romances furniſhed me with innumer-
" able inſtances of this kind of domeſtic perſe-
" cution; which generally terminated in the
" elopement of the innocent ſufferer, her un-
" expected ſucceſs in life, and her triumphant
" return.

" In ſhort, I had an high idea of the grandeur
" and politeneſs of London; and ſaw ſeveral
" inſtances

"inſtances even of the lower ſort of people,
"who, having been ſent for by rich relations or
"taken into good ſervices, came down more po-
"lite and entirely different ſort of creatures from
"thoſe which I generally converſed with.

"I laſt month therefore formed a moſt ro-
"mantic ſcheme, for ſeeing the world, and
"going to London by myſelf. In order to this,
"I determined to get to Oxford, and ſet out
"from thence in the ſtage-coach, and endeavour
"to find out a particular friend and diſtant re-
"lation of my mama's, who, I knew, lodged
"ſomewhere in Weſtminſter; and who had
"ſpent a good part of the laſt ſummer before
"my mother's death with us in the country, and
"uſed frequently to invite me to London; or,
"if I ſhould not find her out, having twenty
"guineas (given me at different times by a
"god-mother) in my own poſſeſſion, I thought,
"with œconomy, I could ſubſiſt for ſome time;
"and had ſome vague ideas of introducing my-
"ſelf into good company, or, perhaps, even of
"making my fortune, as other diſtreſſed or per-
"ſecuted damſels had done.

"As I had no confidante in my own family,
"I communicated my intentions to a woman in
"the neighbourhood, who had been my mother's

" Maid, and was now married to a man who, in " my mother's time, had been our Coachman; " both of them were favourites of my mother's, " and of courſe were not ſo with the widow " Townſend. The poor woman at firſt diſſuaded " me from purſuing ſo ſtrange a reſolution; but, " when ſhe found me bent upon it, and knew " how diſagreeably I lived at home, the man " conſented to carry me behind him (on an horſe " which he kept to lett) the next night to Ox- " ford, as I had deſired, without conſidering the " probable conſequences of ſo imprudent a ſtep.

" As my ſiſter was engaged almoſt every even- " ing at cards with my father and the widow " Townſend, I took thoſe opportunities at leaſt " of ſitting up in my cloſet to read; and my " ſiſter frequently went to bed without making " any inquiries after me: ſo that I eaſily eluded " any immediate ſearch, and eſcaped to the " houſe appointed.

" Not to trouble you with too many par- " ticulars; having packed up an handſome bro- " caded ſuit of cloaths, two ſilk night-gowns, " with ſome pretty good linen, and my money, " I got ſafe, with my luggage, to Oxford, and " met with a place in the coach, which ſet out " the next morning for London.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"THERE was amongſt the paſſengers a "well-looking elderly gentleman, of good "fortune (as I had reaſon to think), by his "generous behaviour to me, and by a genteel "footman behind the coach. He was a little "ſurprized, I believe, at the firſt ſight of ſo "young a perſon, tolerably well dreſſed, and "going ſuch a journey quite alone. He, by "degrees, began to ſift out my ſituation in life, "and what expedition I was now engaged in. "His humanity, and a deſire to ſerve me, rather "than mere curioſity, ſeemed to be the motives "for his inquiries. When we came to dinner, "and I happened to be left alone with him, I "ſoon communicated my whimſical project to "this gentleman. He was vaſtly ſurprized, and "expreſſed great concern both for me and for "my father, whom he found to be almoſt the "only perſon that I was ſorry to have left be-"hind me.

"He aſked me, 'how I could think of ſup-
" porting myſelf, for any time, in ſo expenſive
" a place as London was?' I told him the ſtate
" of my finances; and 'that, if I could not find
" out my late mother's friend in Weſtminſter,
" I propoſed lodging in ſome cheap part of the
" ſuburbs.' He ſmiled at my ſimplicity; and
" began to deſcribe to me the extreme danger
" ſuch a young perſon as I was, expoſed my-
" ſelf to, in ſo romantic an enterprize; the
" wickedneſs of the world in general, and of
" the town in particular; and in ſhort, ventured
" to foretell my inevitable ruin; which he
" painted in ſuch ſtrong colours, that I burſt
" into tears, and begged him to adviſe me
" what method to purſue. 'What! ſays he,
" 'Madam? why, as ſoon as we arrive in town,
" give me leave to take another place for you,
" the next day, in this ſame coach; and return
" again to your friends in the country.'

"I was a little ſtaggered at this propoſal;
" and could not bear the thoughts of expoſing
" myſelf to the reſentment of my father, the
" inſults of Mrs. Townſend, and the ridicule
" of my ſiſter. But when we came to London,
" and I ſaw the vaſt hurry and extent of that
" metropolis, my heart began to fail me: and,

" in

"in the evening eſpecially, when we reached "the inn in Holborn, and the gentleman had "bid them ſend the Chamber-maid to ſhew me "to my bed-chamber; in came a bold ill-look-"ing fellow, who called himſelf the Chamber-"lain. 'There, Madam, ſays the old gentle-"man, you ſee who is to wait on you to "bed to-night, and to lace your ſtays in the "morning: this is the attendance which a "young lady muſt generally expect at the inns "in London.'

"I was now ſtruck with all the horrors of "my ſituation; and therefore told the gentle-"man, 'I ſhould gladly accept of his kind offer; "and would beg him to take a place for me "againſt the next morning:' which he very "politely did, and inſiſted upon treating me "with the earneſt which he had paid for the "coach. I was aſhamed to accept of ſuch a "favour from a ſtranger; but he deſired me to "ſay no more about it. I took my leave of "him that evening, without being able to diſ-"cover his name; though I found, by ſeveral "circumſtances, that he lived in Hereford-"ſhire.

CHAP. X.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"BEING thoroughly fatigued with my "journey, I ſlept ſoundly till the morning; "when I was called, I ſuppoſe, by the Cham- "berlain; but was ſo drowſy, that I knew not "what anſwer I gave him, when he told me "'the paſſengers were all in the coach, and juſt "ſetting out.' However, he inſiſted upon it "afterwards, that I ſaid, 'I could not get up, "if they went without me.' In ſhort, about "nine o'clock, I was waked by the miſtreſs of "the houſe; who, having heard that I was a "very young woman without any attendants, "came to ſatisfy her curioſity, and to enquire "into my intentions. The woman was civil "enough; and when I expreſſed my ſurprize "at the coach's being gone without me, and "my diſtreſs what courſe to take, ſhe ſaid, 'as "I was come to London merely out of curioſity, "and was now obliged to ſtay till the next "coaches went out, ſhe would ſhew me ſome- "thing of the town, if I would give her "leave."

"I told

"I told her, 'I had a relation in Weſtminſter,
"whom I would now try to find out.'—She
"aſked me, 'What ſtreet her houſe was in?'—
"She has no houſe," ſays I; "but I know ſhe
"lodges ſomewhere in Weſtminſter; and, as ſhe
"is a lady of a large acquaintance, though ſmall
"fortune, I dare ſay, I ſhall eaſily find her out.'
"The woman laughed at my ignorance of the
"town; and ſaid, 'I might as well look for a
"needle in a bundle of hay.'

"She then took me down to breakfaſt with
"her, behind the bar; where I ſpent moſt part
"of that day, ſhe not being at leiſure to attend
"me abroad. In the afternoon, a neighbour of
"hers, who had a ſmall houſe in one of the
"adjacent courts, came to drink tea with her.
"The woman of the houſe being frequently
"called away into the bar; I was left alone
"with Mrs. Skelton (which was the name of
"the other woman). After inquiring into my
"motives for coming to London, and finding I
"had no friends or acquaintance there, ſhe of-
"fered to take me to her houſe, as a boarder;
"and to bring me acquainted with every thing
"that was worth ſeeing in London. To re-
"concile me to her propoſal, ſhe ſoon diſco-
"vered, that ſhe was my country-woman; and

" ſaid, ' ſhe had relations in that part of Eng-
" land.' In ſhort, I was ſo well pleaſed with
" the apparent friendſhip of this woman; and,
" for the reaſons above-mentioned, found ſo little
" inclination to return to my friends in the
" country; that I began to be very well pleaſed
" with the coach's going without me, and leav-
" ing me in London.

" I then acquainted the woman at the inn
" with Mrs. Skelton's offer. She ſaid, ' I could
" not lodge with a better ſort of woman; that
" ſhe had known her for ſome years; and ſhe
" was a clever, ſenſible perſon; and kept the
" *beſt of company*;' ranking herſelf, I ſuppoſe,
" in that number. I therefore paid my bill at
" the inn, took my leave of the miſtreſs of it,
" and accompanied Mrs. Skelton to her houſe.

" I am now aſtoniſhed at my ſimplicity;
" but was quite ignorant of the world: and in-
" deed, after my firſt imprudent ſtep, what other
" ſcheme could I purſue? I ſoon found, how-
" ever, that the world in reality was very dif-
" ferent from what it appeared in poetry and
" romance.

CHAP. XI.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"MRS. Skelton affected to have taken a "great liking to me; and the next morn- "ing performed her promiſe of ſhewing me the "town. That ſhe might do this in the moſt "compendious manner, the firſt place ſhe took "me to was the top of Saint Paul's, where indeed "I was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the appear- "ance of that vaſt metropolis.

"After dragging me on to the Tower, ſhe "made me take a coach to bring us back to "Holborn. By the way, however, ſhe ſtopped "at a Milliner's near Saint Paul's, and equipped "me with, what ſhe thought, a more faſhion- "able cap, and other things which ſhe thought "neceſſary; but without putting me to any "great expence. When we came home, ſhe "helped me to adjuſt my dreſs, according to "her own taſte; and told me, 'the gentleman "who lodged in her firſt floor would dine with "us. He is a gentleman of very large fortune, "I aſſure you, ſays ſhe, and perhaps may

"fall

"fall in love with you. He is rather too old "for you, continued ſhe; but I know ſeveral "young ladies, who would be very happy in "ſuch an opportunity of ſetting their caps at "him, I can tell you.'

"Well; at dinner this fine gentleman ap- "peared, dreſſed in blue and gold. He ſeemed "to be about fifty, and was agreeable enough "in his perſon: but what gave me a ſort of "liking to him was, that he put me much in "mind of my own father. Nay, finding how "entirely unacquainted I was with the town, "he very kindly cautioned me againſt the arti- "fices of the people I ſhould probably meet "with; and told me, 'if I made any ſtay in "London, he would introduce me to ſome of "the female part of his own family.'

"The next morning Mr. Blackman (which "was the gentleman's name) breakfaſted with "us; and, though he was engaged to dine with "ſome gentlemen of Lincoln's-Inn, he ſaid, "'he hoped to be at home again with us in the "evening.' At the ſame time he told Mrs. "Skelton, 'that there was a very good play to "be acted that night; and aſked her, if ſhe "did not intend to go?' She pretended to make "a ſcruple of leaving me alone; on purpoſe,

"I ſup-

"I ſuppoſe, to give him an opportunity of offer-
"ing each of us tickets for the play; which he
"immediately did.

"Accordingly to the play we went, and ſat
"in one of the ſide galleries. There happened
"to ſit next to us, a young lady moſt ſplendidly
"dreſſed; who, I found, was an acquaintance
"of Mrs. Skelton's. She talked a great deal,
"and even in the moſt intereſting parts of the
"play; and ſeemed to ridicule every thing that
"was grave or decent. She was particularly
"merry upon a country gentleman and his wife,
"as we judged them to be, who ſat together in
"one of the ſide-boxes; and ſaid, 'it was aſto-
"niſhing to her, how any woman could think
"of burying herſelf with an huſband in the
"country; to ſit nodding at each other, whole
"winter evenings, on each ſide the parlour
"fire, with nothing to amuſe them but a formal
"viſit once a week from ſome unfaſhionable
"creatures like themſelves. In ſhort, ſays ſhe,
"I'd rather be a Miſtreſs to a Tradeſman in
"town, than the Wife of any Country Squire
"in England.' I was greatly ſhocked, inſtead
"of being diverted, with this lady's converſa-
"tion, and began to wiſh myſelf in ſome other
"place; but I was highly offended at hearing

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Skelton aſk her, 'when ſhe ſhould have "the honour of ſeeing her in Holborn?' To "which ſhe anſwered, 'She would do herſelf "that honour very ſoon.'

"When we returned from the play, we found "an elegant ſupper ordered from the tavern by "the old gentleman, who was waiting for us "with great patience in the parlour. After ſup-"per, Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton drank "ſeveral glaſſes together; and the latter would "have forced me to pledge them: but Mr. "Blackman deſired I would drink no more than "was quite agreeable to me, as probably I had "never been uſed to any thing ſtrong.' In "ſhort, as there was ſomething of a paternal "tenderneſs in the behaviour of Mr. Black-"man; ſo it inſpired me with ſentiments of "quite a filial love and reſpect. And I lived "near a fortnight in the houſe, quite agreeably; "Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Skelton treating me "like a daughter for whom they had a great "affection; always contriving ſomething to "amuſe and entertain me.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"ONE morning Mrs. Skelton aſked me, "'whether I ſhould like to take a voyage "by water? for, ſaid ſhe, I want to make a "viſit to an acquaintance as far as Chelſea. "We ſhall have another lady and gentleman of "our party, which will be more agreeable, and "leſſen the expence of our voyage.' I told her, "'I ſhould be very glad of ſuch a jaunt; as I "had never been upon the river, and was very "fond of water.' She wiſhed Mr. Blackman "could go with us; 'but, ſaid ſhe, he has ſo "many grand acquaintance, it is hardly probable "that he will be diſengaged.' Upon her men-"tioning it to him at breakfaſt, however, he re-"plied, 'that he would meet us, if poſſible, "about twelve o'clock, at the water-ſide.

"When we came to the place appointed, I "was ſurprized to ſee, not only Mr. Blackman, "but the lady whom we had met at the play, "attended by another gentleman. He was a "genteel, or rather a ſhewy man, of about forty.

"He

" He addreſſed us with an air of familiarity, and " affectation of gaiety, which to me was very " diſguſting; though he was what ſome people " would reckon a chearful companion, and an " handſome man.

" Mr. Blackman had provided a covered boat, " and furniſhed it with biſcuits, almonds, and " raiſins, and a bottle of white-wine; the for- " mer, I ſuppoſe, for mine, and the latter for " Mrs. Skelton's entertainment. As the other " gentleman and lady, whom I took to be huſ- " band and wife, were very fond of each other, " Mr. Blackman was particular in his behaviour " to me, and took a great deal of pains to gain " my attention to every thing which he ſaid. " But nothing attracted my notice ſo much as " the fine proſpect on each ſide of the river, " which he pointed out to me, and explained; " from the grand dome of Saint Paul's to the " venerable Gothic piles of Weſtminſter-Abbey " and the palace of Lambeth, with the rural ob- " jects which preſent themſelves gradually till " we reached the noble hoſpital of Chelſea, " whither we were bound.

" When we arrived at the end of our voyage, " Mr. Blackman went immediately out of the " boat, and ſaid, 'he would beſpeak a room for

" us

"us at a little ſort of tavern cloſe to the water:" "for I ſoon found that this viſit of Mrs. Skel- "ton's was only a pretence; and that we were "to dine at this houſe, at theſe gentlemen's "expence.

"There was ſomething in this which did not "quite pleaſe me. But my inexperience, or "rather my entire ignorance of the arts of "mankind, prevented me from ſuſpecting any "ill deſign. After dinner, Mrs. Skelton ſaid, "'ſhe would juſt ſtep a door or two further, "to call upon her friend, with whom ſhe had "ſome particular buſineſs:' and charged Mr. "Blackman 'to take care of her daughter,' as "ſhe affected to call me.

"Soon after Mrs. Skelton was gone, the other "gentleman and lady ſaid, 'they would take a "walk in the garden, and return to us imme- "diately.' I ſtared a little; but, as they were "ſtrangers to me, and I had no inclination to "cultivate an intimacy with the lady, I made "no overtures to accompany her; eſpecially as "I ſuppoſed them to be man and wife. And "as I had never ſeen any thing in Mr. Black- "man's behaviour at all exceptionable, I was "not uneaſy at being left alone with him.

"After

" After they had been gone a few minutes, I " went up to the window, which had a fine proſ- " pect of the Thames: and Mr. Blackman, " following me, opened a door near the win- " dow, and told me, 'I might have a better " proſpect in the next room——"

Here Miſs Townſend bluſhed, and made a pauſe; then turned pale, and ſeemed unwilling to proceed in her ſtory. Mrs. Sarſenet, who had heard it more than once, made an excuſe for her, but deſired " ſhe would go on; otherwiſe Mr. " Wildgooſe might ſuſpect ſhe had been guilty " of ſomething which ſhe had reaſon to be " aſhamed of."

" That I have," ſays Miſs Townſend, " of " the whole ſeries of my folly; though, I thank " God, I have nothing to accuſe myſelf of, but " my unparalleled indiſcretion. However, I " have great reaſon to be thankful to Provi- " dence, for preſerving me from the probable " effects of it."

" Why," ſays Wildgooſe, " Providence " rarely deſerts us, even in thoſe misfortunes " which are the conſequence of our own inad- " vertency; if we humbly apply for aſſiſtance, " and ſincerely endeavour to retrieve any falſe

" ſtep

" ſtep as ſoon as we become ſenſible of it, and " do not preſumptuouſly perſiſt in a wrong " courſe of action, againſt the ſuggeſtions of his " Holy Spirit.

" But, come, Madam; I muſt beg to hear the " ſequel of this adventure; ſince you have in- " tereſted me in your eſcape from the critical " ſituation in which you have deſcribed yourſelf " at the window, where you were left alone with " this fine gentleman.

CHAP. XIII.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

" WELL, Sir; Mr. Blackman came up " to me, as I told you, and opened a " door near the window, and told me, 'there " was a better proſpect from that room.' Seeing " it was a bed-chamber, I ſtarted back; but he " laid hold on my arm, pulled me in by force, " and ſhut the door.

" I had read in poetry of Fawns and Satyrs; " in romances of diſcourteous Knights and Sa- " vages: but had no conception that a man of " ſo reſpectable an appearance, in a brigadeer

"wig and grave habit, that looked more like a "Juſtice of Peace or High-ſheriff than a de- "bauched Rake, could be guilty of any rudeneſs "or indecent behaviour.

"I cried out, with all my force; and ſaid, 'I "would ſooner die, than remain with him alone.' "I ſtruggled, and at laſt got to the ſaſh; but "found it was ſcrewed down. I continued call- "ing out with great violence, and made all the "noiſe I could; but to no purpoſe. This vile "man continued his deteſtable importunity, "and I deſpaired of any aſſiſtance; when I was "providentially relieved by a pretty loud rap- "ping at the outer door. Upon his opening it, "the Waiter introduced a very genteel modeſt- "looking woman, and a pretty girl about ten "years old. On ſeeing me and Mr. Blackman, "who were both ſtrangers to her, ſhe drew "back, and made an apology for her miſtake. "The Waiter told us, 'the lady had enquired for "one Mr. Andrews; and inſiſted upon it, that "he came with the company in our boat.'

"Mr. Blackman reprimanded him for his "impertinent intruſion: but I begged him to "inform me where the other gentleman and "ladies were; and upon my going out upon "the ſtair-caſe, I met Mrs. Skelton coming up.

"I complained of her leaving me alone with "Mr. Blackman, and told her how brutiſhly "he had behaved. She affected great ſurprize "and indignation; and, upon coming into the "room, 'Lord! ſays ſhe, Mr. Blackman, I "did not think you could be guilty of any "thing ſo rude to this young lady! Why, ſure, "your love for her, which you mentioned, "has turned your head; but I will never ſuffer "her to be injured, whilſt ſhe is under my pro-"tection.'

"Thus this vile woman endeavoured to per-"ſuade me that ſhe was unconcerned in his "villainy; but I began to have a very bad opi-"nion of her, and to wiſh myſelf out of her "hands.

"Though the fright I had been in raiſed "my courage; yet I now found my ſpirits flag "to ſuch a degree, that I was hardly kept from "fainting; but a little water, which Mrs. "Skelton gave me, ſoon brought me to myſelf "again.

"Mr. Blackman pretended he was only in "jeſt, and was ſorry he had frightened me, "and hoped I would forgive him an innocent "frolick. But how monſtrous is vice, eſpecially "in an elderly man! This gentleman, whom

"I had

"I had before regarded with a filial love and "eſteem, I could not now behold without de- "teſtation. Age ought in general to be treated "with ſo much reverence and reſpect, that I "do not love to hear the two words *old villain* "or *old fool* united; yet I could not ſeparate the "ideas in my mind, whenever I beheld this "man for the future. But, as I was determined "to make my eſcape the firſt opportunity, I "diſſembled my reſentment as well as I could; "and returned with Mr. Blackman and Mrs. "Skelton, leaving the reſt of the company to "themſelves.

"The gentleman and lady that came with "us never returned after they left the room. "But, as we were going out of the houſe, we "heard a great diſturbance in a parlour below "ſtairs: and, by what I could collect, the lady, "who came ſo providentially to my relief, was "the real wife of that other gentleman who "had been of our party; and, having long ſuſ- "pected her huſband's connexion with the "creature whom he had met at the play, "had, by means of a faithful ſervant, traced "out his intended jaunt for this particular day; "and, with more paſſion perhaps than pru- "dence, came to reproach him with his con-

"duct:

"duct: and, in order to make the greater im-
"preſſion upon him, had taken her eldeſt
"daughter to be witneſs to his imprudence;
"who, I afterwards found, was ſquandering
"away upon this ſtrumpet a good fortune,
"which his unhappy wife had brought him,
"and with which he had hitherto carried on a
"genteel trade in the city.

CHAP. XIV.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"IN the evening, when I was going to bed,
"I aſked the Maid, who aſſiſted me to un-
"dreſs, what ſort of a man that was who lodged
"in the firſt floor. She ſeemed at firſt a little
"reſerved: but, upon my giving ſome hints of
"his rude behaviour, ſhe ſmiled, and ſhook
"her head, as if ſhe knew more than ſhe dared
"to expreſs.

"When I told her, 'I was determined to quit
"my lodgings, if not the town of London, the
"next day;' ſhe aſked me, 'where my cloaths
"were?' I replied, 'in the cheſt of drawers:'
"but, upon looking there, I found they were

" removed into Mrs. Skelton's room; and the " Maid whiſpered to me, ' that I ſhould find " ſome difficulty in getting at them.'—' Lord! " ſaid I, and there's the little leather trunk " gone, in which is the chief part of my " money!' The girl then told me, ' I had " better ſay nothing about removing the next " day; but, ſays ſhe, if you are determined " to go, your things are in a dark preſs, in " my miſtreſs's room: and I will watch my " opportunity ſome time to-morrow, to get " your little trunk at leaſt, if not your cloaths; " and will myſelf accompany you the next " night following, for I live here little better " than a ſlave. But my miſtreſs owes me a " quarter's wages, which however I don't re- " gard; for I am determined to go and live in " the country again, where I was born.

" But, for God's ſake, Madam,' continues " ſhe, ' don't let my miſtreſs know what I " have ſaid; for ſhe would contrive, right or " wrong, to ſend me to Bridewell.' I aſſured " her of my ſecrecy; which promiſe it was ſo " much my intereſt to obſerve.

" Having met with a ſort of friend and con- " fidante, I was a little eaſier in my mind, and " reſolved to behave with chearfulneſs the next

" day,

"day, the better to conceal my intended "eſcape.

"In the afternoon, the lady who ſate next "us at the play, and had been of our party to "Chelſea, came to drink tea with us. On her "affecting an aſtoniſhment at our returning "without them, Mrs. Skelton, with unparal-"leled aſſurance, told her, 'that the poor "young lady which ſhe had taken under "her protection (meaning me) was terribly "frightened yeſterday, by a gentleman that of-"fered ſome rudeneſs to her.' She began to "railly me moſt unmercifully; and ſaid, 'it "was a ſign that I came lately out of the "country; for that thoſe things muſt be ex-"pected to happen to ſuch a fine girl as I was "(ſo ſhe choſe to expreſs herſelf), if I went "much into the polite world. But, child, ſays "ſhe, I would have you make the moſt of your "charms; and get a good ſettlement, as I have "done; and then you would never wiſh to ſee "the country again.'

"As ſhe ran on in this ſtyle, ſhe took oc-"caſion to adjuſt a diamond ſolitaire which ſhe "wore, and diſplayed to the beſt advantage "three or four handſome rings. But I was "not ſo ignorant as to be dazzled by ſuch

"ſplendid trifles; or not to deſpiſe the crea-
"ture, who, I had reaſon to believe, had pur-
"chaſed theſe by the ſacrifice of her virtue and
"innocence.

CHAP. XV.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"WELL," continued Miſs Townſend, "at length night came; and the Maid "informed me, 'ſhe had ſecured all my things, "except one ſilk night-gown, which her Miſ-"treſs had not hung up with the reſt; and ſhe "did not care to ſearch after, for fear of being "diſcovered.' I told her 'I ſhould be glad to "leave that, as ſome recompence for near a "fortnight's board; for, however wicked Mrs. "Skelton's intentions might be, I could not "bear to be guilty of any act of injuſtice, that "I was not obliged to, for my own preſerva-"tion.'

"We were forced to wait till near two "o'clock, before the Maid had ſeen her Miſtreſs "and Mr. Blackman ſafe to bed; for after "he came home, they ſat up for near an "hour

"hour in cloſe debate; and the Maid aſſured "me, 'they were laying ſome other plot for "my deſtruction.'

"When we came down to the ſtreet-door, "the Maid ſhaking her head, 'Ah! ſays ſhe, "it is as I feared; the key is gone!' I was "thunder-ſtruck at this news; but ſhe ſaid, "'ſhe knew a trick worth two of that.' And, "bidding me follow her, we came down into "the kitchen, from whch ſhe opened a door into "the area (as I think they call it); and bring-"ing a pair of ſteps, which were made uſe of "about the kitchen, we clambered up to the "baluſtrades, and got into the court; narrowly "eſcaping the watch, who had juſt cried, 'Paſt "two o'clock!' In ſhort, after ſeveral frights "and alarms, we got clear of the town; and, "about ſun-riſing, found ouſelves beyond "Hammerſmith, I think, upon the weſtern "road.

"As my dreſs was rather too good for a foot-"paſſenger, the girl propoſed to reſt that day, "in ſome houſe near the road, to prevent ſuſ-"picion; and ſo take our chance of ſome car-"riage that might paſs by.

"I had hitherto been under ſuch anxiety, for "fear of being purſued, though I was not con-

"ſcious of having injured any one, that I had "had no time to reflect, or to form any ſcheme; "ſo complied with the girl's propoſal. Accord-"ingly we ſtopped at a little public-houſe, "where we repoſed ourſelves, and ſpent the re-"mainder of that day, not without a mixture of "joy and anxiety.

"Whilſt we were here, the Maid let me into "the true character of Mrs. Skelton; who, I "found, made a practice of ſeducing young "people; and that the fine lady, whom we had "met at the play, was an unhappy creature, "who had been drawn in to proſtitute her "youth and beauty to Mr. Blackman, for Mrs. "Skelton's advantage: though ſhe was now "kept by that Tradeſman, who (as has been "mentioned) had almoſt ruined himſelf to ſup-"port her extravagance: that the gentleman "who lodged with her was really a man of "good family, and conſiderable fortune; but "who ſpent it all in the gratification of his own "humour and vicious appetites; dividing his "whole life between his tavern companions and "his miſtreſſes, with a variety of whom this vile "woman was well paid for ſupplying him. So "that I found I had great reaſon to bleſs myſelf "for this eſcape."

Wildgooſe

Wildgooſe ſaid, "that Providence, for wiſe "ends, permitted ſuch monſters to fulfill the "meaſure of their iniquities; but that they "ought to be puniſhed, he thought, by human "laws: that a double tax, however, would be "the leaſt return ſuch uſeleſs wretches could "make to the public, for the protection they "enjoyed."

CHAP. XVI.

Miſs Townſend's Story continued.

"WELL," continues Miſs Townſend, "we lay the next night at the ſame "houſe: but the people, I ſuppoſe, entertaining "no very favourable opinion of our characters, "took care to lodge us over a little room diſ-"tinct from the reſt of the family.

"As we had had no ſleep the preceding night, "we went early to bed; and I never waked till "ſeven o'clock the next morning; when, to "my ſurprize, I miſſed my bed-fellow; and al-"ſo, upon looking round the room, I found ſhe "had eaſed me of a good part of my luggage; "particularly the little trunk which contained

" my money, and the ſilk night-gown in which " I had eſcaped.—My brocaded ſuit of cloaths " however, and one ſilk and another cotton " night-gown, were left me; and I luckily had " four guineas and ſome ſilver, and my watch, " in my pockets; which, according to cuſtom, " I had laid under my pillow.

" I had now ſeen enough of the world, to " ſatisfy my curioſity; and had paid dear for " about ten days experience. The loſs of my " cloaths and money was the leaſt of my miſ- " fortune. I had certainly forfeited my father's " favour; ſhould expoſe myſelf to the ridicule " and reproaches of my ſiſter and Mrs. Townſ- " end, and probably to the cenſures of the whole " neighbourhood, if I ventured thither. To go " back to town, where I had not one friend or " acquaintance that I knew where to find, was " to run into inevitable deſtruction. I imme- " diately determined, therefore, to find out my " good friend Mrs. Sarſenet here; who, having " been an old ſchool-fellow likewiſe of my " mama's (though, by the misfortunes of her " family, in leſs affluent circumſtances), and " having been for a month at our houſe about " two years ſince, and ſhewed a particular " fondneſs for me, I conſidered as the only

" friend

"friend I could apply to in my preſent diſtreſs; "though, I am now ſenſible, it has given the "widow Townſend an handle for irritating "my father ſtill more againſt me; on account "of the letter, which I before mentioned ſhe "had ſeen, in which Mrs. Sarſenet expreſſed "herſelf with ſome freedom in regard to Mrs. "Townſend's character. In ſhort, having in- "quired whether any carriage went that road "to Glouceſter, I was informed, that a Glou- "ceſter waggon would paſs by the houſe that "day; which it accordingly did: and meeting "with an elderly woman and her daughter, who "were travelling into ſome part of Wales by "the ſame conveyance, I took my place; and "got ſafe to Mrs. Sarſenet, without any diſ- "agreeable event.

CHAP. XVII.

Miſs Townſend's Story concluded.

"MRS. Sarſenet was kind enough to write "to my father, and acquaint him with "the whole progreſs of my raſh adventure; "and to aſſure him, 'that I was thoroughly

"ſenſible of my folly; and that I was deſirous "to throw myſelf at his feet, and aſk his for- "giveneſs.'

"I ſent at the ſame time to the poor "woman who had aſſiſted me in my flight, "to know what effect my elopement had had "on my poor father.—She wrote me word, "'that he was almoſt diſtracted at the firſt "news of it; that it made a great diſtur- "bance in the family, as was naturally to be "expected: but that the widow Townſend "found means to pacify my father, by ſome "falſe ſuggeſtion or other; and my ſiſter had "perſuaded them that I was certainly gone "to a relation's of ours near Warwick (as I "had really talked about them to my ſiſter); "and that my father's firſt journey in queſt of "me was thither: but, not getting any intelli- "gence of me there, ſomebody told him, 'that "I had been ſeen two or three times of late at "the Coachman's houſe abovementioned.' Upon "which, he went and threatened to ſend them "both to gaol, unleſs they diſcovered where "they had concealed me. Having extorted the "ſecret from them, he went immediately to "Oxford (where I had taken coach), and traced "me to the inn in London; but the woman

"there,

"there, being afraid, I ſuppoſe, to diſcover into "what hands ſhe had recommended me, in- "ſiſted upon it, 'that I had returned in the "ſame coach I came up in.' My father went to "Mrs. Calvert's (the lady in Weſtminſter whom "I wiſhed to find out), and, not hearing any "thing of me, was returned into the country, "where he was quite melancholy till he received "Mrs. Sarſenet's letter.—What effect that had "upon him, we are yet to learn: but, as it is now "above a fortnight ſince he muſt have received "it, I am afraid the widow Townſend will not "permit him to make any farther inquiries after "me: ſo here I am, an exile from home, and an "incumbrance to poor Mrs. Sarſenet; and I "do not know what return it will ever be in my "power to make, for the trouble I have given "her."—To this Mrs. Sarſenet made a complai- ſant reply, which the Author cannot recollect.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Effects of Miſs Townſend's Narration.

IT is a vulgar maxim, "that a pretty woman "ſhould rather be ſeen than heard." And indeed, when a fair lady ſeems to talk merely for the ſake of talking, or with a direct inten-

tion to attract admirers, ſhe ſeldom prepoſſeſſes a ſtranger in her favour. But, as Miſs Townſend's ſtory had intereſted Wildgooſe ſufficiently to raiſe his compaſſion, there is an eaſy tranſition from pity to love; and it is far from certain that he did not begin to feel ſomething of that mere human paſſion for this young lady. But, being deſirous of acting in character, he obſerved, "that, to be ſure, nothing but a prior "obligation which we are under, to obey our "heavenly Father, can juſtify our diſobedience "to an earthly parent: and although he by no "means approved of Miſs Townſend's leaving "her father upon ſo ſlight a provocation; yet, "as Providence frequently produces good out "of evil, and makes even our own indiſcre-"tions concur with his gracious deſign of pro-"moting our felicity; perhaps, Madam," ſays he, "you may be directed hither to receive in-"ſtruction, in the way of ſalvation, even from "the meaneſt of God's ſervants; and I may "perhaps be made an happy inſtrument of your "*converſion.*"

Miſs Townſend, though a well-diſpoſed girl, did not much reliſh Wildgooſe's enthuſiaſtic notions, or nice diſtinctions in divinity. But, as his perſon was very agreeable, and they had learned

learned from Tugwell that he was heir to a pretty good fortune, ſhe had conceived no contemptible opinion of him; and liſtened with great attention, whenever he talked upon common ſubjects.

I would not inſinuate that Miſs Townſend was of a mercenary temper (for ſhe really was not). But though fortune alone, where the perſon is diſagreeable, has ſeldom any conſiderable influence over the affections of a young girl: yet, I believe, in conjunction with other circumſtances, it operates inſenſibly upon their fancies, and contributes to make the perſon poſſeſſed of it more agreeable than he would otherwiſe appear; as the want of fortune frequently prevents their ſeeing thoſe perfections in a man, which he is really poſſeſſed of.

Miſs Townſend, however, inſtead of anſwering Wildgooſe in a ſerious way, turned the diſcourſe; and began raillying him upon his external appearance. "Lord! Mr. Wildgooſe," ſays ſhe, "what makes you go about in that frightful "hair of yours? I wonder you do not wear a "wig *, as other gentlemen do."—"Madam," replies Wildgooſe, "I ſhould be ſorry if any "part of my dreſs were to prejudice any one "againſt me; much leſs would I willingly raiſe

* Wigs were generally worn at this time.

"a diſ-

"a diſguſt in ſo pretty a lady againſt my perſon.
"But pray, Madam, why don't you like my
"hair?"—"Oh! frightful!" ſays ſhe, "'tis
"ſo *ungenteel*; ſo *unlike other people!*"—"Why,
"as for other people," replies Wildgooſe, "I
"ſhould chuſe to be unlike a great part of the
"world, in their vain faſhions and idle cuſtoms.
"But as to its being *ungenteel*, I am ſorry any
"thing ſhould be thought ſo, that is natural,
"convenient, and (I think) becoming. If you
"do not think ſo, young lady, I am afraid it is
"owing to mere prejudice and the force of cuſ-
"tom."—"*Cuſtom!*" ſays Miſs Townſend,
"why, cuſtom or faſhion is every thing, in
"regard to dreſs."—"I own, it has too great a
"force," replies Wildgooſe; "and I dare ſay,
"for that reaſon only, you think this great hoop
"of yours very *genteel*, and very *becoming:* and
"yet, in the opinion of many people of the beſt
"taſte, nothing can be more monſtrous, or more
"unnatural, than hoop-petticoats are: and, I
"dare ſay, we ſhall live to ſee theſe Go-
"thic ornaments baniſhed from the world *."
"—What! hoops go out of faſhion? Lord!
"what a creature ſhould I be without my
"hoop!"

* This came to paſs, a few years after.

"Well, Madam," ſays Wildgooſe, "as I "ſhould be ſorry to differ from you in the leaſt "trifle, and not endeavour to comply with every "one in matters of indifference, I wiſh I could "bring you and all mankind to my way of "thinking, in this article of wearing one's own "hair: for, you muſt know, the honeſt Barber, "where I lodge, had a great diſpute with me "laſt night upon that very ſubject; and almoſt "inſiſted upon making me a fine flowing white "wig, as, he ſaid, he had done for Mr. Whit-"field; who, he aſſured me, was of opinion, "that nothing contributed more to the conver-"ſion of ſinners, than a good periwig: as it "gave a dignity to our appearance, and prepoſ-"ſeſſed people in favour of our preaching."

"Why," ſays Mrs. Sarſenet, "there may be "ſome truth in that obſervation."

"Well," continues Wildgooſe, "it was in "vain for me to plead the examples of Patri-"archs, Prophets, Apoſtles, and Reformers. "The poor Barber (for the credit of his trade) "ſaid, 'if there were no wigs in thoſe days, "there were certainly Barbers, by David's allu-"ſion to the chief inſtrument of their art, 'With "lies thou cutteſt like a ſharp razor!"

"Well,"

"Well," ſays Mrs. Sarſenet, who was apt to raiſe ſcruples upon the moſt trifling occaſions, "but do you really make a ſerious affair of this? "I ſhould be glad to be ſet right upon the law- "fulneſs of uſing art about one's perſon, and "eſpecially as to falſe hair: as many of my cuſ- "tomers are as faulty in that reſpect as the gen- "tlemen; and, I believe, I ſell as many wigs, "or *têtes*, as any Barber in town."

Wildgooſe then, accuſtomed of late to ha- rangue upon all occaſions, proceeded upon this important ſubject in the following manner.

CHAP. XIX.

A Diſſertation on Periwigs.

"THE uſe of falſe hair, Madam, by par- "ticular people, for particular reaſons, is, "I believe, very ancient in the world. Vain "perſons of both ſexes, either to conceal ſome "natural defect, or to improve (as they ima- "gined) their natural charms, have, in all ages, "had recourſe to theſe artificial decorations.

"Xeno-

"Xenophon, a Greek writer, mentions the uſe "of them amongſt the Medes. And ſome "Commentators are of opinion, that the hair "of her head, with which Mary Magdalene "wiped our Saviour's feet, was really a *tête*, or "a ſet of falſe curls; which ſhe might employ "in that manner, to expreſs her deteſtation of "the wanton and diſſolute life which ſhe had "formerly led. It is certain, however, that "theſe unnatural ornaments were eſteemed in-"famous, in thoſe more early times, by all good "and ſenſible people. Julius Cæſar, though he "is ſaid to have been particularly pleaſed with "the laurels decreed him by the Senate, becauſe "they concealed the baldneſs of his temples; "yet that great man, I believe, would have "been highly offended, if his Barber had pro-"poſed a ſet of falſe curls for that purpoſe— "though it is confeſſed, that the Emperor "Otho, many years after, wore a periwig; as "he alſo is reproached with carrying a looking-"glaſs amongſt his baggage in his military ex-"peditions.

"The firſt mention which I remember to "be made of periwigs, in our Engliſh hiſtory, "is in the account of Prince Charles and the

"Duke

"Duke of Buckingham's appearing in diſguiſe "at a ball at Paris, in their way to Madrid *: "but that was evidently a maſquerade-dreſs, as "they wore falſe beards for the ſame purpoſe; "which alſo was done by the Players in Shake-"ſpeare's time. Wigs were but little, if at all, "uſed in England, till the Reſtoration of Charles "the Second; and then chiefly by perſons of "diſtinction. Theſe indeed by degrees were "imitated by the Beaux and Fops of the age. "Yet it was ſome time before the faſhion ex-"tended itſelf to the graver profeſſions, of Law, "Phyſic, and Divinity. But, when once it had "the ſanction of thoſe venerable bodies, it was "not long, we may ſuppoſe, before it ſpread "amongſt all ranks and degrees of men in the "nation.

"At firſt, however, ſome reſemblance of Na-"ture was obſerved in theſe contrivances of Art; "and a periwig was only a more complete head "of hair, ſuited to the complexion, and fitted "as exactly as poſſible to the forehead and "temples, of the perſon who wore it. But of "late years, any man, that has a mind to look "more conſiderable or more wiſe than his

* In K. James the Firſt's Reign.

"neigh-

"neighbours, goes to a Barber's, and purchaſes "fifty ſhillings-worth of falſe hair (white, black, "or grey), and hangs it upon his head, without "the leaſt regard to his complexion, his age, "his perſon, or his ſtation in life. And cer- "tainly, if an inhabitant of the Cape of Good "Hope were to behold the ſtiff horſe-hair "buckles, or the tied wigs, of our Lawyers, "Phyſicians, Tradeſmen, or Divines, they "would appear as barbarous and extraordinary "to them, as the ſheep's tripes and chitterlins "about the neck of a Hottentot do to us."

Miſs Townſend and Mrs. Sarſenet forced a ſmile, at Wildgooſe's vehemence and far-fetched compariſon. But he, correcting himſelf, went on.

"I am aſhamed," ſays he, "to dwell ſo long "upon the abſurdity of our modern periwigs in "point of taſte. But, as Miſs Townſend ob- "jected to the *gentility* of my own locks; and "as the chief intent of hair, conſidered as orna- "mental, ſeems to be to give a ſoftneſs to the "features, by riſing in an eaſy manner from "the forehead, and falling looſely down upon "the parts which it was deſigned to cover; I "own, I had rather ſee the worſt head of "natural hair, than the moſt accurate wig "that

"that ever adorned a Barber's block. And, as "a good taſte in other articles of dreſs ſeems to "prevail in the world, I ſhould not be ſur- "prized to ſee periwigs again baniſhed from the "genteel part of mankind, to our poor la- "bourers and mechanics, to whom it may be "ſometimes convenient to be freed from the "incumbrance of a long or buſhy head of "hair.

"But," continued Wildgooſe, "I have a par- "ticular and more important objection to thoſe "ſupplemental locks, from the bad influence "they certainly have upon the moral and reli- "gious conduct of too many in this age."

"As how? for goodneſs ſake!" cries Miſs Townſend.

"Why, Madam," ſays Wildgooſe, "perhaps "there never was a period that furniſhed ſo "many inſtances of unſeaſonable gaiety, or ſo "great a number of old debauchees, as the age "we live in. You yourſelf have met with one "inſtance, in the ſhort courſe of your ramble. "Now, I have often conceived, how ſtrange ſo- "ever you may think it, that this was owing in "a great meaſure to the uſe of periwigs; that is, "to the great eaſe with which the gentlemen of "this generation may conceal the effects of old

"age,

"age, and exchange their grey locks for thoſe "which are expreſſive of youth and vigour. It "was certainly the kind intention of Providence, "to remind us of the approach of age and infir- "mity, by the ſeveral ſymptoms of wrinkled "foreheads, decaying teeth, and grey hairs. "Now, when a man of a debauched and diſſo- "lute mind is almoſt worn out in the ſervice of "his luſts and ſenſual appetites, he puts on a "fine flowing Adonis or white periwig (and "perhaps a ſet of falſe teeth); ſurveys himſelf "in the glaſs, and immediately forgets his real "age; commences beau again in the winter of "his days; and, if he cannot prevail on any "modeſt woman to accept of him as an huſ- "band, he has probably recourſe to ſome mer- "cenary wretch, who ſquanders away his mo- "ney, ruins his health, and expoſes him to the "ridicule of his very ſervants and dependents; "and, what is worſe, to the eternal diſpleaſure "of his offended Creator."

"Bleſs me!" cries Miſs Townſend, "why "you have given us quite a ſermon upon peri- "wigs. I really never apprehended there was "ſo much ſin, though there might be a great "deal of folly, under the wig of a beau. But "you will perſuade one to believe, that, in a

"literal

"literal ſenſe, 'the hairs of our head are all "*numbered*;' and that it is unlawful either to "increaſe or diminiſh them on any account.

"Indeed I myſelf was impoſed upon by an "old gentleman in a ſolemn wig: and, on the "contrary, I heard lately of an old Baronet, that "fell in love with a young lady of ſmall fortune "(at ſome public place) for her beautiful *brown* "*locks*. He married her on a ſudden. But was "greatly diſappointed upon ſeeing her wig or "*tête* the next morning thrown careleſsly upon "her toilette, and her Ladyſhip appearing at "breakfaſt in very bright *red hair*, which was "a colour the old gentleman happened to have "a particular averſion to."

"Well, Madam," replied Wildgooſe, "then "I hope I have almoſt made you a convert to "my opinion, and reconciled you to the na-"tural ornaments of the human face; though "you were ſo lately diſguſted at my appear-"ance."—"Why, really," ſays ſhe, "what-"ever may be naturally beautiful; yet cuſtom, "as I ſaid before, makes one like or diſlike "things, as the faſhion varies.

"But, Madam, if painting the face were as "much the faſhion in England as it is in "France, could you think it lawful for a good "Chriſtian

"Chriſtian to comply with ſuch a faſhion, or "to make uſe of ſuch meretricious decorations?" "Lord!" ſays Miſs Townſend, "you uſe ſo "many hard words; you may call one names, "for aught I know, and we not underſtand "you. But, I think, we have had more than "enough upon this fooliſh ſubject."

Wildgooſe therefore made an apology for his impertinence, and took his leave for the preſent. And, having been now near a fortnight at Glouceſter, the next night he made a farewell-harangue to his uſual audience; appointed Mrs. Sarſenet a ſort of Deaconeſs, and Mr. Keen the Barber a Ruler, of the little ſynagogue, with inſtructions to aſſemble the brethren occaſionally, and exhort them to perſeverance; and left Glouceſter the next day, after promiſing to viſit them again in his return from Briſtol.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

The Farewell-Harangue is attended with a diſaſtrous Circumſtance.

WHEN Wildgooſe came to take his leave of Mrs. Sarſenet, ſhe happened to be gone out; and he found nobody in the ſhop but Miſs Townſend. After a ſhort converſation with her on the ſubject of religion (on which head ſhe never ſeemed to reliſh his doctrine), Wildgooſe ſaid, "he hoped to have the pleaſure of "hearing of her ſometimes by the hands of "Mrs. Sarſenet."—Miſs Townſend anſwered, "ſhe did not know how long ſhe might ſtay at "Glouceſter: but," fetching an involuntary ſigh, which was immediately ſucceeded by a bluſh, ſhe owned, "ſhe ſhould be always glad "to hear of Mr. Wildgooſe, eſpecially when he "was returned to his diſconſolate mother."—Wildgooſe replied, "that he had written to his "mother, and given her the reaſons for his "conduct; but muſt leave it to Heaven to diſ-"poſe of him as it ſhould think fit." Then, taking Miſs Townſend's hand, and preſſing it to his

his lips, he took his leave, with a deep ſigh and a very expreſſive ſilence.

At Wildgooſe's farewell-harangue, there was a piece of fun played off, which, as it was attended with ſerious conſequences to the poor Barber, ought not to be here omitted.

Under the ſame roof with the ſaid Artiſt, and in part of the ſame ruinous manſion, there dwelt an honeſt Publican, to whoſe craft the pious Conventicle at Mr. Keen's was by no means favourable. The Publican therefore gladly connived at, or rather aided and aſſiſted, an unlucky project of his ſon and ſome prentices, to diſturb at leaſt, if not put a ſtop to, this dangerous aſſembly. The ancient dining-room, in which they met, had a communication with each part of the houſe: but the common door had been ſtopped up, by agreement, for ſome years. This, however, the lads contrived to open; and from thence, early in the morning, had carefully laid a train of gun-powder by the ſide of the wall, as far as the tub upon which Tugwell uſually ſeated himſelf near his Maſter; and at proper intervals had beſtowed ſquibs and crackers, with balls of wild-fire; and into the tub they had conveyed a conſiderable quantity of that infernal compoſition.

Having thus laid their plot, they waited with as much impatience for their time of meeting, as Guy Fawkes and his aſſociates did for the meeting of the Parliament on the fifth of November. At length the evening came: and whilſt Wildgooſe was in the moſt pathetic part of his diſcourſe, dealing about his judgement of wrath and indignation, fire and brimſtone, with great zeal and vehement geſticulations, they ſet fire to their train; which, correſponding with the heated imaginations of the audience, had its proper effect, and threw them into the utmoſt conſternation. The Saints and Sinners fled promiſcuouſly, without waiting for the benediction. The tub, on which Tugwell was perched, burſt into a thouſand pieces, with ſo loud a report, and ſuch violent force, that, if Jerry's prudence had not prevailed over his fortitude, and prompted him to make his eſcape amongſt the foremoſt of the company, he would probably have been ſent to Heaven, before his time, in a chariot of fire. A poor decrepit old woman, however, in her crowned hat, who, on account of her deafneſs, was ſeated near the Preacher, was terribly battered and burnt by the burſting of the barrel: which, of itſelf, was a ſufficient reaſon for Mr. Keen's getting a warrant, and carrying the

Publican before the Mayor; who, unleſs he had found ſufficient bail, and given ſecurity to indemnify the old woman for her burns and bruiſes, would have committed him to the Caſtle. The Publican, however, took an opportunity of revenging himſelf ſufficiently upon his pious neighbour; which will be related in its proper place.

END OF BOOK III.

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The Pilgrims ſet out for Bath.

MR. Wildgooſe, during his ſtay at Glouceſter, having heard that there was a conſiderable Society of godly people eſtabliſhed at Bath, was reſolved to viſit that place in his way to Briſtol. And being likewiſe informed that there was at this time a race at Cirenceſter; he was inclined to make another effort at one of thoſe public meetings, and attack the Devil, a ſecond time, in one of his ſtrong holds; and reſolved therefore to take his route by that place and Tetbury, and ſo to Bath.

Accord-

Accordingly they ſet out pretty early in the morning, and about eight o'clock reached Bird-lip-hill.

Wildgooſe, being a little thoughtful on parting with his Chriſtian brethren; and a ſort of melancholy likewiſe ſucceeding in his mind, to the innocent ſprightlineſs of Miſs Townſend; but little converſation paſſed between the two Pilgrims. Tugwell, however, took the liberty to remind his Maſter of his mother's illneſs; and ſaid, "it was a little hard-hearted in him, not "to write her a letter, *howſomever*; that he him-"ſelf ſhould not mind the loſs of his ſon ſo "much, if he could but hear from him now "and then, that he might know whether he "was alive or not: he hoped, therefore, that "Mr. Wildgooſe would write to Madam, and "let her know *as how* they ſhould be at home "again very ſpeedily."—Wildgooſe replied, with ſome degree of peeviſhneſs, "that he *had* "written to his mother; but as to their return-"ing home again, that was according as Mr. "Whitfield ſhould diſpoſe of him, and accord-"ing to the ſucceſs of his labours in the Goſpel. "In ſhort," ſays he, "haſt thou forgot our great "Maſter's declaration, 'Whoſoever loves father "or mother more than me, is not worthy of me?"

—Jerry ſtood corrected, and ſo trudged on without farther reply.

They now proceeded for ſeveral miles, without meeting with any adventure: and Wildgooſe might as well have thought of preaching the Goſpel in the deſarts of Arabia, as on the Cotſwold hills. He would have been like the Preacher, whoſe diſcourſes generally produced ſuch a ſolitude in his church, that he was facetiouſly called, "the voice of one crying in the "wilderneſs or deſart," *Vox clamantis in deſerto.*

Indeed the fame of Cirenceſter races operated ſo ſtrongly, that it had drawn every man, woman, and child, for ten miles round, that could either borrow an horſe, or walk on foot, into its vortex; ſo that they did not meet a living creature, unleſs a London waggon might be called ſo, upon the high road.

In the afternoon, however, they ſaw a pompous equipage, with a numerous attendance, come whirling along the road, amidſt a cloud of duſt. It was a landau, or open coach, with ſix horſes, and four or five out-riders in moſt flaming liveries. They came upon them ſo ſuddenly, that Wildgooſe had hardly time to get out of the road; and one of the footmen gave

Tugwell

Tugwell an hearty cut with his whip, to quicken his pace, and clear the way.

The principal figure in this gay party was a young fellow, whom, on a ſudden glance, Wildgooſe immediately recollected to have been an intimate acquaintance in the Univerſity. He had unexpectedly arrived at an immenſe fortune; was juſt married; and was conducting his bride, with ſome other company, to his country houſe in ——ſhire. He would hardly have reconnoitred Wildgooſe, however, in his ſhort hair and his preſent uncouth appearance, if he had vouchſafed a look upon two ſuch duſty objects as he and his fellow-traveller now were. The whole company conſiſted of three ladies and two gentlemen; who were laughing and talking, in all the gaiety and wanton levity of unthinking youth. Wildgooſe, however, was ſo far from envying them, that he only lamented their unhappineſs, "that, notwithſtanding their "ſplendid appearance and ſeeming felicity, "they had not yet been bleſſed with the illumi-"nation of the Spirit, as, he flattered himſelf, "he and his humble companion had happily "been."

This ſcene was hardly ſhifted, when, as a contraſt to the ſplendor of it, they eſpied a poor

Tinker and his Trull, ſitting calmly on a ſhady bank, under an hedge, a little out of the road. Tugwell inquired of the Tinker, "how far it "was to Cirenceſter." Inſtead of giving a direct anſwer to his queſtion, the Tinker told him, "he would be too late for the ſport; for "that the horſes were to ſtart at three o'clock, "and that this was the laſt day of the race." The firſt part of this intelligence damped Tugwell's ſpirits; as the latter made Wildgooſe waver in his reſolution of going that way. He then aſked the Tinker, "whether there was "not a nearer way to Tetbury than through "Cirenceſter?"—"Yes," ſays he, "by ſome "miles. If you keep the right-hand road at "the next turning, it will bring you to a pub-"lic houſe, called Park-corner, where there is "good ale and civil uſage."

As the Tinker and his Doxy were regaling themſelves with a bacon-bone, which they had got at a neighbouring farm-houſe, it put Tugwell in mind of what he had ſtored in his wallet: and Wildgooſe, conſidering it as an act of humiliation, and that he might probably make a meal and make a convert at the ſame time, complied with Jerry's requeſt, to join this happy couple, and refreſh themſelves with what

what Mrs. Whitfield had furniſhed him at Glouceſter, where, beſides a ſubſtantial ſlice or two of a round of beef, he had laid in an old French-flaſk, filled with ſome good ale or ſtrong beer. They therefore, with a proper apology, took their ſeat upon the bank; Wildgooſe next the Tinker, and Tugwell by his Trull.

They were hardly ſeated, when Wildgooſe (in his way) aſked the Tinker, "why he choſe "to lead ſuch an idle, vagabond life, as thoſe "of his profeſſion generally did?"—"Yes," ſays Tugwell, "it is like a travelling Cobler, "that goes about, and takes the meat out of the "mouth of an honeſt workman, that is to live by "his trade."—"Hey! what the devil!" (ſays the Tinker) "the Pot calls the Kettle Black "a-ſe! why, I ſuppoſe, thou art a Pedlar as well "as myſelf: ſure all trades muſt live."—"Yes," ſays Wildgooſe, "very true: but I wonder any "one ſhould chooſe to live in ſuch an unſettled "way, if it is in his power to avoid it."—"Aye," ſays the Tinker, but thoſe that can-"not live at home, muſt ſeek their fortune "abroad. It is better to pick a bone under a "hedge, than to rot in a gaol, as perhaps I "might have done if I had ſtayed at home."—

"How ſo?" ſays Tugwell, "What! I ſuppoſe "you owed money, and had none to pay?"— "Yes," replies the Tinker; "I was ruined by "a piece of good fortune: or rather, by truſt- "ing more to the ſmiles of fortune, than to "my own induſtry."—"That is no uncommon "caſe," ſays Wildgooſe: "but how did that "come to paſs?" To which the Tinker replied, as in the following chapter.

CHAP. II.

The Tinker's Tale.

"I was ſettled in a very flouriſhing trade, as "a Brazier, in a large town in the Weſt of "England; in which I employed a great many "hands: and my wife and I lived happily "together. A diſtant relation, dying without "children, left five thouſand pounds betwixt "me, my three brothers, and a ſiſter; which, "one would have thought, might eaſily have "been divided between us, without the aſſiſtance "of a Lawyer. But, as we were to pay an old "aunt an annuity for her life, *of twenty "pounds half yearly*, this part of the will being

"*ambi-*

" *ambitiouſly* expreſſed"—" *Ambiguouſly*, I ſup-
" poſe, you mean," ſays Wildgooſe—" I mean,"
ſays the Tinker, " what the Lawyer told us—
" that it was impoſſible to know, as the will
" was worded, whether it meant twenty pounds
" or forty pounds a year; though every one
" knew the intention of my kinſman was, to
" leave her only twenty pounds a year in the
" whole: and the Lawyer that made the will
" had probably expreſſed it ſo on purpoſe to
" make work for the Tinker (as the ſaying is).
" Well; we were adviſed to put the affair into
" Chancery, *in an amicable way*, as they call
" it; which, as they told us, would be a trifling
" expence, and would ſoon be determined. But
" my ſiſter and one of my brothers dying in the
" mean time, and leaving children, we were
" forced to have Bills of Revivor (I think they
" call them) one after another: ſo that, by
" ſome means or other, we could never get a
" decree, to ſettle this affair, under ſeven years.
" When that was done, our Lawyer told us, the
" buſineſs would now ſoon be ended; for that
" there was nothing more to do, but to ſet-
" tle the account before a Maſter in Chan-
" cery; which, one would think, might have
" been eaſily done. But we ſoon found, that not a

"few years were required to ſettle an account, "which any School-maſter, or indeed any "School-boy, might have ſettled in a few "hours.

"But I ſhould have told you before, that, "after a decent mourning for the death of my "kinſman, I had invited ſome of my friends to "a tavern, to partake of my joy for the legacy "which he had left me. I alſo thought it un-"neceſſary to make myſelf any longer a ſlave "to my buſineſs; and the reſpect with which "I found myſelf treated, by the waiters and "tapſters at the public houſes which I fre-"quented, made me fond of repeating my viſits "at thoſe places of rendezvous.

"My poor wife ſaw the abſurdity of my "conduct; and, whenever I came home elated "with liquor, would reproach me for my folly "in no very gentle terms. In ſhort, home "began to be diſagreeable to me, and I was "never eaſy out of a public houſe; ſo that, by "neglecting my buſineſs, and ſpending conſider-"able ſums at the tavern, by the time our law-"ſuit was ended, I found myſelf more in debt "than the ſhare of my legacy which the law "had left me amounted to; for, inſtead of one "thouſand pounds apiece, it did not turn out

"above

"above five hundred. Her vexation on this "account was the death of my poor wife; and "though I held up my head a year or two "longer, my landlord at laſt ſeized upon my "ſtock for rent; and I was forced to abſcond, "and leave my three children upon the pariſh, "and to fly my country. And thus, by my "own folly, and the iniquity of a Court of "Equity, from a topping Tradeſman, I am be-"come a travelling Tinker, at your ſervice."

Though Tugwell had been cramming in his cold beef, during the Tinker's narration; yet he ſhook his head at the concluſion of it, and ſaid, "that the Law was a bottomleſs pit, as the "Exciſeman uſed to ſay."

Wildgooſe obſerved, "that thoſe forms in "Law, which were ſometimes ſo oppreſſive to "individuals, were the greateſt ſecurity, in ge-"neral, of juſtice and of property."—"That "is true, Maſter," ſays Tugwell. "But come, "let us drink, and drive care away," quoth Jerry. He then put the flaſk to his mouth, and toſſed off one half of it: then, clapping his hand upon the young woman's knee, who was a handſome black girl (black, I mean, from the ſooty contact of her Paramour, for naturally ſhe was as fair as the Venus of Corregio)—Tug-

well, I ſay, ſqueezing her knee, with a waggiſh air, bid the lady pledge him. But the Tinker's dog, who lay at his miſtreſs's feet, not approving of Jerry's familiarity, ſtarts up and ſnaps at his fingers: in return for which, he gave the dog a kick in the guts. This rouzed the Tinker's choler, already provoked at Tugwell's amorous freedom with his Doxy; and he gave him a click in the mazard. Tugwell had not been uſed tamely to receive a kick or a cuff: he therefore gave the Tinker a rejoinder; which would have brought on a regular boxing-match, had not Wildgooſe on one ſide, and Trulla on the other, interpoſed, and put a ſtop to farther hoſtilities. The Tinker, however, ſacked up his budget, and his companion her bundle, and went growling off, with hearty curſes both upon Tugwell and his Maſter, for intruding upon them, and interrupting their tranquillity. Such was the event of Wildgooſe's benevolent intention of converting this itinerant Copper-ſmith and his female companion; which Tugwell called "caſting their pearls before ſwine;" though his own indiſcretion alone and carnal waggery had defeated his Maſter's purpoſe, and deprived him of an opportunity of giving them any ſpiritual inſtruction.

Our two Pilgrims finiſhed their repaſt, took a ſhort nap to refreſh themſelves, and then proceeded on their journey; leaving the Cirenceſter road, and bending their courſe towards Park-corner: but the ſhades of night overtook them, before they reached their intended quarters.

CHAP. III.

Their comfortable Reception at Park-corner, near Lord Bathurſt's Woods.

"BLESSED be the man that firſt invented "Warming-pans!" ſaid an old gentleman, with whom I paſſed the Alps, upon coming to a comfortable Inn on Mount St. Bernard. And "bleſſed be that good Chriſtian who firſt found "out Chimney-corners!" ſaid Tugwell to himſelf, upon ſpying the diſtant light of the Inn to which they had been directed. "Nothing is "more comfortable," continued Jerry, "than "a pipe of tobacco in a chimney-corner, after "wandering about in a dark night and in a "ſtrange country, as we have done. And if I "can but meet with a bit of ſoft cheeſe and a "radiſh, to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach (as "the

"the Exciſeman uſed to ſay), I ſhall be as "happy as the great Mogul."

Tugwell was conſoling himſelf with theſe ſavoury ideas, when, about nine o'clock, they approached Park-corner. But lo! inſtead of this ſnug ſcene which Jerry had formed in his imagination, they found the Inn ſo crowded with company from Cirenceſter races, that they were forced to ſit drinking out at the door (it being a warm evening); and the ſtables alſo were ſo full, that there were near twenty horſes ſtanding round the ſign-poſt.

It was in vain for foot-paſſengers to expect any kind of lodgings upon ſuch an occaſion; and it was even with difficulty that they got any ſort of refreſhment. Tugwell began to complain of great fatigue, and to lament their diſtreſs: But Wildgooſe, attentive to nothing ſo much as the converſion of ſinners, cried out, in a ſtrain of exultation, "Now for it, Jerry! this "is an unexpected opportunity! let us take "poſſeſſion of the Devil's ſtrong hold; we will "make his kingdom ſhake, I'll warrant you!"

Having ſaid this, in the warmth of his zeal, without any more ceremony, he mounted the horſe-block contiguous to the ſign-poſt, and began to harangue with ſuch vehemence, that he

he ſoon drew together all the company about the houſe: and though ſome mocked, yet others were very attentive; for, as many of them lived at no great diſtance from Glouceſter, they had heard of Wildgooſe's fame, and were glad of an opportunity of gratifying their curioſity at ſo eaſy a rate.

But, after a little time, ſome of them began to regret the leaving their pipes and their punch-bowls; others were provoked at being interrupted in the midſt of their ſongs and catches, and could not forbear renewing their melody at every period of Wildgooſe's diſcourſe: which he perceiving, after ſome time, addreſſed them in the apoſtolical ſtrain, "If any is merry, let him "ſing Pſalms;" and ordered Tugwell to give out the hundredth Pſalm. But the people of the houſe, thinking their craft was in danger, and that preaching and ſinging of Pſalms interrupted more profitable buſineſs, were not much pleaſed with theſe proceedings. They connived, therefore, at a propoſal of the Hoſtler; who, climbing up the ſign-poſt, which was not much illuminated, diſcharged a bucket of water upon the heads of the two Pilgrims: which raiſed a great uproar, threw all into confuſion, and effectually cooled their devotion.

They

They were now certainly in very evil plight; almoſt wet to the ſkin, and thoroughly tired; nor likely to get any bed, or any comfortable accommodations, at Park-corner: and they were aſſured, "there was no other houſe upon the "road nearer than Tetbury, which was ſix or "ſeven miles." In the midſt of this diſtreſs, however, a gentleman's ſervant in a green coat and black cap, with ſome dog-couples by his ſide, having obſerved that Wildgooſe had a watch in his pocket (which he conſulted about the hour of the night), and that he had otherwiſe the appearance of a gentleman, thought he might ſafely invite him and his companion to his habitation. This was part of an old Gothic building, about a mile within Lord Bathurſt's fine woods, which extend for five or ſix miles to the weſt of Cirenceſter, and are cut into glades and avenues; moſt of which are terminated by towers or ſpires, or ſome other ſtriking objects, agreeably to the magnificent taſte of that worthy Nobleman.

Upon the Keeper's offering them ſuch accommodations as his houſe would afford, the travellers, we may be ſure, having no choice, were glad to accept of ſo unexpected an invitation. They accompanied their honeſt guide, therefore, who

who was then going to his caſtle, together with a Groom of my Lord's, who had ſtayed out beyond his time, and intended to lie at the houſe in the wood till the morning.

The gloomy darkneſs and ſolemn ſilence of the woods, through which they were conducted by mere ſtrangers, filled Tugwell with terrible apprehenſions; which were greatly aggravated, upon their approach to the houſe, by the loud barkings of ſome wolf-dogs, pointers, and ſouthern hounds, and the like; which, echoing from the ruinous walls, revived in Tugwell's imagination his danger from the adventure of the buck-hunters; but, when they came ſtill nearer, the canking of ſome Spaniſh geeſe, the gobling of turkeys, and the noiſe of other uncommon fowls which are kept there, threw poor Jerry into the utmoſt conſternation. He was ſoon freed from this alarm, however, on being conducted into a chearful kitchen; where the Keeper's wife was expecting the return of her huſband by a good fire. Being informed of the diſtreſs from which his benevolence had freed the travellers, ſhe received them with tolerable civility; deſired them to come to the fire, and dry themſelves; and entertained them with as much hoſpitality as their circumſtances would allow of.

The

The Keeper had but one ſpare bed, which Tugwell could not be prevailed upon to partake with his Maſter, but took up his lodgings with the Groom in the hay-loft: and Wildgooſe, making it a point of conſcience not to indulge himſelf in the ſoftneſs of a down-bed when his fellow-labourer fared ſo coarſly, wrapt himſelf up in the coverlet, and lay down upon the floor. So, though they were both thoroughly tired, through the complaiſance of the one, and the quixotiſm of the other, a very good feather-bed remained uſeleſs and unoccupied. Wildgooſe, however, ſlept tolerably well on the floor; and Tugwell would have ſlept better in the hay-loft, had not the Groom, who choſe to lie in his boots and ſpurs, given Jerry now and then an involuntary titillation.

CHAP. IV.

Spiritual Advice.

IN the morning, as ſoon as the Keeper aroſe, he prepared them a good breakfaſt of toaſt and ale; and, as his wife was dreſſing a ſucking child by the fire, ſhe expreſſed ſome concern, that

that Mr. Wildgooſe had had ſo bad a lodging, and was forced to lie upon the floor all night, as ſhe found he had done. Wildgooſe, recollecting Mr. Whitfield's method of allegorizing upon ſuch occaſions, ſhook his head, and, turning towards Tugwell, in alluſion to the child at the breaſt, "Ah!" ſays he, "I ſweetly leaned on my Sa-"viour's boſom; and *ſucked out* of the *breaſts* "of his conſolation; and I can truly ſay, the "banner of his love was ſpread over me the "whole night *."

The poor woman, a ſtranger to this pious jargon, ſtared at him with aſtoniſhment, to hear a jolly man, as Wildgooſe was, talk of ſucking at the breaſt: which Tugwell obſerving, and imagining he could explain his Maſter's meaning, "Yes, yes," ſays he, "his Worſhip only talks "in the way of Chriſtian diſcourſe, look ye! "that is, as a body may ſay, his Worſhip took "a good ſwinging nap, and had a comfortable "night's reſt." Wildgooſe did not reflect upon the improbability of his audience's not comprehending his allegorical meaning; but thought the leaſt he could do, in return for their kindneſs, was to impart ſome ſpiritual advice to his hoſt and family.

* Vid. Journals.

After

After a few obſervations therefore upon the laudable nature of hoſpitality, and putting them in mind, "that, in the primitive times, ſome "had entertained Angels, without ſuſpecting "any thing of the matter;" he proceeded to aſſure them, "that in ſuch caſes as that of Ra-"hab the Harlot for inſtance, it was her *faith*, "and not her kindneſs to the Jewiſh Spies, "that was ſo acceptable to God. In ſhort," ſays he, "though it is a very commendable "thing to entertain ſtrangers in diſtreſs, as you "have done us; yet you muſt be very cautious "not to place the leaſt *merit* in this, or in any "other good work which you can poſſibly per-"form. For we muſt be ſaved by faith alone, "without works."

"Faith and troth, Maſter," replies the Keeper, little uſed to religious ſpeculations, "I never "thought about *merit*, or any ſuch thing: I "did as I would be done by. Our ale is but "poor indeed; but, ſuch as it is, you are as "welcome to it as a King: and I don't deſire a "farthing for my trouble.

"However, Maſter, I don't know what you "mean by being *ſaved* without *work*. But I "am ſure all the *faith* in the world, without "*work*, would not *ſave* me from ſtarving. It

"is

"is true," continues he, "I live in my Lord's "houſe here, rent-free; but never a man in the "country *works* harder to ſupport his family, "than I do. And if you chuſe to take a turn "here in the woods, I will ſhew you ſome ſer-"pentine walks, which *I adviſed* my Lord to "let me cut out this laſt week;" in which, indeed, the honeſt man probably took more pride than my Lord himſelf did.

Wildgooſe, therefore, having given his hoſteſs half a crown for her trouble (which ſhe did not at all expect from ſuch gueſts), took his leave, and accompanied the Keeper into the woods.

CHAP. V.

A Stranger, of a peculiar Character, arrives.

AS the Keeper and his gueſts were in the amphitheatre before the Gothic houſe, there arrived a tall elderly gentleman (with his ſervant), whoſe curioſity had brought him to ſee the place. "Well," ſays he, to a country fellow who had been his guide, "where are theſe "*turpentine* walks, which you told me of?" Then, alighting from his horſe, and ſurveying the

the ſtructure, which repreſents the ruin of a caſtle over-grown with ivy; "Aye," ſays he, "a very ancient place! Probably one of the "*caſtra æſtiva*, or ſummer camps of the Ro-"mans; ſome appendage to Cirenceſter, I ſup-"poſe, which was one of the *caſtra hiberna*, or "winter ſtations, of the Roman legions. The "caſtle itſelf was probably built, during the "Barons wars, in the reign of Henry the "Third, or of King John."—"Aha! look ye "there now," ſays the Keeper, ſmiling; "ſo "ſeveral gentlemen have thought. But, Sir, "I aſſure you, it was built by my preſent "Lord, but a few years ago; and his Lord-"ſhip uſed to ſay, he could have *built* it as "*old* again, if he had had a mind."—"Built "by my preſent Lord!" cries the gentleman with a frown; "and were there no ruins of a "caſtle here before?"—"Not that I ever heard "of," replies the Keeper.—"Well, for my "part," ſays the ſtranger, "I don't at all ap-"prove of theſe deceptions: which muſt neceſ-"ſarily miſlead future Antiquaries, and intro-"duce great confuſion into the Engliſh Hiſtory. "I don't wonder," continues the ſtranger, turn-ing towards Wildgooſe, "that any gentleman "ſhould wiſh to have his woods or gardens

"adorned

" adorned with theſe venerable Gothic ſtruc-
" tures; as they ſtrike the imagination with vaſt
" pleaſure, both by the greatneſs of the object,
" and alſo by giving us a melancholy idea of
" their paſt grandeur and magnificence. But
" for a man to *build a ruin*, or to erect a mo-
" dern houſe in the ſtyle of our Gothic anceſ-
" tors—appears to me the ſame abſurdity, and
" muſt be attended with the ſame inconvenience
" to poſterity, as that which many people have
" of late run into, of having their pictures drawn
" in the habits of Vandyke or Sir Peter Lely;
" or that of our modern Mint-maſters, of repre-
" ſenting our Engliſh Heroes in Roman armour
" and the dreſſes of antiquity. For though I
" myſelf have a great veneration for the Roman
" cuſtoms, yet this fooliſh practice, I think,
" deſtroys one conſiderable uſe of Pictures and
" Medals; that of conveying to poſterity the
" habits and cuſtoms of the age we live in."

" I find, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, " you are a
" connoiſſeur in theſe things; and, I ſuppoſe,
" have a taſte for Antiquities."—" Sir," replies
the Gentleman, " I have ſome little taſte that
" way; and took Cirenceſter in my road to Glou-
" ceſter, not to ſee the races, I aſſure you, but

"to inquire after ſome of thoſe Roman Coins "which are found there in great abundance."

As the Antiquary was talking, he pulled out his *ſudarium*, or pocket handkerchief, to wipe his face, when two or three ſilver and copper medals, which he had met with at Cirenceſter, dropped out of his pocket; which he picked up, and began explaining them to Wildgooſe and the company: upon which, Wildgooſe obſerved, "that the ſtudy of Medals was a curious ſtudy; "but he could never be convinced of the utility "of it."—"The *utility* of it!" replies the Virtuoſo, with ſome vivacity; "why as to that, "I'll only refer you to Mr. Addiſon's Dia- "logues upon that ſubject; to which, I think, "nothing can be added.

"But people often run themſelves into diffi- "culties," continued he, "and lay themſelves "open to their antagoniſts, by reſting their "cauſe upon a wrong plea: every thing muſt "be proved *uſeful*, forſooth! whereas I think it "ſufficient if ſome things are proved *agreeable* "and entertaining. Why has not the imagina- "tion or fancy a right to be gratified, as well as "the paſſions or appetites, in a ſubordinate de- "gree, and under the directions of reaſon?

"If I were to diſpute with a Methodiſt about "luxury in food, or about the neceſſity of faſt-"ing and mortification; I ſhould not think "myſelf obliged to prove, that every thing we "uſually eat was abſolutely *neceſſary* to ſupport "life."

"Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, interrupting him, "I never heard that the Methodiſts laid any "ſtreſs upon thoſe legal obſervances of faſting, "or diſtinction of meats, but ate and drank juſt "as other people do."—"Probably they may," replies the Virtuoſo, "notwithſtanding their "mortified pretenſions. At leaſt (from what I "know of their ſelf-denial) they are the laſt "people with whom I would truſt a wife or a "daughter.

"But, however, ſuppoſe I were diſputing, I "ſay, with any ſuperſtitious perſon upon the "ſubject of luxury in eating and drinking, I "ſhould ſay, that bread and cheeſe (for in-"ſtance) was an hearty, wholeſome food; and "the ſtaff of life (as the ſaying is). But I "ſhould think it a ſufficient defence of the "lawfulneſs of eating cheeſe-cake, or cuſtard, "by ſaying that it was *agreeable*. Thus we may "ſay, of ſeveral arts and ſciences; of Law, "Phyſic, and Divinity; that they are neceſſary

" for the ſubſiſtence of ſociety: but for Poetry, " Painting, Sculpture, and the like, I think it " enough, if they are allowed to be ornamental, " and to contribute to the recreation of man- " kind.

" In ſhort, Sir, if Hiſtory, Chronology, and " ſeveral other branches of polite literature, are " allowed to be of any uſe to the world, the " knowledge of Medals muſt alſo be allowed to " have its ſhare of merit; as inſtrumental in " illuſtrating and confirming ſeveral particulars " in thoſe ſciences."

" Why, Sir," replies Wildgooſe, " I muſt " confeſs myſelf to be one of thoſe who think " only one branch of knowledge at all neceſſary " or worth our purſuit: and that is, the know- " ledge of our fallen ſtate, and of our redemp- " tion, as revealed in the Bible."

The Antiquary ſtared at firſt with ſome aſto- niſhment at Wildgooſe's declaration. But ſoon gueſſing at his religious turn, " Well," ſays he, " to carry the matter ſtill farther then, we could " not underſtand the Bible (at leaſt ſeveral ex- " preſſions in it) without the aſſiſtance of this " ſtudy.

" The hiſtory of the Jews, from the time of " the Maccabees to the birth of Chriſt, was all

"obſcurity and confuſion; till Monſieur Vaillant, from a collection of Greek Medals, had "given the world a complete ſeries of the Syro-"Macedonian Kings.

"And the title of EVERGETES, or Benefac-"tor, which is found on the coins of the Antio-"chus's and the Ptolomy's, very well explains "what is meant by the Gentile Kings being "called *Benefactors*; which the Commentators, "I think, made but bungling work of before.

"The Tribute-money, with Cæſar's Image "and Superſcription, was a Roman *Penny*, or "Denarius: and the Two-pence, which the "Good Samaritan is ſuppoſed to have given the "Landlord for his care of the wounded Tra-"veller, were two of thoſe Denarii; or about "*fifteen* pence of our money. Theſe things, "perhaps, might have been known from a "ſlight acquaintance with the collateral hiſto-"ries of thoſe times: but ſtill it is a ſatisfaction "to ſee the very Coins which were then cur-"rent, and which are preſerved in the cabinets "of the curious."

"Ah!" ſays Wildgooſe, "I want no com-"mentaries, nor any aſſiſtance, to underſtand "the Scriptures. When God has once revealed "himſelf to a man, every expreſſion ſpeaks

" comfort to his ſoul; and he can *feel* the truth " of it, without any teaching or inſtruction. " Neither do I doubt that, although all other " helps ſhould be loſt, Providence would pre- " ſerve the knowledge of the Scriptures in his " *Church* to the world's end. I don't mean the " eſtabliſhed or *viſible* Church (which, I am " afraid, has departed from its own doctrines); " but the *inviſible* Church, or Society of true " Chriſtians; by whatever denomination they " are diſtinguiſhed."

As Wildgooſe was launching beyond the comprehenſion of the Virtuoſo, and they were now come into a beautiful avenue, which terminated upon a *viſible* Church, the Gentleman turned the diſcourſe to the beauty of the proſpect, and they being now come near the Tetbury road, Wildgooſe took his leave, and, together with his truſty companion, proceeded on his journey towards Bath.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Some Account of the Virtuoſo.

AS ſoon as they were got out of ſight of the Antiquary, Tugwell began to open. "Od'slife!" quoth he, "this is a deſperate "man for the *Romans*—I ſuppoſe he's one of "your *Papiſhes*. I never heard of ſuch a whim-"ſical Gentleman ſince I was born. His *ſar-*"*vant* ſays, he almoſt ſtarved one or two of "his children, by breeding them up in the Ro-"man way; for he would never let them eat "till ſun-ſet; and would never ſuffer his little "boy to wear a hat, becauſe the Romans, be-"like, went bare-headed. He makes his chil-"dren, inſtead of ſhoes and ſtockings, wear "leathern buſkins, like Joſeph and his bre-"thren in the Bible.

"And his man ſays, he would have had the "body of his eldeſt ſon, who died, burnt to "aſhes, becauſe the Romans did ſo; but his "wife would not conſent to it. Nay, he threa-"tens to put his daughters to death, if they

" marry without his conſent, as the old Ro-
" mans, he ſays, uſed to do.

" His man ſays, if the Gardener happens to
" dig up a piece of an old cream-pot, he'll lock
" it up in his cupboard, and call it a piece of
" Roman crockery-ware, ſuch as they uſed to
" put the aſhes of the dead in. And he ſays,
" they came ten miles out of their way, to ſee
" this old caſtle and other curioſities."

" Did you aſk where he came from?" ſays Wildgooſe. " Yes," replies Jerry, " 'tis one " Squire Townſend, and he comes out of " ——ſhire." Wildgooſe's heart immediately roſe to his mouth, and his colour changed; for he was now convinced it was Miſs Townſend's father with whom he had been talking; and he wondered at his own ſtupidity, in not diſcovering this before.

It inſtantly occurred to him, that Mr. Townſend was going to Glouceſter, in queſt of his daughter; and he fancied he might have ſaid many things to him in her favour, if he had known who he was: though, it is ten to one, he could have ſaid nothing upon the occaſion, but what would have been improper, and have done more harm than good.

Though

Though Tugwell (as was obſerved) had ſome ſmattering of hiſtory himſelf; yet, as the Antiquary did not touch upon any of thoſe legendary ſubjects with which Jerry had been chiefly converſant, ſuch as the Travels of Joſeph of Arimathea—the Hiſtory of Glaſtonbury Thorn—or any romantic accounts of the Holy Land, and the like; he had thought it rather a dry diſcourſe; and beginning *to ſpit ſix-pences* (as his ſaying was), he gave hints to Mr. Wildgooſe to ſtop at the firſt public-houſe they ſhould come to. But there was none till they came to Tetbury; where they went into a ſecond-rate inn, for fear of meeting with the ſame inſults which they had received at the Bell at Glouceſter.

CHAP. VII.

An Hurley-burley in the Modern Taſte.

WIldgooſe having been thoroughly fatigued the preceding day, and not ſlept very ſoundly upon the floor at night; having alſo breakfaſted upon toaſt and ale (which he was not

much uſed to); he found himſelf drowſy and ſomewhat indiſpoſed: he deſired therefore to go into a back parlour; and, getting an arm-chair, took a comfortable nap, whilſt Tugwell was ſmoaking his pipe in the chimney-corner.

When Wildgooſe waked, he deſired to have ſome little matter got ready for his dinner. My Landlady had a daughter-in-law (a pretty girl about eighteen), who officiated as Waiter, and went into the parlour to lay the cloth. As our Preacher always found a particular propenſity to exerciſe his talent on the young and handſome; he could not forbear catechizing this fair Maid, as ſhe came backwards and forwards into the room, about the ſtate of her ſoul. The poor girl, conſcious of her ignorance in the principles of religion, bluſhed, and ſeemed diſtreſſed what anſwer to make; and, having placed the ſpoon and pepper-box on one ſide of the table, and the knife and fork in parallel lines on the other, would have made her eſcape from ſo diſagreeable a perſecution. But Wildgooſe, finding his rhetoric had not force enough to detain her, laid hold on her apron, and deſired her "to hear "what he had to ſay; which," he aſſured her, "was for her good: nay, that nothing could "be more ſo: that it was better than all the

"beauty

" beauty in the world, and of more value than " thouſands of gold and ſilver: that he himſelf " was the ſervant of God; and that he ſhould " be very happy, if he could prevail upon her to " love *him* above all things."

Juſt at that inſtant Mrs. Tantrum, the Landlady, came into the parlour, having both hands filled with Wildgooſe's dinner. She herſelf, though now as coarſe as Pontius Pilate's Cookmaid, yet, having been handſome in her youth, and being ſtill amorouſly inclined, watched her daughter-in-law with a ſuſpicious, or rather with a jealous, eye. Seeing the Stranger therefore thus engaged about her apron, and hearing the words, " Beauty," " Love," " Gold and Silver," ſhe immediately concluded, that he was in *love* with her *beauty*, and was bribing her with gold and ſilver to her ruin. Mine Hoſteſs then, being equally a ſtranger to Chriſtian meekneſs and to delicacy, vented her rage, without much ceremony, firſt upon Mr. Wildgooſe. Then, ſetting down the diſhes which ſhe had brought in, and falling foul upon the poor girl with her brawny fiſts, " You ſaucy ſlut," ſays ſhe, " have not I charged " you, often enough, never to liſten to any *foot*- " paſſengers! but to leave the room, if ever " they pretended to trouble their *heads* about

"you? and here you ſtand with your brazen "face—" As ſhe was going on, ſcolding, and thumping her daughter's ſhoulders, Wildgooſe thought himſelf obliged, as he had been the cauſe of the girl's ſtay, to explain his motives, and to reſcue her from the conſequences of it. His interpoſition, however, would of itſelf have made Mrs. Tantrum more outrageous. But Wildgooſe, having rebuked her for her paſſion with ſome aſperity, and having alſo in the ſcuffle unfortunately torn my Landlady's gown, this added to her fury, and gave her an opportunity, which ſhe wanted, of venting her rage more effectually upon the ill-fated Pilgrim.

There is a certain farinaceous compoſition, which, from its being frequently uſed by our anceſtors as an *extempore* ſupplement to a ſcanty dinner, has obtained the appellation of an *haſty-pudding*. It is compoſed of flour and milk boiled together; and, being ſpread into a round ſhallow diſh, and interſperſed with dabs of butter, and brown ſugar fortuitouſly ſtrewed over it, gives one no bad idea of a map of the ſun, ſpotted about according to the modern hypotheſis.

A diſh of this wholeſome food, ſmoking hot, mine Hoſteſs had brought in one hand, and a plate of bacon and eggs in the other. And, upon Wildgooſe's

Wildgooſe's preſumptuouſly interpoſing between her and her daughter (as has been related), Mrs. Tantrum's fury was infinitely augmented; and, ſnatching up the diſh, ſhe diſcharged the haſty-pudding full in Wildgooſe's face: which, with the oiled butter and melted ſugar, ran down to the ſkirts of his pluſh-waiſtcoat, and made no very cleanly appearance.

Tugwell hearing the uproar, was now come into the room; and, ſeeing Mrs. Tantrum in the condition of a tigreſs robbed of her whelps, attempted to lay hold of her arms, and prevent any farther efforts of her fury: but ſhe, ſnatching up the other diſh, of bacon and eggs, gave Jerry as warm a ſalute as ſhe had done his maſter. And one of the poached eggs burſting in his face, and mixing with the greaſy contents of the frying-pan, poor Jerry was in a worſe plight even than his fellow-traveller.

Mrs. Tantrum, having now ſatiated her fury, came a little to herſelf again: when, reflecting upon the damage ſhe had probably done herſelf, if her gueſts ſhould refuſe to pay for the dinner, which, though they had ſmelt, they had not taſted; and beholding likewiſe the viſible effects of her unbridled paſſion, in greaſing her floor, and making unneceſſary work for herſelf and her ſervant;

ſervant; ſhe was now going to repeat the outrage upon her innocent daughter-in-law: but the girl had wiſely withdrawn, till the ſtorm was over. She therefore ſent the Maid, to clean the room, and ſet things to rights again: and the Travellers, having craved the Maid's aſſiſtance in cleaning their perſons, deſired her to bring them the loaf and cheeſe, and a tankard of ale; with which they endeavoured to conſole themſelves for the loſs of the ſavoury food, by the ſight of which they had been ſo diſagreeably tantalized.

CHAP. VIII.

The Miſtreſs of an Inn not eaſily to be converted.

WHEN Mrs. Tantrum was a little recovered from the violence of her reſentment, the daughter-in-law ventured to aſſure her, "that the Stranger had not offered to take "the leaſt freedom with her; but had only "talked to her about Mr. Whitfield, and our "New Birth, and ſuch ſort of diſcourſe."— "Mr. Whitfield!" quoth ſhe: "I'll be hang'd "then,"

"then," ſays Mrs. Tantrum, "if it is not "one of theſe Methodiſts, that go about the "country. Run, and take away the ſilver "ſpoon and pepper-box! A pack of canting "toads! I thought he looked like one of thoſe "*hypothetical* raſcals. There was one of them at "Saliſbury, not long ago, married two wives; "and another was hanged for ſheep-ſtealing— "Run, I ſay, and take away the pepper-box."

The poor girl ſaid, "She did not think the "gentleman would *ſteal* any thing neither, *for* "*all* he talked about *religion*. He did not look "like that ſort of man, ſhe imagined."— Whilſt they were thus debating the matter, Wildgooſe and his friend came into the kitchen, to pay their reckoning; and Mrs. Tantrum, ſurveying them more calmly, could not diſcover any thing very thieviſh in their phyſiognomy. So, to make ſome little amends for the rough uſage with which ſhe had treated her gueſts, ſhe diſmiſſed them with a tolerably decent welcome, and wiſhed them a good journey. Wildgooſe returned her compliment with a prayer for her converſion: and told her, "that, unleſs God "would give her grace to ſubdue her boiſterous "paſſions, ſhe could no more reliſh the joys of "Heaven, than an hog or a ſow could a clean parlour."

" parlour."—" Ay! ay! (added Tugwell) thou " art a *veſſel of wrath*, doomed to perdition."—" I a *veſſel of broth!* you pot-gutted raſcal! no " more than yourſelf! marry come up! what " does the fool mean? Sure I know my own " buſineſs beſt," ſays Mrs. Tantrum; then concluded, in her own way, that " every tub muſt " ſtand upon its own bottom."

CHAP. IX.

The Travellers purſue their Journey.

POOR Wildgooſe was a little chagrined at being ſuſpected of carnal intentions; but comforted himſelf with recollecting ſeveral of the choſen Saints, who had been thus buffeted by Satan, and laid under the ſame groundleſs ſuſpicions. But he would probably have been more ſhocked, if he had known that he was judged capable of ſtealing a ſilver ſpoon. Theſe were conſequences of his extravagance, which he could not foreſee, and of which he had hitherto no conception. I have often thought, however, it is happy for us, that we do not know the half which

which is thought or ſaid of us behind our backs, by the ſmiling Hoſteſs or the ſurly Hoſtler, who attends us on our arrival at, or departure from, an inn upon the road.

Our ſturdy Pilgrims, having ſufficiently refreſhed themſelves, proceeded on their journey with great alacrity; and, as it was not yet paſt mid-day, puſhed on to reach Bath that night. They travelled the whole afternoon without any incident worthy the notice of a grave Hiſtorian. But reaching Lanſdown, within a few miles of Bath, towards ſun-ſet, they ſpied a poor horſe, which, being over-loaded, was fallen down, and ſtruggling under his burthen: and very near him two men, inſtead of aſſiſting the wretched animal, were ſcuffling and pummeling each other without mercy. One of them was a ſlender, gentleman-like man, and the other appeared to be a Butcher's ſervant, or ſomething in that ſtyle. Wildgooſe and his fellow-traveller having interpoſed, and parted the combatants, the Butcher began to vent his wrath upon his antagoniſt, "D-mn your blood," ſays he, "who "the devil are you? What, can't a man be in "a paſſion, and beat his own horſe, for *all* you, "and be pox'd to you?"

Wildgooſe,

Wildgooſe having rebuked him for his inſolence and profaneneſs, applied his hand to the ſtern of the horſe; who, after ſome further efforts, being rouzed, the Butcher remounted him, rode off, and, inſtead of thanking Wildgooſe for his aſſiſtance, calls out, "D-mn you all to-"gether, for a pack of whores-birds as you are!" The Gentleman, who had fought the Butcher, ſurveyed him for a moment with great indignation and contempt: then, refreſhing himſelf with a pinch of ſnuff, "There," ſays he, "there "goes a true picture of Engliſh Liberty!"— "Pray, Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, "if I may make ſo "free, what was the ſubject of your altercation?" To which he replied in the following manner.

CHAP. X.

A Knight-errant of a peculiar Kind. Compaſſion for dumb Creatures.

"YOU ſee, Sir," ſays the Gentleman, "how "hard that poor beaſt is loaded. Now "that brute of a fellow, inſtead of driving the "horſe before him (as he was probably ordered "by

" by his Maſter to do), had galloped him, load-
" ed as he was, for near a mile along the road,
" in my ſight; when the poor creature happen-
" ed to trip, and come down with his rider,
" who began to bang him with that ſtick about
" the head with ſo much fury, that, if I had
" not interpoſed, he might probably have killed
" him upon the ſpot. My officiouſneſs, how-
" ever, only made the fellow change the object
" of his wrath: for he fell upon me with the
" ſame weapon; which however I wreſted from
" his hands, and banged him with to ſome pur-
" poſe; till, he running in to me, we came to
" that cloſe engagement from which you parted
" us."

Wildgooſe ſtaring at the Gentleman with marks of ſurprize—" My compaſſion for dumb ani-
" mals," continued he, " is ſo exceſſive, that it
" often makes me quite miſerable. Our ſym-
" pathy and aſſiſtance is certainly due, in the firſt
" place, to our fellow-creatures of the human
" ſpecies, and as they ſtand in a nearer relation to
" us, as they hold a ſuperior rank in the works
" of the creation. But, I own, the incapacity
" of a poor brute creature to utter his diſtreſs,
" and his want of reaſon to find out the means
" of relieving it, often plead more powerfully

" with

"with me than all the rhetoric of a beggar, "practiſed in the art of moving compaſſion."

"Yes," replies Wildgooſe; "and I think, "Sir, you have ſuggeſted the reaſon of this; "becauſe, in the latter caſe, there is often a "ſuſpicion of inſincerity in the petitioner; "whereas, in the former inſtance, undiſguiſed "nature, though void of ſpeech, expreſſes her-"ſelf in the moſt emphatical manner. For the "ſame reaſon, the ſilent rhetoric of tears, or "of baſhfulneſs, is often more pathetic than all "the oratorical flouriſhes in the world. And I "dare ſay, Sir, the helpleſs condition of an "*infant* in diſtreſs muſt affect you ſtill more "ſenſibly, than that of any of thoſe dumb "creatures for which you expreſs ſo much "concern."

"I don't know," replies the Gentleman; "it "certainly ought to do ſo: but I cannot reaſon "myſelf out of this ſtrange effeminacy—nor do "I recollect any inſtance of *human* diſtreſs, that "has given me more pain, than the ſight of a "poor Hare, for inſtance, almoſt *run down*, as "they call it; to ſee her ſquatting behind an "hedge; panting and liſtening, with her ears "erect, to the cries of her purſuers, from "whom her natural ſcent, augmented by the "perſpi-

"perſpiration ſhe is thrown into, makes it al-
"moſt impoſſible for her to eſcape.

"I entirely agree with Mr. Addiſon, in ap-
"plauding the humanity of the Sultan, who
"choſe rather to cut off the ſleeve of his robe,
"than awake his favourite Cat, which was
"aſleep upon it. And I myſelf, in my walks,
"have often gone a furlong out of my way,
"rather than diſturb a poor unwieldy Ox,
"that has been lying down and chewing the
"cud; or than interrupt an innocent Lamb,
"that was ſucking its anxious dam.

"Nay; I have gone ſo far, as to erect an urn
"in my garden, as a teſtimony of my compaſſion
"for dumb animals, with the inſcription from
"Ovid's ſpeech of Pythagoras,

"Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus—&c.
"Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
"Innocuum?

"What have ye done, ye flocks, a peaceful race!
"Or what the harmleſs ox, ſo void of guile,
"To merit death?"

"Why, as for thoſe animals which are
"fairly ſlaughtered, without torture, for the
"ſupport of human life," ſays Wildgooſe, "I
"can eaſily reconcile myſelf to their fate: as

"the

"the pain of death conſiſts, I believe, chiefly "in the apprehenſion. And when it is inſtan- "taneous (as in thoſe caſes it is or ought to "be), they enjoy themſelves and feel nothing "till the ſtroke arrives; and the moment it "does ſo, the violence of it either deprives "them of life, or at leaſt of the ſenſe of pain. "Mr. Pope has finely deſcribed this in his Ethic "Epiſtles:

"The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
"Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
"Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food;
"And licks the hand, juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
"Oh! blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
"That each might fill the circle mark'd by heaven."

"Why, doubtleſs," returns the Gentleman, "one feels the moſt for thoſe animals that are "tortured and abuſed. But, I think, none are "more ſo, than the generality of horſes and "beaſts of burthen, from a want of ſenſibility "in the reaſoning brutes to whoſe care they "are uſually intruſted. You ſaw how little "compaſſion that Butcher's lad has ſhewn to "his loaded Steed. And to ſee a noble creature "ſtart and tremble at the paſſionate exclama- "tion of a mere Yahoo of a ſtable-boy; who,

"if

"if he knew his own ſtrength, could drive a "dozen men before him; I own, equally excites "my pity and my indignation. I never meet a "ſtring of Pack-horſes, bending under their "loads, but my heart bleeds for the mute ſuf- "ferers: and I make it a point of conſcience to "give them the road. Nay, I have, in my "own mind, added one more to the curſes "denounced by Moſes againſt the unmerciful, "Curſed be he that maketh the Pack-horſe to "go out of his way!"

Here Tugwell could not forbear putting in his verdict. "Well," ſays Jerry, "the Taylor of "our town is the beſt man for that. He keeps "a horſe to lett; but then he'll never lett him "to any one, till he has made him promiſe "faithfully, that the poor horſe ſhall ſtand ſtill "to *do his needs*."—The Gentleman laughed at Tugwell's inſtance of compaſſion. But Wild-gooſe, ſilencing him with a ſignificant look, ob-ſerved, "that the good man, to be ſure, was "merciful even to his beaſt. And it is pity," continued he, "that cruelty to thoſe animals "cannot be provided againſt by our laws, as "it was in a great meaſure by the laws of "Moſes."

"Very

"Very true, Sir," replies the Gentleman; "and as that cannot well be done in this land "of *liberty*, I wiſh every Gentleman would endeavour to ſupply that defect, by diſcouraging "all cruelty of that kind, as far as his power "or influence extends; and certainly, every "Parent ſhould be particularly careful to inſtill "principles of mercy and tenderneſs, to birds, "beaſts, and inſects, into the tender minds of "Children. For my part, I profeſs myſelf a "ſort of Knight-errant in the cauſe: and aſſure "you, have met with many ſuch ſkirmiſhes as "this which you found me engaged in, by interfering where I had no other motive but "humanity and compaſſion."

CHAP. XI.

The polite Philoſopher.

THE frank diſpoſition of this Gentleman (who called himſelf Graham) encouraged Wildgooſe, as they walked along, to communicate ſomething of his own pretenſions: and he informed the Gentleman, "that he himſelf "was a volunteer in the ſervice of his fellow-

"creatures;

"creatures; and profeſſed to regulate their "opinions in a matter of much greater im- "portance than any thing which regarded this "life, even the ſalvation of their immortal "ſouls."

"I preſume then," ſays Mr. Graham, "you "are one of theſe Methodiſts, which have made "ſuch a noiſe in the world." Wildgooſe replied, "that he might call him by what name "he pleaſed; but what he profeſſed was, to "preach up true Chriſtianity and the genuine "doctrines of the Reformation."

"Why," returns Mr. Graham, "though I "have formerly converſed much in the world, "I have of late confined myſelf a great deal to "books and meditation, and the inveſtigation "of truth; the reſult of which is, that I cannot "reflect with patience upon the many abſurd "practices and opinions which prevail in the "world; and have often been tempted to turn "Itinerant myſelf, and ſally forth, in order "to reform mankind, and ſet them right in "various particulars.

"When I hear of a father's marrying his "daughter againſt her inclinations, and ſacri- "ficing her happineſs to her grandeur; I am "ready, like the Spaniſh Don, to challenge

"him to mortal combat, and reſcue the unhappy victim from the power which he abuſes.

"Though I am not in Parliament, nor am fond of politics, I could not forbear giving the public my advice, in a pamphlet, upon the Militia Act, Triennial Parliaments, and the neceſſity of *Sumptuary Laws*.

"I have by me alſo a manuſcript, which I call, '*Literæ Hottentoticæ*; or, Letters from a beautiful young Hottentot to her friends at the Cape; giving an account of the many barbarous cuſtoms and prepoſterous opinions which ſhe had obſerved in our metropolis during her three years abode amongſt us.'

"But, Sir, you will pardon my freedom, when I declare, that of all the opinions which have been the ſubject of my contemplation, none appears more abſurd to me, than that all Religion ſhould be made to conſiſt in *thinking* rightly upon a few abſtruſe points; which have been controverted ever ſince the Reformation, and about which hardly any two perſons think exactly alike. I really believe, when the Methodiſts firſt ſet out, (as Providence often brings about ſalutary ends by irregular means) they did ſome good, and

"con-

" contributed to rouze the negligent Clergy, and " to revive practical Chriſtianity amongſt us. " But, I am afraid, they have ſince done no " ſmall prejudice to Religion, by reviving the " cobweb diſputes of the laſt century; and by " calling off the minds of men from practice, " to mere ſpeculation. For, by all the accounts " I have heard of late, if a man does but fre- " quent their meetings regularly, expreſs him- " ſelf properly upon Juſtification, and a few " more of their favourite topics, he is imme- " diately ranked amongſt the Elect, and may " live as careleſsly as he pleaſes in other re- " ſpects; nay, may be guilty of drunkenneſs, " fornication, luxury, and what not: in ſhort, if " a man does but *talk* and *look* like a Saint, he " may, without any reproach, live like a Sin- " ner."

" Sir," ſays Wildgooſe, " whatever the caſe " may be with a few individuals, who *call* them- " ſelves Methodiſts; you cannot ſay that any " of thoſe irregularities are the *neceſſary* conſe- " quence of their principles."

" No, Sir," replies the Gentleman; " but " they are the *probable* conſequences of their " practices; for, by being thus diſtinguiſhed " from their brethren, they begin to look upon

"themſelves as a ſort of privileged perſons: "and finding ſo much ſtreſs laid upon *thinking* "rightly, they begin to be more careleſs about "*acting* properly; and the original depravity of "their nature returning upon them thus un-"guarded, they are but too prone to relapſe "into the greateſt enormities: which reflexion, "I am afraid, might be confirmed by too fre-"quent experience: not to mention the ten-"dency which their particular doctrines of *Aſ-"ſurance* and *inward Feelings* have to make men "preſumptuous, and to delude them to their "own deſtruction."

Wildgooſe was not inclined to continue the diſpute, with a perſon who appeared ſo much prejudiced againſt his doctrines; and who indeed was ſo full of reflexions made in his ſolitude, that he would hardly give him leave to put in a word.

As their road, however, lay near a mile the ſame way, they talked upon various ſubjects; and Wildgooſe found, in the courſe of their converſation, that Mr. Graham was quite a polite Philoſopher, had a competent knowledge of almoſt every ſcience, had travelled over moſt parts of Europe, and made many delicate and curious remarks upon t e manners and cuſtoms

of the ſeveral people with whom he had converſed.

But what gave a peculiar beauty to his converſation, was the delicacy of his taſte, which ſelected the moſt agreeable or the moſt ſtriking circumſtances, on every ſubject; ſo that his deſcriptions and narrations never became languid, by too minute a detail of unintereſting particulars.

He now lived a very retired life; went ſometimes to Bath, as a mere ſpectator: but, having ſequeſtered himſelf from the world on a particular occaſion, and having had ſufficient experience of the ſelfiſhneſs, malignity, and inſincerity of the vulgar part of mankind, he confined himſelf to a few ſelect friends; and, by exerciſe and temperance, contrived to paſs through the autumn of life, with health, chearfulneſs, and tranquillity.

Mr. Graham was a man of that natural benevolence, that he rather affected the Miſanthrope, than was really ſuch. He invited Wildgooſe and his friend, therefore, with great cordiality, to refreſh themſelves at his Hermitage (as he called it), which he pointed out to them amidſt a tuft of lofty oaks, at a little diſtance, on the deſcent of the hill. Mr. Wildgooſe, being

impatient to join his Chriſtian friends at Bath, would have waived the accepting this invitation: but Tugwell, having an habitual thirſt upon him at this time of the year, ſaid, "He ſhould "be obliged to the Gentleman for a draught of "ſmall-beer, or a cup of cyder."

They therefore accompanied him to his habitation.

CHAP. XII.

A ſingular Manſion.

MR. Graham's houſe was almoſt concealed from the road by trees, and was literally "founded upon a rock," ſome craggy parts of which appeared riſing upon each ſide of the houſe; a clear ſpring, which roſe from the bottom of one of them, almoſt covered with moſs, hart's-tongue, and other fountain-plants, determining the ſituation.

They entered, by a ſtrong door, into a ſort of porch or veſtibule; on one ſide of which Mr. Graham ſhewed them a neat bed-room, about ſeven feet ſquare; on the other ſide, a beaufet and other conveniences, about the ſame dimenſions. He then took them into a parlour, elegantly furniſhed, of about twelve feet ſquare, excluſive

excluſive of a bow-window, which commanded an extenſive proſpect over a beautiful valley, terminated by a diſtant view of the city of Bath and its environs: and this was apparently the whole houſe.

Mr. Graham, however, took them down a few winding ſteps, cut out of the rock, to another room under the former; which ſerved him for a kitchen, cellar, and all other accommodations for himſelf and his Maid. She was a middle-aged woman, and was ſitting there at work with her needle. But, to prevent all ſuſpicion of her ſerving him in any other capacity than that of a ſervant, Mr. Graham had pitched upon a deſerving perſon, with one eye, a protuberant ſhoulder, and one or two more accidental deformities, ſufficient to ſtop the mouth of that infernal fury Scandal herſelf. Beſides his crooked Maid, Mr. Graham had an old cat with one ear, and a dog with one eye; who ſeemed originally to have had no other merit than their *animality* to recommend them. A garden, proportioned to the houſe and its inhabitants, was laid out in a ſimple taſte, and ſtored with thoſe fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, which were natural to the climate in which they were to grow.

Mr. Graham left Tugwell to drink ſome cyder with his maid Maritornes, and took Mr. Wildgooſe into his parlour, and offered him a glaſs of ſomething better—which it is not recorded that Wildgooſe refuſed.

As Mr. Graham opened the door of a little cloſet, or rather niche in the wall, which contained his books and his cordials, Wildgooſe could not forbear fixing his eyes upon a ſmall oval picture, of a young lady, in a gilt frame, that was fixed in a pannel, within-ſide of the door; which Mr. Graham obſerving, ſhook his head with a ſigh, and ſaid, "the lady whom "that picture repreſented, had influenced the "whole tenour of his life, and was the original "cauſe of his preſent retreat from the world." Wildgooſe expreſſing ſome curioſity on that ſubject, and himſelf fetching a ſympathetic ſigh on having the idea of Miſs Townſend revived by the ſight of that picture; Mr. Graham ſaid, "his ſtory could not be very intereſting to a "ſtranger. But, Sir," ſays he, "as I take a "ſort of melancholy pleaſure in recollecting the "occurrences of my youth; if you have pa-"tience to hear me, I will relate the parti-"culars."—He therefore began, without more ceremony, in the following manner.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Graham's Story.

"I am a younger brother of a younger branch "of a noble family; but, partly by my own "bad œconomy in the former part of life, and "partly by that of my father, I have at "preſent but a ſlender income; yet ſufficient "to live very comfortably in my preſent ſitua- "tion. I was bred at the Univerſity, and after "that was ſent to the Temple; and, when a "young man there, went to make a viſit to "my ſiſter, who was married to a Baronet in "the northern part of this county." (Here Wildgooſe liſtened with a more earneſt atten- tion) "During my ſtay here, we were invited "to a ſupper and a ball at a neighbouring "gentleman's, where was a great deal of gen- "teel company. Amongſt the reſt, there was "a Clergyman's daughter, whom I will call "Ophelia, who had the character of a learned "lady and a great wit. She was tolerably "handſome, but had a very melancholy air; "which, upon inquiry, I found to be the effect

"of a diſappointment in her firſt love, by the "ſudden death of a man of fortune, to whom "ſhe was upon the verge of being united in "marriage. As ſhe thought it a kind of inde-"corum to mix in the gaiety of the company "(though ſhe had been invited with a good-"natured intention to divert her melancholy), "Ophelia ſat by in a bow-window in the "room; and, as I was always of a ſtudious "turn, and not fond of dancing, I choſe to keep "her company.

"We two were of courſe engaged in a ſe-"parate converſation. But, inſtead of what is "uſually meant by a Wit—a pert girl that "values herſelf upon ſaying ſmart things with "a ſaucy petulance; I found her a young "woman of great good ſenſe and delicacy of "ſentiment, and thoroughly verſed in all the "beſt Writers in the Engliſh language; and "even the tranſlations from the Claſſics; upon "whoſe ſeveral beauties and defects ſhe paſſed "ſentence, with a penetration and judgment "ſuperior to any one I had ever converſed "with.

"In ſhort, I was quite charmed with this young "lady's converſation, which of courſe brought on "a perſonal attachment; and I made an errand

"to her father's the very next day, under a "pretence of inquiring after his daughter's "health, and how ſhe got home. He was a "very learned and a very ſenſible man, but "had very ſmall preferment: and, as he had "exerted all his abilities in inſtructing his "daughter; ſo he had gone to the utmoſt limits "of prudence, in dreſſing her out rather above "her rank. However, in other reſpects, they "lived in a frugal, though genteel manner; and "I was ſo pleaſed with my quarters, that I ſtay-"ed all night, with my ſervant and two horſes; "and repeated my viſits very frequently.

"You will imagine, from this account, that "I met with a very cordial reception from the "young lady. But this was by no means the "caſe. I found her affections ſtill ſo much "attached to their firſt object, that it was near "half a year before I appeared to have made "any impreſſion upon her heart. After this, "however, we continued an intimacy for above "two years: during which time we lived in all "the innocent endearments of a mutual fond-"neſs; and I was determined to make her my "wife.

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Graham's Story continued.

"YOU will wonder, no doubt," ſays Mr. Graham, "what prevented my marry-"ing Ophelia immediately. Why nothing "but my abſolute dependence on my mother "for my future ſupport. She had a large "jointure; and, as I was a favourite, ſhe "promiſed to increaſe my younger brother's "fortune by what ſhe could ſave out of her "annual income. I had a conſiderable legacy "left me by a relation. But, as I had lived "very expenſively, I was obliged to make free "with the principal, and had almoſt run "through it: ſo that I had reaſon to fear my "mother's reſentment, who, you may ſuppoſe, "was not at all pleaſed with this indiſcreet "engagement; as it not only diſappointed her "in her hopes of my marrying advantageouſly "in point of fortune, but involved me in a "life of indolence, quite inconſiſtent with my "ſtudy of the Law, and making any figure in "my profeſſion. She therefore made uſe of

"every

"every prudent ſtratagem, to break off my at-
"tachment to this young creature: in which,
"alas! ſhe at length ſucceeded.

"While I was in London for a month, at
"my mother's earneſt requeſt, who had a houſe
"in town; I received an anonymous letter,
"full of invectives againſt the Clergyman, his
"daughter, and in ſhort againſt the whole
"family. As I was convinced many of them
"were without foundation, ſo I had good
"reaſon to believe the principal aſperſion upon
"the young lady herſelf was entirely ſo;
"which was, 'that ſhe had got a habit of
"drinking ſpirituous liquors for her private
"amuſement.'

"I was greatly ſhocked at the contents of
"this letter; but thought it unjuſt and un-
"generous to be influenced, in an affair of ſuch
"importance, by a letter of that kind, which
"was evidently written with a malicious in-
"tent.

"I immediately, therefore, went down to
"my ſiſter's, with a deſign to come to an eclair-
"ciſſement with poor Ophelia, or at leaſt to
"inſpect her conduct more narrowly in the par-
"ticular alledged; though, I confeſs, I was
"ſhocked at the want of generoſity in ſuch a
"pro-

" proceeding, with regard to a perſon with whom " I had had ſo long an intimacy without the " leaſt reaſon for ſuch a ſuſpicion. I recollected " indeed, that ſhe would drink two or ſome- " times three glaſſes of wine after dinner, with- " out thoſe ſqueamiſh airs which ſome ladies " affect. But I have always thought it a good " rule in theſe caſes, ' that a woman, who, upon " proper occaſions, refuſes *one* glaſs in public, " will drink *two* or *three* in private.'

" When I came to Lady ——'s, (my ſiſter); I " found there a young lady of the neighbour- " hood upon a week's viſit to my ſiſter. She was " a young woman of good fortune, and a ſmart " ſprightly girl; and one that I might probably " have liked well enough, if my affections had " not been pre-engaged.

" I ſhewed my ſiſter the letter which I had " received; at which ſhe affected a great ſur- " prize: but added, ' that ſhe was afraid moſt " of the facts alledged had too good a founda- " tion.' And with regard to the principal ac- " cuſation with which the young lady was " charged, ſhe uſed ſo many plauſible argu- " ments to convince me of the reality of it, " with ſo many artful inſinuations, that I began " to waver in my opinion of the matter: and,

" in

"in ſhort, inſtead of waiting on Ophelia, as I "ought to have done, and as I at firſt intended, "I was prevailed upon only to write her a "letter; in which, after ſome excuſes from the "imprudence of ſuch an engagement, as my "entire dependence on my mother would pro- "bably involve us both in indigence and diſ- "treſs, I deſired the affair might proceed no "farther.

"This bare-faced declaration produced ſuch "an anſwer as I had reaſon to expect from a "girl of Ophelia's ſpirit; whom I had quite "teazed into a return of affection, and now "very unhandſomely, not to ſay baſely, de- "ſerted; ſo that her reſentment, though ſo "well founded, contributed to abate my fond- "neſs: and I now thought myſelf at liberty to "attend to the coquetry of Miſs —— (whom "I ſhall call Lavinia), upon whom my ſiſter had "prevailed to act a part, and to play off her ar- "tillery on purpoſe to draw me off from my "former engagement.

"I proceeded ſo far, as frequently to ride "out with her alone (attended only by a ſer- "vant); and ſhe very maliciouſly made me "accompany her one day, to dine at a Gentle- "man's houſe in the village where poor

"Ophelia

"Ophelia lived, and by whoſe very door we "muſt neceſſarily paſs.

"This behaviour, though it probably ex- "tinguiſhed the love, yet it ſo far wrought "upon the *honeſt* pride of Ophelia, that, in a "few days, it brought on a fit of diſtraction; "which in a few months terminated in her "death.

"This ſhocking event of my perfidy awaken- "ed my fondneſs, and alarmed my conſcience; "and I immediately quitted my ſiſter's houſe "(where the artful Lavinia was ſtill detained), "and returned to London. I had been there "but a few days, when I received, incloſed in "a frank, a large packet; which I found ſealed "with Ophelia's ſeal, and the direction in her "hand-writing. My mother and a younger ſiſter "were in the room; the moment I ſaw the ſeal "and ſuperſcription, the letter dropt out of my "hand, and I almoſt fainted away in my chair. "My mother and ſiſter ran to my aſſiſtance, "reaſoned with me upon my folly; and, by my "permiſſion, my ſiſter opened and peruſed the "letter.

"The caſe was this. The cauſe of my deſert- "ing the celebrated Ophelia was not long a "ſecret; and coming to her ears, though ſhe

"diſdained

"diſdained to vindicate herſelf to a man who "could treat her ſo ungenerouſly, yet ſhe had "written a long defence of her conduct, and "pointed out, almoſt to a demonſtration, from "what quarter the malicious tale had ſprung; "and this ſhe had ordered to be delivered to me "after her deceaſe.

"The perſon hinted at, as the conductor of "this wicked artifice, was Lady ——, my "ſiſter; againſt whom I vented my indigna- "tion: and could hardly preſerve the decency "due to my mother, for oppoſing a match upon "which my happineſs depended. However, "inſtead of ſettling again to the ſtudy of the "Law, I found myſelf incapable of applying "to any thing.

"I determined, therefore, by way of divert- "ing my melancholy, immediately to go abroad, "and rambled all over Europe for four or five "years; at the end of which, I was recalled by "the death of my mother; which event was "rather ſeaſonable, as I was almoſt reduced to "the laſt hundred pounds of my own fortune.

"I took poſſeſſion of five thouſand pounds, "which ſhe left me, and which brings me in "about two hundred pounds a year. I left the "north of England, where I was born; changed

"my

"my name; and came and built this cottage "near Bath; where I have lived theſe ten years, "and where I intend to paſs the remainder of "my days."

CHAP. XV.

Mr. Graham's Way of Life.

WHEN Mr. Graham had finiſhed his ſtory, Mr. Wildgooſe ſaid, "he was "unwilling to interrupt him in his narration;" but added, "that an event of this kind had hap-"pened, when he was a boy, in almoſt the next "village to that where he was born; but (as he "had often heard the ſtory) the Gentleman's "name was ———."

Mr. Graham changed colour, and ſaid, "that "was his real name; and that he was the guilty "perſon."—"Well," ſays Wildgooſe, "the "poor old Gentleman (Ophelia's father) is now "very infirm, and, by various unlucky acci-"dents, in great diſtreſs."—"Good God!" cries Mr. Graham, "is he ſtill alive? Why, "before I went abroad, I had begged leave to "erect an Urn to poor Ophelia's memory; and "by the perſon whom I employed for that "purpoſe,

"purpoſe, was then informed that her unhappy "father was at the point of death, of a broken "heart.

"But my meeting with you, Sir, is very "providential; and it will be the greateſt plea- "ſure to me, to make ſome atonement for my "wickedneſs, and even the expence I put the "family to, by relieving his diſtreſs; which I "will take the firſt opportunity of putting in "execution."

Wildgooſe obſerved, "that Mr. Graham's "expreſſion, of 'making an atonement for his "wickedneſs,' was ſomewhat exceptionable; "as our Saviour had made a ſufficient atone- "ment and ſatisfaction for the ſins of the whole "world; and that we ſhould be cautious in "aſcribing any *merit* to our own good-works."

"Zounds! Sir," ſays Mr. Graham, who had no patience with ſuch nice diſtinctions, "you "don't think there is any ſin in relieving the "diſtreſſed, upon whatever motive it is done? "As for placing any merit in ſuch an action, "I ſhould think myſelf a rogue if I did not do "it in the preſent caſe: but, if ſo much cau- "tion is neceſſary upon ſuch occaſions, a man "that happens to tumble into a river or a ditch

"may

" may be drowned or ſuffocated, whilſt we are " deliberating about the proper motive or ſtate " of mind with which we are to pull him out " again."

Mr. Wildgooſe did not think proper to reply to a man of ſo warm a temper; but obſerved, by way of changing the diſcourſe, " that Mr. " Graham ſeemed under a neceſſity almoſt of " living the life of an Hermit; as the dimen- " ſions of his habitation would not admit of " much company."

" Why," ſays Mr. Graham, " a life of ab- " ſolute ſolitude is a viſionary and unnatural " ſtate, and can only ſubſiſt in poetry and ro- " mance. I don't pretend to live upon roots " and rock-water; though I can feaſt upon mut- " ton and potatoes, and a bread pudding. And " though I don't love mobs and routs, I would " not have you imagine I never entertain any " company in my cell: I have two or three " friends, of the ſame ſimple taſte with myſelf; " who (for the ſake of varying the ſcene) fre- " quently eat their morſel with me; when we " wait upon ourſelves, and limit each other as " to the number and variety of the particulars " that are to conſtitute the entertainment.

" As

"As to your paltry little Eſquires, or thoſe "who have not ſenſe enough to diſpenſe with "the forms of life or come without a ſervant "to wait behind their chair; puppies, who "will drink a bottle or two with you in private, "and perhaps not know you in public; I affront "them, if ever an impertinent curioſity brings "them to my cottage—ſo that I am ſeldom "troubled with any viſitors of that kind.

"Neither am I very fond of the company of "Ladies, out of regard to the memory of poor "Ophelia; the recollection of whoſe excellen-"cies makes the generality of female converſa-"tion truly inſipid—*Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo* "*mulieres*—I blot from my memory every other "woman; thoſe every-day beauties (as Terence "calls them) who have nothing but their ſex to "recommend them."

Mr. Wildgooſe was a little ſcandalized at the warmth of temper and appearance of uncharitableneſs in Mr. Graham; though (as was obſerved before) this miſanthropy was rather in ſpeculation, than in practice; as he could not treat any one that came to his houſe without the higheſt politeneſs.

Wildgooſe now looking at his watch, Mr. Graham ſaid, "if he was impatient to get to

"Bath,

"Bath, he would ſhew him a ſhorter road over "the hill;" which he accordingly did: and having pointed out the great road to them again, he left the two Pilgrims to purſue their journey.

END OF BOOK IV.

THE

THE

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

The two Pilgrims arrive at Bath.

"SOME people," ſays an Italian * writer upon politeneſs, "in the midſt of an "agreeable converſation, are apt to fall aſleep. "This," ſays he with great ſolemnity, "is by "no means a *genteel* cuſtom, as it ſhews a con-"tempt of our company."

Now, if I might differ from ſo profound an Author, I ſhould rather impute the infirmity of ſuch drowſy people to want of taſte, than to a contempt of their company: and if the Reader

* Joh. Caſce, de morum elegantiâ.

ſhould

ſhould have taken a nap in the midſt of the laſt Chapter; for my own credit, I would willingly impute his drowſineſs to the ſame principle. But to proceed.

The ſetting ſun now gilded the ſummit of the mountains and the tops of the higheſt towers, when the two Pilgrims came within ſight of Bath. Upon the firſt view of that elegant city, Tugwell, who had received all his ideas of grandeur from his Bible, and whoſe head always ran upon what he had read of the Holy Land, obſerved, "that Bath ſeemed to be ſituated like "Jeruſalem, according to David's deſcription "of it:

"As mighty mountains huge and large
"Jeruſalem about do cloſe."

"According to Sternhold and Hopkins' de-"ſcription of it, you mean," ſays Wildgooſe.—"Well, well, Maſter; that's as our Clerk ſings "it. But I ſuppoſe your Worſhip likes the "*new diverſion* better."—"No," ſays Wildgooſe, "I like neither of the poetical Verſions "ſo well as the plain proſe.

"But," continues Wildgooſe, "Bath ſeems "huddled ſo cloſe together, that I ſhould compare

"compare it to Jeruſalem in another reſpect; "'Jeruſalem is built as a city that is at unity "in itſelf.' And yet perhaps this little place "may be divided into as many parties, and "abound as much in ſcandal, envy, and malice, "as London itſelf."

Wildgooſe, however, being vaſtly ſtruck with the richneſs of the valley, and the elegance of the buildings, eſpecially of the villas diſperſed on the ſurrounding hills, remarkable for the beauty of their verdure, obſerved, "that, how-"ever fruitful the Land of Canaan might be "formerly, when inhabited by a populous na-"tion, and properly cultivated; yet, by all ac-"counts of modern travellers, the preſent face "of the country about Jeruſalem was not to be "compared to the environs of Bath. Though "I cannot but wonder," continued he, "that "any one ſhould doubt the veracity of the Sa-"cred Writers, in their encomiums upon the "ancient fertility of that country, which is "confirmed by the concurrent teſtimony of ſe-"veral Pagan Authors: yet I am inclined to "think, it was called 'a land flowing with "milk and honey,' partly in oppoſition to the "arable lands of Egypt, and partly in prefe-"rence to the ſandy deſerts through which they

" were to paſs in their retreat from thence; " neither of which were to be compared to the " rich paſtures or vine-clad hills of Paleſtine."

Wildgooſe and his friend Tugwell, who were now come into the town, cut but a duſty figure, in compariſon with the ſpruce inhabitants of Bath; which made them deſirous of getting under cover as ſoon as poſſible: and Tugwell, eſpying a ſign whoſe device ſtruck his fancy, exhorted his Maſter to ſet up his ſtaff there, eſpecially as the houſe ſeemed ſuitable to Mr. Wildgooſe's appearance, in his preſent voluntary humiliation.

Tugwell was no ſooner entered, than he almoſt mechanically called for a cup of the beſt."—" Ay! my Lad," ſays mine Hoſt, who was a facetious ſort of fellow, " thou ſhalt have it, in " the turning of a pork griſkin. But let's ſee; " what haſt thou got in thy wallet? ſome *run* " *tea*, or ſome *Welſh ſtockings?* what doſt thou " deal in? Cry thy trade."—" No, no," ſays Jerry, " we don't deal in *ſtockings*, nor ſhoes nei- " ther; though, for that matter, as good ſhoes " as ever trod the ground have gone through " my hands. But no matter for that. I hope " God has called me and my Maſter here to a " better occupation."

My

My Landlord, not being willing to throw away any longer converſation on ſuch gueſts, without any further reply, ſtept to the tap, drew ſome ale, and, having blown off the froth, which occupied a third part of the cup, and drunk the Travellers' health in another third, he preſented the remainder to Tugwell, who had called for it. Whilſt Jerry was drinking, my Landlord ſurveyed Wildgooſe with more attention: and obſerving in him an air rather above a common Pedlar, aſked "if the Gentleman would not "pleaſe to walk into another room."—Tugwell replied, "that, to be ſure, his Worſhip had not "been uſed to ſit in a kitchen; but *howſomever*, "my Maſter," ſays he, "*ſcorns* to deſpiſe a poor "*parſon*; and is not above keeping company "with any good Chriſtian."—"Hey-day! good "Chriſtian!" quoth my Landlord; "why, we "are all good Chriſtians, I hope; but, I fancy, "thou haſt left off *mending* of ſhoes, and art ſet "up for a *mender* of *ſouls*. I ſuppoſe, thou art "one of theſe *Methodites*, or *Mithridates*, or "what the devil do you call them? Why, "ſure, a Gentleman may be a good Chriſtian, "without keeping company with all the Tag-"rags and Scrubs in the country."

Then, turning to Wildgooſe, having heard Tugwell call him his Worſhip, my Landlord went a ſtep further; and, to make amends for his firſt neglect, "Won't your *Honour* walk in-"to the parlour?" ſays he. "What ſhall I "get your *Honour* to eat?" This was language which mine Hoſt had learned from the Footmen, who greatly frequented his houſe; and who, I have obſerved, rather than not diſcover that they have been uſed to wait upon people of faſhion, will beſtow thoſe honourable appellations on the loweſt of their acquaintance, and even on perſons whom they deſpiſe.

And here, by the way, I cannot but lament the ridiculous proſtitution of titles of diſtinction amongſt the inferior part of mankind in this age. In the glorious days of Queen Elizabeth, *Maſter* was eſteemed a very reſpectful addreſs to any one beneath the dignity of a Peer. And even in James the Firſt's reign, *your Worſhip* was the higheſt degree of adulation or reſpect with which a Servant or a Vaſſal approached his Lord, or the Maſter whom he ſerved. From the French, I believe, in the laſt century, we learned to apply the monoſyllable *Sir* to any one whom we conſidered as greatly our ſuperior.

But

But now, *your Honour* is the title univerſally given, to every one that appears in a clean ſhirt and powdered wig, by the Drawer, the Chairman, or the Shoe-black; who are unwilling to hazard the loſs of a cuſtomer, by addreſſing him in a ſtyle beneath his real or fancied importance.

In higher life indeed, where particular titles are appropriated to particular ranks or offices, this confuſion has been hitherto avoided. Our Sovereign, the fountain of honour, is at preſent content with that of *Sacred Majeſty*, one of the loweſt attributes of Divinity; as our Religion does not admit of downright Deification. Neither has any one, as yet, been guilty of ſo preſumptuous a piece of flattery, as to beſtow the title of *Majeſty* on any ſubject whatſoever.

And, as the ſeveral orders of our Nobility are created by Patent, and their titles purchaſed either by money or merit; it is not uſual, amongſt that *right honourable* fraternity, to invade each other's property in that reſpect, or to give the ſuperior titles to thoſe of inferior quality. But amongſt the aforeſaid lower race of mortals, as the love of falſe honours increaſes in proportion to the decreaſe of real worth; and as the baſe multitude pay that reſpect to money which is

properly due to merit, it is not eaſy to ſay to what a ridiculous extreme this humour may at length be extended: and I ſhould not be ſurprized, in proceſs of time, to hear an Haberdaſher ſaluted, with, "A coach, your *Grace!*" or to ſee a Shoe-black importune a walking Taylor with, "Black your ſhoes, your *Majeſty!*" But to return to our Pilgrims.

CHAP. II.

Popular Reports ſometimes a little erroneous.

MR. Wildgooſe did not chuſe to accept of my Landlord's invitation of going into a room, at preſent; but aſked him, "whether there "were any of thoſe Methodiſts, as he meant to "call them, in Bath."—"Are there?" ſays mine Hoſt. "Yes, I believe there are; enough "to turn the heads of all the Prentices and Jour-"neymen in the nation. I am ſure, I cannot "keep a Chambermaid, or a Tapſter; but the "toads muſt be ſinging Pſalms, or preaching to "my Cuſtomers, and be pox'd to them, from "morning to night."—"Well, but you ſhould "not blame the poor creatures for being too "good,"

" good," ſays Wildgooſe.—" Too good! replies my Landlord: " I don't know that they are any " better than other folks. I *loves* a Pſalm at " church, as well as a merry Catch over a glaſs " of liquor; but to be ſinging *Sol Fa's* all day " long, in ſuch a houſe as ours is, I *does not* ap- " prove of it: it's *perphane*; it's quite *perphane!*

" Beſides," continues my Landlord, without giving Wildgooſe room to reply, " they are ſome " of the worſt people *that is*; there is nothing " but whoring and rogueing amongſt them. " There was one of them, at Glouceſter, as a " Gentleman's ſervant told me that very morn- " ing, caught in bed with a Milliner's prentice " but laſt week; nay, and one of them is in " Glouceſter Gaol at this time, for ſetting fire to " the Cathedral."—" Not to the Cathedral," ſays a Footman who was drinking in the houſe, " but to ſome other Church, as this Gentleman " here told me."—" D--n thee," ſays another Footman, " I did not ſay, ſet fire to a Church; " but to the *little* Church, as they call the Me- " thodiſts meeting." Wildgooſe and Jerry ſtared at this intelligence; and, after his aſtoniſhment would give him leave, Wildgooſe aſſured him, " that he came from Glouceſter but yeſterday " morning; and that there was not a word of

"truth in what he had heard." He told him, however, the probable foundation of the latter report, and the ſtory of the gun-powder plot: but concluded with reprimanding him for his credulity; and made ſome reflexions upon the malignity of the world, and the abſurdity of thoſe popular ſtories which are ſo freely propagated by the vulgar part of mankind.

CHAP. III.

The Landlord alters his Tone. A Female Saint.

MY Landlord now began to ſmell a rat; and, as it was his buſineſs to adapt himſelf to the taſte and principles of his cuſtomers, he ſuddenly changed his tone, and ſaid, "that, "to be ſure, ſome of the Methodiſts were good "ſort of people, for that matter; and did a "great deal of good in the world; and were "very charitable to the poor. And they *preaches* main well, as they do ſay; but for my "part," continues he, "I never was at their "Meeting."

"What part of the town do they meet in "then?" ſays Wildgooſe.—"Why, I don't "know;

"know; but, here! Deborah," ſays he to a woman that had been waſhing in the back kitchen, "give the Gentleman an account of "your little Tabernacle in Avon-ſtreet, or "where the deuce is it!"—"Good-lack-a-"day!" quoth Deborah, wiping her hands upon her apron, "what! has the Gentleman a mind to "go and hear our Preaching then? Why, to be "ſure we have ſome fine men come amongſt us. "I am a *'Scriber*; I can introduce the Gen-"tleman any night; I *'ſcribes* three-pence a "week. Ah! Sir, we have ſuch * *ſoul-ſearching* "Teachers! ſuch * *raviſhing* Miniſters! They "come * *ſo cloſe to the point*; and *does* ſo * *grap-"ple* with the ſinner! They probe his ſores to "the very quick; and * *pour in ſuch comfortable "balſam!* and, as Mr. Twangdillo told us laſt "night, though it may pain; yet, like phyſic in "the bowels, it pains us to ſome purpoſe *;— "and, to be ſure, as he ſaid, Converſion follows "Conviction, as *naturally* * as Thread does the "Needle."—Whilſt the good woman was thus retailing her panegyric, ſhe leaned over the chair of a Journeyman Taylor, who was drinking a penny pot, and breathed in his face ſuch blaſts,

* All theſe expreſſions are in one ſermon, on redeeming time.

ſo ſtrongly tinctured with gin and Scotch ſnuff, that the Taylor cried out, "Why, Dame, thou "ſavoureſt ſtrongly of the *Spirit* truly. I fan- "cy thou art a little intoxicated to-night."— "*Toſticated! Toſticated!* I ſcorn your words," cries Deborah. "I defy the beſt man in Bath, "to ſay, Black is my eye; or that I was ever "*conſarned* in liquor, ſince my name was Debo- "rah. *Toſticated!* No; God help me! I have "drunk nothing to-day, but a little tea for "breakfaſt, and half a pint of ale at my dinner, "except a little ſtill'd water, that my Miſtreſs "gave me in the morning, to keep out the "wind; and I am ſure there is no harm in "that: is there now, Mr. Alcock?"

Mr. Alcock, which was my Landlord's name, put a ſtop to the torrent of her eloquence, by inquiring again the place of their meeting: which when he had learned, he ſent his Tapſter to ſhew Wildgooſe the houſe, where he was directed to ſome of the moſt conſiderable of the Fraternity.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Wildgooſe attends a Bath Meeting.

WHEN Mr. Wildgooſe had made himſelf known, he was ſurprized to find that his fame had reached Bath before him: for, during his reſidence at Glouceſter, ſeveral paſſengers, who had come that road, hearing that a young man of ſome fortune was commenced Methodiſt Preacher, had brought the news to Bath, not without enlarging his fortune from four to ſeven or eight hundred pounds a year; ſo that Wildgooſe came with the prepoſſeſſion in his favour, "that he was the famous Preacher "who made ſo much noiſe at Glouceſter." The Brethren, therefore, were not a little pleaſed with a convert of ſo much ſuppoſed conſequence; and accordingly received him with great cordiality and diſtinction.

At their next meeting, Wildgooſe attended as one of the audience; and both he and Tugwell were greatly delighted with their ſpiritual hymns (which Deborah had aſſured them were very melodious). But when the Preacher, who,

that night, was neither better nor worſe than a Journeyman Stay-maker, began to diſplay his eloquence; Mr. Wildgooſe, who had had ſomething of an academical education, could hardly digeſt the homelineſs of his language, or the meanneſs of his compariſons; and was a little mortified with the apprehenſion that he himſelf probably ſhould make no better figure in the Roſtrum. But being encouraged by ſome of his friends, who reminded him of the ſalubrious effects of his preaching at Glouceſter, and alſo of the heinous ſin of "wrapping up his talent in a "napkin;" he was prevailed upon to promiſe, "that he would exhibit himſelf the next even-"ing:" which accordingly he did; and diſplayed his oratory, before a crowded audience, with no ſmall approbation and applauſe.

CHAP. V.

He harangues on the Parade.

WILDGOOSE's fame began now to be trumpeted forth amongſt all ranks of people. And, as he had naturally a good elocution, an harmonious voice, and an agreeable perſon;

perſon; he was conſidered by the Society at Bath, as a proper inſtrument to repreſent their doctrines to advantage, in an harangue to the company that reſorted thither.

Accordingly it was given out, "that a young "Gentleman from Oxford, who had renounced "the eaſe and affluence of a good fortune for the "ſake of religion, was to preach on the grand "Parade the next morning."

The greateſt charity we can beſtow on people of faſhion, at a public place, is the furniſhing them ſomething new, to talk of. A new Singer, a new Philoſopher, a new Rope-dancer, or a new Preacher, are objects equally amuſing to the idle and indolent that frequent Bath. The company therefore adjourned, from the Pump-room to the Parade, in eager expectation of ſeeing and hearing this youthful adventurer.

But Mr. Naſh, though he himſelf had greatly reformed and regulated the manners and behaviour of his ſubjects in the public rooms; yet, being orthodox in his tenets, and very well content with the preſent ſtate of religion amongſt them, he did not deſire any reformation in that article. Having notice, therefore, of this intended preachment, he got ready his band of muſic, with the addition of two or three French-horns

horns and kettle-drums: and as ſoon as the Orator had exhibited his perſon on the Parade, ſtretched forth his hand, and (like Paul in the Cartoon) was *in act to ſpeak*, Naſh gave the ſignal for the grand chorus of "God ſave the "King!" The muſic ſtruck up; and, playing ſo loyal a piece of muſic, no one had the hardineſs to interrupt them. Nay, a majority of the company were probably pleaſed with Naſh's humour; and, it being now breakfaſt-time, the mob was eaſily diſperſed.

Mr. Wildgooſe's friends, however, would not tamely give up a point of this importance; but took an opportunity that very evening, when the company were going to the rooms, to produce their champion on a ſudden; and met with better ſucceſs.

As Mr. Naſh had given out that Wildgooſe was mad, he made uſe of St. Paul's words for his text; "I am not mad, moſt noble Feſtus; "but do ſpeak forth the words of ſoberneſs and "truth." Wildgooſe did not confine himſelf, however, to the words of the text; but (as he had been inſtructed by the Brethren) inveighed with great ſeverity againſt luxury in dreſs, cards, dancing, and all the faſhionable diverſions of the place; and even againſt frequenting the

rooms

rooms with the moſt innocent intentions of recreation and amuſement.

As ſoon as Wildgooſe had finiſhed his harangue, which was almoſt of an hour's duration, a jolly Footman (about the ſize of one of the Gentlemen in the Horſe-guards) buſtling through the crowd, ſtretched out a gigantic fiſt, and preſented the Orator a ſingle card. Wildgooſe, who had not, of late, been much in genteel life *, could not gueſs at the meaning of this ceremony; but imagined it was ſome joke upon his invective againſt *gaming*. The Footman, however, with a ſurly air, cried out, "Read it, "friend! read it; my Lady deſires to ſee you "at her lodgings here on the Parade." Wildgooſe then, peruſing his billet, read as follows:

"A Lady, who is diſguſted with the world, "deſires half an hour's converſation with Mr. "Wildgooſe, as ſoon as he is at leiſure."

Wildgooſe, after a ſhort pauſe, told the Footman, "he would wait on the Lady immediately." So, as ſoon as he had given a ſhort anſwer to two people (one a Fan-painter, the other a Butterfly-catcher) who had conſulted him about the lawfulneſs of their ſeveral profeſſions, he followed the Footman to his Lady's place of abode.

* Meſſage Cards had been lately introduced.

CHAP. VI.

A Digreſſion on Meſſage Cards.

THERE are few cuſtoms generally prevailing in the world, how abſurd ſoever they may appear, which had not ſome real propriety or convenience for their original: but when the faſhion is once eſtabliſhed amongſt the polite, it deſcends of courſe amongſt the vulgar; who blindly imitate it, as ſuch, without any regard to its primitive inſtitution. Thus, for inſtance, the conveying meſſages by a Card, was introduced into the faſhionable world, as the readieſt expedient againſt the blunders and ſtupidity of ignorant ſervants. And it muſt be confeſſed, that in ſome characters, and on ſome occaſions, this practice has not only no impropriety, but carries with it a genteel air of eaſe and negligence; and really ſaves a great deal of unneceſſary trouble, both to the perſon that ſends, and him that receives the meſſage.

The Man of pleaſure, who tranſacts his moſt important concerns in a coffee-houſe or a tavern; or the modern Lady, the whole ſphere of whoſe exiſtence

exiſtence is a drawing-room, can never be ſuppoſed without a Card in readineſs on every emergency: and therefore parties at Whiſt can no way be more aptly formed, nor meſſages of compliment more elegantly conveyed, than by theſe diminutive tablets; which are generally ſuited to the ſubject, to the genius, and laconic ſtyle of the parties concerned.

But, on the other hand, what can be more abſurd than this practice, in more ſerious characters, and on occaſions of more ſolemnity? How remote from probability is it, that a grave Divine, who is continually inveighing againſt the vices and follies of the age, ſhould have a pack of ſoiled Cards in his pocket, ready for his engagements of buſineſs or pleaſure? or that a venerable Counſellor, who is continually ſurrounded with Briefs, Leaſes, or Acts of Parliament, ſhould prefer a trifling Card, in tranſacting buſineſs with his Client, before a ſhred of parchment, or even a ſcrap of common paper? And I ſhould have kicked my Taylor the other day, for minuting down the dimenſions of my ſleeves and pocket-holes upon a Card—if I had not luckily recollected that his laſt bill was unpaid.

Neither are Meſſage Cards proper on *all occaſions*, any more than in perſons of all characters

or

or profeſſions. It is a known impropriety in a French Marquis, who, coming to pay his devotions at the ſhrine of a Saint, whilſt his image was gone to the Silver-ſmith to be repaired, left a Card for his Godſhip, to acquaint him with his intended viſit. And though a certain Lady, near St. James's, very innocently invited a woman of quality to her rout, by a *whiſper* at the Communion-table; yet, in my humble opinion, ſhe could not ſo decently have ſlipped a *Card* into her Ladyſhip's hand, at ſo ſacred a place as the Altar.

Granting, however, the general and unlimited uſe of this paſte-board correſpondence; there is yet a propriety to be obſerved, and many abſurdities to be avoided, in the choice of the Cards; according to the perſons addreſſed, or the occaſions on which we addreſs them.

It is too obvious an hint, and, I ſuppoſe, too trite a piece of adulation to a fine woman, to convey our compliments to her on the "Queen "of Hearts:" as, on the contrary, it would have been an affront to a late Eaſt-India Governour * (though he laboured under ſo groundleſs a ſlander) to have inquired after his health by

* This ſeems to allude to ſome piece of modern hiſtory now forgotten.

ſending

ſending him the "Knave of Diamonds." The Duce or two of Clubs, I think, ſhould be appropriated to challenges and duels. And the Black Aces ſhould be entirely *diſcarded* in our correſpondence with Ladies of character; as the Nines and Tens are at Ombre or Quadrille *. But theſe hints are left to be improved by the facetious Mr. ——.

My intention was chiefly to obſerve, that the diſguſted Lady mentioned in the laſt chapter, ſhould have made uſe of paper with black edges, in a meſſage to Mr. Wildgooſe, rather than a profane Card; which he could not but conſider as a diabolical invention, and conſequently as intended for an affront to ſo pious a man. However, he obeyed the ſummons, as has been related, and attended the Lady in her own apartment.

* A ſet of blank Cards have ſince been invented, by which the above abſurdities may be avoided.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Tête à Tête.

MR. Wildgooſe was introduced by the Footman into an handſome dining-room, elegantly furniſhed. The Lady received him in a genteel diſhabille; ſitting, or rather leaning, on a rich ſofa, in ſuch a poſture as neceſſarily diſplayed an handſome foot, ſomewhat above the inſtep. She was an agreeable woman, about ſix and twenty. And though her face was not ſo exquiſitely beautiful as it ſeemed to have been in her earlier days; yet, being ſhaded by a chip hat, and receiving a gloſs from a white ſattin night-gown in which ſhe was dreſſed, ſhe made upon the whole no unpalatable figure.

I would not inſinuate, that ſhe had any intention to captivate our Hero. Yet thus much, I believe, is certain: that a woman who has once been handſome, and experienced the power of her charms, ſeldom lays aſide the hopes of making conqueſts; but contracts an habitual fondneſs for admiration, and would be diſappointed

pointed in not receiving that incenſe, even from a man whom ſhe deſpiſed.

Mr. Wildgooſe, however, was at preſent no deſpicable object. He was now in his twenty-fifth year. He was well made, and had an agreeable countenance, which his late abſtemious way of life had improved, by giving quite a delicacy to his complexion. His hair was of a dark brown; and though it had not received the faſhionable frizure, it was grown thick enough to ſhade his face, and long enough to curl. And his dreſs, though plain, was tolerably neat and becoming.

In ſhort, though Mrs. Booby (which was the name of this Lady) really fancied ſhe had occaſion for ſome ghoſtly advice; yet probably ſhe might not have thought of this ceremony, if ſhe had not liked the perſon of her Caſuiſt; whom ſhe viewed, as he was declaiming, from the window of her apartment.

After bowing to Mr. Wildgooſe, and deſiring him to ſit down, ſhe pulled out her fan; and having played it a little, in a negligent manner, ſaid, "ſhe ſhould make no apology for giving "him this trouble, as ſhe was convinced, from "his character, he would not refuſe his advice "to any one in affliction."

Wild-

Wildgooſe bowed, and made a proper ſpeech upon the occaſion; and ſhe proceeded.

"In ſhort, Sir," ſays ſhe "I am ſick of "the world. But, that you may be a better "judge of my ſituation, I will beg leave to "trouble you with a ſhort hiſtory of my paſt "life; which will let you into the nature of "my preſent uneaſineſs."

Wildgooſe expreſſed his earneſt deſire to give her ſome ſpiritual conſolation; and Mrs. Booby thus began.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Booby's Story.

"WHEN I was about nineteen, I came "with my mother for the firſt time to "Bath: and, whether there was a ſcarcity of "beauty there that ſeaſon; or whether, in my "bloom, I might not be reckoned tolerably "handſome; I don't know." Here Wildgooſe bowed again; and muttering a complaiſant ſpeech, Mrs. Booby bluſhed, and went on. "Well, Sir, "as I was going to ſay, I found myſelf in great "vogue; much careſſed by the gentlemen, and

"in

"in poſſeſſion of a great number of admirers. "Amongſt the reſt, there was a very ſober "youth, of a good perſon and a genteel fortune, "who was particular in his attachment to me; "and, as my mother ſeemed to have no ob- "jection, I encouraged his addreſſes: and, I "own, he had made ſome progreſs towards "gaining my affections. But, after about a "month's intimate correſpondence with Mr. "Clayton (which was this young man's name), "application was made to my old Lady by "another gentleman, of a much larger fortune, "but much older than myſelf; who offered "me a ſettlement of eight hundred pounds a "year; and, if required, two hundred pounds a "year for what is called Pin-money.

"My mother was charmed with this pro- "poſal, and hoped 'I would not heſitate a mo- "ment, in preferring ſo advantageous an offer "to that of the young fellow who had been "dangling after me for ſome time.'

"I was ſtartled at this ſpeech; and told her, "'I ſhould certainly pay a proper deference to "her opinion in an affair of that importance: "but, Madam, ſays I, you know I have encou- "raged Mr. Clayton's addreſſes, and cannot,

"in

" in honour, liſten to any other propoſals.'—
" 'In honour! cries ſhe: a fiddleſtick! Well,
" continues ſhe, you may do as you pleaſe; I
" ſhall not force your inclinations: but, whe-
" ther you accept of Mr. Booby's offer or not,
" I ſhall inſiſt upon your not admitting that
" fellow's viſits (meaning Mr. Clayton's) any
" more.'

" This ſtern prohibition, though it obliged
" me to alter my external behaviour, could
" make no alteration in my affection for Mr.
" Clayton. I was denied to him indeed the
" next time he came; but we contrived two or
" three ſhort interviews at the rooms: and I
" told him, 'that although I could not think of
" diſobeying my mother's expreſs commands;
" I would vow eternal conſtancy to him, and
" promiſe faithfully never to give my hand,
" much leſs my heart, to any other.'

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mrs. Booby's Story continued.

"MR. Clayton was now obliged, by ſome "buſineſs of conſequence, to leave Bath "for ſome time, and was detained near two "months in the country. We contrived, how-"ever, to carry on a correſpondence by letters; "in which he lamented, 'how much he ſuffered "by this ſeparation; and how impoſſible it was "for him ever to be happy in my abſence.' I "anſwered his letters, at firſt, with more fond-"neſs perhaps than it was prudent, or even de-"cent, for any young woman to expreſs, what-"ever her real ſentiments may be; and made "the moſt romantic declarations, of preferring "retirement and a competence with the perſon "I loved, to the moſt ſplendid circumſtances "with one whom I deteſted.

"The moſt ardent love, however, may grow "cool, by a long ſeparation from its object; "for, though a ſhort abſence increaſes, too long "a one frequently extinguiſhes a paſſion. In "ſhort, I am convinced, that time and a variety

" of amuſements muſt weaken the force even of " the ſincereſt affection.

" As my Mama, without mentioning a word " of Mr. Booby's propoſals, was continually " repreſenting to my fancy the dazzling images " of a ſplendid equipage, a numerous atten- " dance, and the deference and reſpect which " are uſually paid to wealth and affluence; and " the like topics, which thoſe parents who pre- " fer the grandeur of alliance to the happineſs of " their children are fond of inculcating: I muſt " own my weakneſs; and confeſs, that I began " to feel my exceſſive tenderneſs for the abſent " Clayton gradually wearing off; and in ſhort, " I determined, at length, to find out ſome pre- " tence for breaking off all correſpondence with " him.

" The engagements of Lovers are like trea- " ties between Princes. The party that is de- " ſirous of coming to a rupture, is never at a " loſs for a pretence. In one of his letters, " poor Clayton, out of his great fondneſs per- " haps, had expreſſed his concern, as naturally " he might, leſt the conſtant ſolicitations, to " which every woman who is not abſolutely " ugly is expoſed in this place, might prove pre- " judicial to his love; and had even hinted, 'how

" happy

"happy it would make him, if I would not "appear in public more than was neceſſary "to oblige my Mama: who, he knew, was "more fond of the rooms, at that time, than "I myſelf was.'

"This modeſt requeſt, the conſequence pro- "bably of the moſt tender regard, furniſhed me "with the opportunity which I wanted, of "breaking with Clayton. I told him, in my "anſwer, 'that a woman could never be happy "with a man of his ſuſpicious temper: and, if "I was to be abridged of the moſt innocent "amuſements by a perſon who could claim not "the leaſt right to that power, what muſt I "expect from the authority of an huſband of "ſo jealous a diſpoſition? In ſhort, I added, "as this engagement was entirely inconſiſtent "with the obedience due to a parent, and the "correſpondence carried on in defiance of my "mother's expreſs prohibition, I deſired the "affair might proceed no further.'

"Inſtead of anſwering this letter, which "greatly alarmed him, Mr. Clayton came poſt "to Bath: the news of which, I muſt confeſs, "ſtaggered my reſolution. And meeting him "the next day, by accident, at the houſe where, "by agreement, our letters had been left, I

"found all my fondneſs revive at the ſight of "him; and inſtead of exchanging our letters "(which, after the receipt of ſo unaccountable "a one from me, he ſaid, was the utmoſt of "his expectation), we ſeemed to have eſtabliſh-"ed our correſpondence upon a more laſting "foundation than ever.

"After two or three clandeſtine interviews, "Mr. Clayton was again obliged to leave Bath; "and we again renewed our literary corre-"ſpondence. But oh! how little do we know "our own hearts! Whether the continual in-"cenſe of flattery, which I received from a "number of admirers, revived my ambition, "or whether mere abſence weaned my affections "from their object; I began, a ſecond time, to "feel a great indifference in regard to Mr. "Clayton. In ſhort, Sir, not to trouble you "with too tedious a detail of particulars, I "again found a pretence for dropping all further "intercourſe with him. And Clayton himſelf, "inſtead of coming again in perſon, (or per-"haps thinking me now beneath his regard) "only wrote me a defence of his conduct. "Such, at leaſt, I gueſſed to be the contents of "his letter; for, with unparalleled inſolence, "I ſent it back unopened. And thus ended our "connexion.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Mrs. Booby's Story concluded. Wildgoose's Opinion of the Marriage Contract. Deſcription of a Bath Life.

"MY Mother, perceiving the gloom which "appeared in my countenance on Mr. "Clayton's departure begin now to wear off, "and my uſual chearfulneſs return, gave Mr. "Booby an hint to renew his addreſſes. Theſe, "at firſt, I again rejected with great indigna- "tion. But, when I perceived, that although "my Mama declared againſt forcing my incli- "nations, yet that her conſtant frowns, and "perhaps her laſting diſpleaſure, and all the "negative diſcouragements in her power, would "be the conſequence of my refuſal, I began to "liſten to Mr. Booby's propoſals: and, after "ſtipulating for a decent time to conſider of it, "and inſiſting upon his firſt offer of two hun- "dred pounds a year, for pin-money; I con- "deſcended to accept his terms: and in ſhort, "our perſons were joined together in wedlock, "though two ſuch *hearts* could never be united.

"Mr. Booby indeed was not diſagreeable in "his appearance: and though he was near "twenty years older than me; yet, by his "manner of dreſs, in a public place, he con- "cealed what little depredation Time had made "on his perſon. But when we had been mar- "ried near three years without the conſequence "which he expected from our union (for he "was very deſirous of an heir to his eſtate), he "began to lay aſide the very deſire of pleaſing "me. And, as he became a ſloven, I began "to neglect my dreſs; ſo that, from being "merely indifferent, we ſoon became thoroughly "diſagreeable to each other. Every trifle was "now made matter of diſpute; and we fre- "quently quarrelled *one day*, about what had "been the ſubject of our diſpute the day be- "fore.

"But what rendered Mr. Booby completely "odious to me, was the high opinion he had "conceived of the ſuperiority of his ſex; and "the arbitrary notions he entertained of the "authority of the huſband over us poor do- "meſtic animals, called wives. In ſhort, Mr. "Wildgooſe, this was a conſtant ſubject of de- "bate; and in fine, the real cauſe of our ſepara- "tion."

"Is

"Is Mr. Booby then alive? and do you live "ſeparate from him?"—"Why, Sir, you ſhall "hear. It was a thing utterly unavoidable; "and nothing but an abſolute neceſſity ſhould "have forced me to take ſo imprudent a ſtep. "I was driven to it by the moſt brutal behavi- "our, as you ſhall hear.

"Mr. Booby's family-ſeat is in the North of "England; but (being ſo remote from Bath, "which waters were thought neceſſary for his "health; and a bad ſporting country, which "is his whole delight) he had taken a hunting "ſeat near the Wiltſhire Downs; whither I "was baniſhed ſoon after our marriage; or "rather where I was impriſoned, and confined "to the converſation of dogs and horſes, or, "what is worſe, mere Country Squires, Parſons, "and Fox-hunters: for there was not above "one converſible neighbour within ten miles of "us; and that family we rarely ſaw above once "in a quarter.

"One day, when Mr. Booby returned from "hunting, he brought home with him, accord- "ing to cuſtom, the Parſon of the pariſh and "a neighbouring Attorney; though he knew "that I had invited the only genteel family "which (as I told you) we had in the neigh-

" bourhood, to ſpend the evening with me. As " thoſe politer meetings were but rarely indulged " me, I uſually made an handſome ſupper; and " as our houſe was a mere box, though I had " a dining-room to receive my company in on " thoſe occaſions, yet we were always obliged " to ſup in the common parlour. As ſoon, " therefore, as we had dined, I deſired Mr. " Booby and his ruſtic companions to adjourn " into a little ſmoaking-room, to take their " pipes and their bottles; which he abſolutely " refuſed. Upon my pleading a right to the " parlour, to entertain my company in, he in- " ſiſted upon his prerogative of being maſter in " his own houſe. In ſhort, after many aggra- " vations, I proceeded ſo far as to tell him, " ' I would rather live in a cottage, than with " ſuch a brute as he was;' to which he replied, " ' that he would ſooner live in a wind-mill, " than with ſuch a vixen as I was; and, that " he never deſired to ſee my face again.' Upon " which, I threw my hoop ring in his face; and, " having diſpatched a card to put off my com- " pany, ordered the chariot, and drove imme- " diately to Bath: where I have lived ever ſince " laſt October.

" Now,

"Now, Sir, I ſhould be glad of your opinion; "whether I have done any thing inconſiſtent "with my duty, or contrary to my marriage-"vow, upon this occaſion. For you muſt ob-"ſerve, Mr. Wildgooſe, nothing but the moſt "*brutal uſage* could have forced me to take this "ſtep; and you ſee I was under an *abſolute ne-"ceſſity* of acting as I have done. You muſt "mind *that*, Mr. Wildgooſe: and then, I am "ſure, you will paſs ſentence in my favour, "and acquit me of any thing wrong in this "affair."

Wildgooſe was at firſt ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment, and could not tell what anſwer to make: but, after recovering a little from his confuſion; "Madam," ſays he, "as you aſk "my opinion, I am perſuaded you expect me to "give it you with the utmoſt ſincerity; and my "conſcience will not permit me to ſpeak what "I do not really think; and a good Chriſtian "ſhould rather run the riſque of appearing un-"polite, than inſincere.

"I would by no means, Madam, caſt the blame "entirely upon you: for, I think, there was no "probability that ſuch an alliance as you have "deſcribed could be productive of any laſting

" felicity; as it was not founded on a mutual " affection, nor (I am afraid) entered into on a " religious principle, or in the fear of God. " Your affections, you own, were pre-engaged; " or, at leaſt, having been diſappointed in their " firſt object, could not exert their natural force " on a ſecond.

" Then, I am afraid, Madam, you have not " ſufficiently conſidered your obligation to *obey* " the perſon, to whom you have, by the mar- " riage-contract, given up, in ſome meaſure, " your natural freedom."—" Given up my *free-* " *dom!*" cries Mrs. Booby, " I'd ſooner reſign " my life."—" Give me leave, Madam, to ex- " plain myſelf," ſays Wildgooſe. " I do not " ſpeak of this obligation, as founded on the " mere words of the marriage-ceremony (for " all human ordinances are vain and frivolous); " but as evidently enjoined by the holy Scrip- " ture, and to be deduced from that ſuperiority " which Nature ſeems to have given the man " over the more delicate ſex."

" Ay, that's ſo like my huſband now!" cries Mrs. Booby, turning red, and playing her fan with ſome vivacity: " but you muſt excuſe me, " Sir, if I cannot allow the *ſuperiority* you plead " for."—" Well, Madam," replies Mr. Wild-

gooſe,

gooſe, "I will not enter into the diſpute about "the natural equality of the ſexes, which has "of late been brought frequently upon the car- "pet; though the *novelty* of the Ladies claim is, "I think, a ſtrong preſumption in our favour. "But be that as it will; I am clearly of opinion, "that in domeſtic, as well as civil government, "to prevent continual diſſenſions and ſtruggles "for ſuperiority, there muſt ſomewhere be "lodged a *dernier reſort*, an *arbitrary*, or (to "uſe a ſofter name) a *ſovereign* power. And "I am certain, that Religion, as well as Rea- "ſon, has placed this power in the huſband."— "Very well!" ſays Mrs. Booby, with a con- temptuous ſneer.—"For a proper uſe of this "power, however," continues Wildgooſe, "the "huſband is accountable both to the laws of "God and of man. And I am convinced, "Madam, if you could have acknowledged this "ſuperior authority in Mr. Booby, and had "thought it your duty to ſubmit in ſuch tri- "fles as that which was the immediate cauſe of "your ſeparation, you would have been much "happier than by your own account you now "are. For, I believe, as depraved as our nature "is, there is no man ſo brutiſh, that could bear "to tyrannize over a poor helpleſs creature;

"who (inſtead of diſplaying that maſculine fe-
"rocity which is too common in the ſex) ac-
"knowledged her entire dependence upon him
"for ſupport and protection."

"*Support* and *protection*, indeed!" exclaims Mrs. Booby: "my pin-money will *ſupport* me,
"and I ſcorn his *protection*."—"Give me leave,
"Madam, to conclude my argument," ſays Wildgooſe. "The very circumſtance which
"you mention has, I am afraid, contributed
"not a little to bring on that ſeparation which
"you ſeem now to repent of: I mean, that
"monſtrous article of modern refinement called
"pin-money; which, I perceive, is always up-
"permoſt in your thoughts. The allowing a
"woman a maintenance independent of her
"huſband, is not only deſtroying that mutual
"affection which ariſes from a ſenſe of their
"intereſt being inſeparably united; but is alſo
"a continual temptation to a woman to fly out
"on the ſlighteſt diſpute: and to deſpiſe the au-
"thority of an huſband, without whoſe aſſiſt-
"ance or ſupport ſhe has it in her power to
"live in affluence and ſplendor. Separate purſes
"between man and wife are as unnatural as ſe-
"parate beds: which indeed one often hears of
"amongſt people of faſhion, where there is no

"more difficulty in making up *two* beds than "one. But the ſureſt way of preventing ſuch "a ſeparation is, to have but one bed to go to; "which is moſt commonly the caſe with the "happier couples in lower life.

"In ſhort, Madam, I am inclined to think, "the great facility which you found in ex- "changing the ſolitude you complain of, for "the gaieties and *pleaſures* of Bath, was a prin- "cipal motive of your deſerting Mr. Booby, and "precipitating yourſelf into this misfortune; "which raſh conduct, I find, now ſits ſo heavy "upon your conſcience."

"Indeed, Sir," replied Mrs. Booby, ſtarting from a kind of reverie, "you are vaſtly miſta- "ken. I am more ſick of a public place, if "poſſible, than of my own home—whither in- "deed I have lately had ſome thoughts of re- "turning; as I have received ſeveral overtures "from Mr. Booby to that purpoſe. The *plea-* "*ſures* of *Bath* indeed! No; I deteſt the place; "and could wiſh to be baniſhed from it for "ever! It is a tedious circle of unmeaning hur- "ry, anxiety, and fatigue; of fancied enjoy- "ments and real chagrins:—to-day one is in "vogue, the Lord knows why; to-morrow de- "ſerted, and equally without reaſon. In the

"former

"former caſe, one is peſtered and diſtracted "with variety of engagements; in the latter, "left a prey to melancholy, and the diſagree- "able reflexions on the ſlights we meet with. "Such indeed is the ſpirit of public places: "every one is aſpiring after the company of "his ſuperiors; while he deſpiſes his equals, "and ſacrifices the real enjoyment of friendly "converſation to the fooliſh ambition of being "ſeen in, what is called, *good company*. In "ſhort, nothing can be more trifling than the "life of a Lady, nor more inſipid than that of a "Gentleman, at Bath: the one is a conſtant ſe- "ries of flirting and gadding about; the other "of ſauntering from place to place, without "any ſcheme or purſuit. Scandal or fa- "ſhions engroſs the converſation of the former; "the news of the day, the price of fiſh, the "hiſtory of the preceding night at the tavern, "or ſavoury anticipations of their next de- "bauch, furniſh out the morning entertain- "ment of the latter."

"Well, Madam, I am glad to hear you ſpeak "with ſo much diſguſt of this ſcene of diſſipa- "tion; which, by all accounts, it highly de- "ſerves: and I hope it is a good ſymptom of "the New-Birth. If you are once properly

"ſenſible

" ſenſible of your own miſery, you will ſoon be " glad to take refuge where only true joys are " to be found."

" Oh, Sir, you do not know half the follies " and impertinences of this place. There are " ſome indeed who appear more ſeriouſly em- " ployed; and who pore whole mornings over " a game at Whiſt, with the attention and ſo- " lemnity of Mathematicians or Privy-coun- " ſellors. But one might as well affect tran- " quillity in a ſtorm or a whirl-wind, as enjoy- " ment at a gaming-table. It is expoſing one's " ſelf continually to the caprice and ſport of " Fortune, and to every boiſterous, unſociable, " and ſelfiſh paſſion. For my part, though, I " confeſs, I have been fond of cards, yet they " are now my utter averſion: I renounce them " for ever; and (if I know my own mind) am " determined never to touch a card again as " long as I live."

Whilſt Mrs. Booby was making this declaration, and Wildgooſe highly applauding her reſolution; the Footman opened the door, and announced the arrival of Lady Fanny Flurry, who ruſhed in, toſſing her hoop three yards before her. But, ſeeing ſo unfaſhionable a figure as Wildgooſe, ſhe ſtarted back, and taking him for

for a Shoe-maker or ſomething in that ſtyle, ſhe cried out, "Oh! Booby, you are engaged, I "ſee." But Mrs. Booby winking upon her, and aſſuring her ſhe was not; "Well, my dear "Booby," ſays Lady Fanny, "I only came to "beſpeak you for a party at Quadrille to-night, "and ſhall depend upon your company at the "Rooms."—Oh! Lady Fanny! name it not," cries Mrs. Booby; "I have juſt made a *firm* "reſolution never to touch another card—after "the bad run I had laſt night. But—your "*La'ſhip* is ſo obliging, there's *no* reſiſting *you*— "yet, I hate the Rooms; and poſitively I can- "not be of your party *there*."—"Oh! ho! "my Dear," replies her Ladyſhip, "have you "betrayed yourſelf? What! you are piqued "then, at not being invited to poor Clayton's "public breakfaſt this morning? Come, come! "you had the refuſal of him; and how can you "blame the creature for ſeeking conſolation "elſewhere? And, really, thirty thouſand "pounds, with a pretty woman, is no unpro- "miſing proſpect of conſolation."

And now the ſecret was out. The true cauſe of Mrs. Booby's diſguſt with the world, and of her deſiring this conference with a Quack-preacher, was the arrival of her former lover, Mr. Clayton;

Clayton; who, a few years after ſhe had ſacrificed him either to her Mother's importunity or to her own ambition, had married a very agreeable heireſs with thirty thouſand pounds, whom he had now for the firſt time brought to Bath, where ſhe made a very brilliant appearance. And Mrs. Booby not having been particularly invited to a public breakfaſt which Mr. Clayton gave that morning; this ſlight, together with a bad run at cards, had made her *ſick of the world:* and, to *amuſe* herſelf chiefly, ſhe had had recourſe to this ſpiritual Knight-errant. However, ſhe was ſo well pleaſed with our Hero's company (for, where the peculiarities of his religious ſyſtem were not concerned, Wildgooſe was really very agreeable), that, notwithſtanding his offer to take his leave, Mrs. Booby inſiſted upon his company to tea and coffee, which now made its appearance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A Scene in genteel Life. Enter Mrs. Bardolph, Miſs Truſle, and Mr. Rouvell. Their Characters.

"THE moſt material difference between "keeping good company and bad is, the "hearing the ſame things ſaid before a dozen "wax-lights at the court-end of the town, or "before a couple of mould candles in the city." This, or ſomething to the ſame purpoſe, was remarked by a celebrated Genius of the laſt age. But I am inclined to think, that the honeſt Citizens of our times would ſuffer by ſuch a compariſon: for in that ſerious part of the metropolis, there are ſtill ſome remains of the Britiſh plainneſs of ſpeech and manlineſs of converſation. There, Buſineſs, Politics, News, Hiſtory, or even Religion, are, in their turn, ſometimes admitted as intereſting ſubjects of diſcourſe or argumentation. But amongſt thoſe choice ſpirits who have monopolized and appropriated to themſelves the ſtyle and title of *good company*, one rarely hears any other topics introduced, than annals of the Whiſt-table or anecdotes of the Turf,

Turf, Operas, Routs, and Maſquerades; the moſt trifling relations of the moſt trifling tranſactions. And, as Lord Shafteſbury obſerves of his times, "If any thing of Learning is introduced, it is Pedantry; if any thing of Morality, it is called Preaching."

In theſe reflections, however, the good company now introduced is not particularly concerned.

Mrs. Booby, not having appeared in public that day, was viſited by moſt of the idle and impertinent part of her acquaintance. Amongſt the reſt there now arrived thoſe two amiable perſons, Mrs. Bardolph and the well-known Miſs Truſle*; the latter with a black ſpaniel under her arm and a ſquirrel in her pocket. Theſe ladies were immediately followed by Mr. Rouvell, or (as he was aptly called) Beau Rueful.

Mrs. Bardolph was the wife of a very worthy man: which circumſtance, together with the good table which ſhe kept, and her readineſs to make one at a party at Quadrille, introduced her into a numerous acquaintance amongſt people of faſhion. Of which privilege, however, ſhe made no other uſe, than that of paſſing away the time leſs tediouſly; of dining and

* Twenty years ago.

ſupping

ſupping agreeably, and of tranſmitting the inſipid occurrences of one family into that of another; the particulars of which her memory enabled her to retain longer than people of more reflexion. So that ſhe was a living Chronicle of every incident, good, bad, or indifferent, that had befallen her acquaintance for twenty years together.

Of much the ſame importance was the character of Miſs Truſle. She was a woman of family; but had neither fortune, beauty, wit, or even good-nature, to recommend her. Indeed her perſon was not only deſpicably ſmall, but deformed likewiſe; her underſtanding of the ſame dimenſions, and her temper as deformed as her perſon. Yet, under all theſe diſadvantages, her rank and the good company ſhe always appeared in might haply have captivated ſome Country Eſquire, who would have thought himſelf honoured by the alliance; but for, that eternal bane to every thing that is amiable, her affectation.

Miſs Truſle had two or three ſiſters who were admired; and from two or three occaſional compliments which ſhe had met with on their account, ſhe flattered herſelf (in downright contradiction to her looking-glaſs) that ſhe herſelf

ſelf had ſome pretenſions to the family features. In conſequence of this, ſhe noddled her head, was ſaucy, and ſaid rude things to one's face, and gave herſelf all the coquettiſh airs of a celebrated toaſt: the natural reſult of which was, that, having lived a virgin to the age of thirty, and now deſpairing of becoming a miſtreſs of any other ſort of family, ſhe had ſettled her affections on ſquirrels, monkeys, and lap-dogs, with which, for want of other gallants, ſhe was conſtantly attended; though they frequently ſupplied the wags with perſonal compariſons, not much to Miſs Truffle's advantage.

Mr. Rouvell, or Beau Rueful, was a young fellow, who, by a ſtrange concurrence of lucky circumſtances, with the help of a convenient aſſurance and a laced coat, had wriggled himſelf into tolerable company: and, what is more ſtrange, by boldly criticiſing every new pamphlet, laughing at every thing ſerious, and by putting modeſt people out of countenance, was by ſome people eſteemed a formidable Wit. Nay, what is moſt ſtrange of all, his profuſe expences having almoſt diſſipated a genteel fortune left him by a relation, he was now commenced fortune-hunter; without any kind of merit, either of perſon (which correſponded with his nick-

name

name *Rueful)*; or of underſtanding, which was of the loweſt ſtandard; or even of birth, which was very mean, he being the ſon of a Grocer, in the ancient city of Coventry.

As ſtraws and feathers attract each other on the ſurface of the water, theſe three worthy perſons, as if linked together by a mutual ſympathy, came in a train to Mrs. Booby's apartment.

Rueful bowed to Mrs. Booby and to Lady Fanny; nodded to Mrs. Bardolph, and patted Miſs Truſle upon her bare ſhoulders; but took no more notice of Wildgooſe, than of the Footman that waited, or of the Dutch Maſtiff which lay ſleeping on a cuſhion in a corner of the room. Being ſeated, however, he lolled over the ſettee; and, with the corner of his hat held to his face, aſked Mrs. Booby, in an audible whiſper, "Who, the Devil, ſhe had got there?" Mrs. Bardolph's curioſity likewiſe being raiſed, ſhe aſked the ſame queſtion, in the ſame tone, but concealing her face with her fan. Miſs Truſle ſtared in Wildgooſe's face; burſt into a laugh; then, turning to Rueful, aſked him, "Why he "did not wear his own hair, which, ſhe heard, "was coming much into faſhion?"

In

In anſwer to Rueful's and Mrs. Bardolph's queſtions, Mrs. Booby ſaid aloud, "that the "gentleman was Mr. Wildgooſe; and, ſhe hoped, "would make them all as good Chriſtians as "he was himſelf." On hearing Wildgooſe's name, Mrs. Bardolph aſked, "if he was any "relation to the Wildgooſes of Wiltſhire?"—"Wildgooſes of Wiltſhire!" ſays Mrs. Booby, "I know no ſuch family."—"What! not Miſs "Wildgooſe, that ran away with her father's "Butler?"—"Lord! you mean Miſs Goſling."—"Bleſs me!" ſays Mrs. Bardolph, "ſo I do: "but I am the worſt perſon in the world to re-"member *names*" (which however was no inconſiderable part of her erudition). "Well; "Wildgooſe, or Goſling; they are not much "unlike."—"No;" ſays Rueful, "I ſuppoſe "they are of the ſame family, and bear the "ſame arms—a Grey-gooſe, *cankant*, *regar-"dant*." Rueful's blazonry was unintelligible to all but himſelf; and conſequently received no applauſe, but from an affected laugh of his own.

Wildgooſe had no very pleaſant time of it, whilſt the affair of his name and family was adjuſting. But his attention was diverted from this converſation, by the Footman's treading on his

toe, as he was handing the coffee to him. Wildgooſe begged Mr. John's pardon, for putting his foot in the way: and moved his chair with no ſmall trepidation. But Mr. John, far from being mollified by his ſubmiſſive behaviour, owed him another good turn; and, in handing his tea to him, did it with ſo ſcornful an air, that it flaſhed plentifully over Wildgooſe's pluſh breeches. Mrs. Booby, however, obſerved the inſolence of her ſervant, and very properly reprimanded him for it: upon which, Mr. John vouchſafed to wait with a little more dexterity.

Nothing would have kept Lady Fanny ſo long ſilent, but the ſublime contempt which ſhe had conceived of her company. She had been trifling with her ſpoon, and cooling her tea, with an abſent air; and now drank half a diſh, emptied the reſt into the ſlop-baſon; then, ſtarting up, "Lord!" ſays ſhe, "what am I about! I am "engaged to tea at the rooms this evening; "and have a myriad of viſits to make before I "go thither."—"Sir," ſays ſhe to the Footman, "pleaſe to order my chair."—Then pulling out her pocket-book, "Let me ſee," ſays ſhe, "Lady Loiter, old Lady Shockingphyz, Sir "Arthur Lurch;—yes, our Whiſt-parties are "full for Thurſday, Friday, and Saturday "evenings.

"evenings. But on Sunday-night, Booby, we "will expect you, for a party at Quadrille."—Here Wildgooſe erected his eye-brows; and fetched a deep ſigh, or rather groaned in ſpirit. But Lady Fanny correcting herſelf, "Bleſs me!" cries ſhe, "what do I talk of Sunday? I for-"get that I am at Bath. That ſuperannuated "old creature, Naſh, will not let us play on "Sunday-night—in public. Well, to-night, "however, at eight o'clock, I ſhall depend "upon you." Then, riſing up, and toſſing her hoop over Wildgooſe's head as ſhe ruſhed by him, ſhe took her leave, with "*Adieu! ma "chere Booby; je vous attend, tout à l'heure!*"

CHAP. XII.

Various Chit-chat.

AFTER Lady Fanny was gone, Mrs. Booby, with no other view than to give Mr. Wildgooſe an opportunity of ſaying ſomething, aſked him, "what his opinion was, of fre-"quenting the rooms at Bath, or other public "places?" Wildgooſe replied, "that he had "had no opportunity of forming any opinion

"upon that head from his own experience. But, "Madam," continues he, "as, by all accounts, "the chief intent of thoſe aſſemblies is either "gaming, intriguing, or unmeaning diſſipation; "in ſhort, to prevent our being left a prey to "our own thoughts, and ſeeing our own mi- "ſery and corruption; I cannot think it ad- "viſeable, even for people with the beſt in- "tentions, to countenance, by their example, "meetings of this kind."

"Well, Sir," ſays Rouvell, "you may preach "as long as you pleaſe; but, I believe, you "will hardly prevail upon people of faſhion to "give up ſo agreeable an amuſement."

"Why, Sir," replies Wildgooſe, "from the "deſcription which Mrs. Booby has juſt now "been giving me of a Bath life, I am ſo far "from thinking it even *agreeable*; that it ap- "pears to me a mere ſcene of vanity and folly. "Pray, Madam," continues Wildgooſe, "did "you ever read the Pilgrim's Progreſs."—"Ha! "ha! ha!" cries Rouvell, in a horſe-laugh; "I believe we may all have read that, and Jack "the Giant-killer too, in the nurſery."—"Well, "Sir, you may laugh; I now only mention "that original author upon a ludicrous occaſion, "as I think his account of 'Vanity-Fair' ſeems

"to

" to be no bad deſcription of the inſipid inter-
" courſe (to ſay no worſe of it) that uſually
" paſſes between the thoughtleſs creatures at
" moſt of thoſe public aſſemblies."

" Well," ſays Rouvell, " granting it to be as
" *inſipid* as you pleaſe; yet, wherever people of
" diſtinction agree to aſſemble, thoſe that would
" not be out of the world muſt follow them.
" even thoſe that ſet up for reformers of man-
" kind muſt frequent thoſe aſſemblies, if they
" would do any good amongſt them. I will
" anſwer for it, St. Paul himſelf, who *became*
" *all things to all men*, if he had come to Bath,
" would have gone to the Rooms; and St. Luke,
" like other Phyſicians, would have frequented
" the Coffee-houſe."—" Very fine!" ſays Miſs
Truſle; " and I ſuppoſe you think the Four
" Evangeliſts would have made a party at Quad-
" rille! you will make a fine Parſon indeed!"

Wildgooſe was ſtruck with horror at this pro-
phane raillery: but Mrs. Bardolph, by way of
changing the ſubject, aſked Mrs. Booby, " if
" ſhe had heard how old Lady Shockingphyz
" was mortified at the Ball laſt night; or rather
" at the Pump-Room this morning?"—" No,"
ſays Mrs. Booby, " I have not had a ſoul come
" near me to-day, except the preſent company

"and Lady Fanny."—"Why," ſays Mrs. Bardolph, "you know her Ladyſhip's family pride."—"Yes," ſays Mrs. Booby; "as ſhe has no "merit of her own to plead, her Ladyſhip is "forced to ſubſiſt upon the family fund; and "that is pretty well exhauſted. She has only "one daughter, I think, to keep up the honour "of it."—"Well, it was for that daughter," ſays Mrs. Bardolph, "that ſhe deſired Naſh to get "a partner: who recommended a very genteel "young man, and very well dreſſed; and Miſs "jigged it down, the whole evening, with great "alacrity and ſatisfaction. But this morning, "at the Pump-Room, the buſy Mrs. Marrall "came out of breath to Lady Shockingphyz, and "told her, 'that the young man her daughter "danced with, was a Linen-draper in Cheap-"ſide.'—'Indeed!' ſays her Ladyſhip: 'what "does that ſaucy fellow Naſh mean, by uſing "me thus?' And away ſhe trudges, to repri-"mand him for it.—Mr. Naſh, after ſome in-"quiries into the affair, told her Ladyſhip, "'that, to be ſure, the Gentleman did deal in "linen; but that it was in the *wholeſale* way; "and that he never *cut* a piece of cloth in his "life.'—'Are you ſure of that?' cries her Lady-"ſhip: 'Are you ſure he never *cut*, Mr. "Naſh?

" Naſh? If the Gentleman never *cut*, why cer-
" tainly there is no ſuch great matter in it.'

" Thus her Ladyſhip ran on, till the whole
" company burſt into a loud laugh, both at
" her Ladyſhip's ridiculous pride, and at the
" mortification it had deſervedly met with."

" Well," ſays Rouvell, " as Mrs. Bardolph
" has told you how Lady Shockingphyz was
" mortified this morning, I will tell you how
" Lord —— was terrified yeſterday in the after-
" noon.

" An honeſt Tradeſman, who has an hand-
" ſome wife, was buſy in his ſhop (which is
" much frequented by the company ſome parts
" of the day); but having occaſion to go up into
" his bed-chamber, to his bureau, he ſaw a
" very fine *point d'Eſpagne* laced hat, lying upon
" his wife's toilette; and, upon caſting his eye
" round the room, he eſpied a man's foot, with
" a fine ſtone buckle, peep out from under the
" bed-curtain; behind which Lord ——,
" who lodged in the houſe, was endeavouring
" to conceal himſelf. From the confuſion his
" Lordſhip was in, and from ſeveral other cir-
" cumſtances, the honeſt Tradeſman had now no
" doubt that an amorous correſpondence was

" carrying on between his Lordſhip and his " wife; a glimpſe of whom he had juſt ſeen, as " ſhe ſlipped down the back-ſtairs, from a cloſet " of communication.

" The Tradeſman, though a man of a tame " diſpoſition and mitigated reſentment, yet, " upon ſuch an occaſion, burſt forth into a moſt " vehement rage; venting his indignation in a " menacing tone, and in the following manner. " 'My Lord! as ſure as you are now alive, " if ever I catch you in my bed-chamber again, " with my wife—depend upon it, as ſure as I " have a head upon my body, I will—I will— " certainly—throw your laced hat out of the " window!'

" His Lordſhip, though not greatly diſ- " mayed at this terrible denunciation, yet de- " termined, for the future, to proſecute his in- " trigue with greater precaution."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Story of Calomel and Lady Riot.

MRS. Booby now obſerved, "that Lady "Fanny had looked very grave to-day: "one would think," ſays ſhe, "her Ladyſhip "had met with ſome mortification." Rouvell remarked, "that people of rank were always ſo "in mixt company; though, for my part," continues he, "I have always found perſons of "quality the moſt affable creatures in the world. "I remember, the firſt time I ſpent a week at "Lord Grandiſon's, there was Sir Peter Pier-"point, Jack North, and half a dozen more of "us. And I remember I was as free with the "young Peer the firſt hour, as I am at this "day."—"Who ſuſpects you of any *mauvaiſe* "*honte*, or baſhfulneſs?" ſays Miſs Truſle.—"I ſhall never forget a droll accident that hap-"pened there," continues Rouvell, undaunted by Miſs Truſle's hint.—"His Lordſhip had a Swiſs "ſervant, who pretended to have diſcovered a "new japan, or liquid blacking; and the fellow "muſt needs make the experiment upon our

" ſhoes. But, would you believe it? the com-
" poſition, whatever it was, had contracted the
" pores of the leather to *ſuch* a degree, that the
" next morning we all came hobbling into the
" room, like ſo many old gouty fellows.—Lord
" Grandiſon was ſo diverted with the ſcene,
" that I thought his Lordſhip would have ſplit
" his *diaphragm* with laughing."—" Why, this
" was an incident worth recording, truly!" ſays Mrs. Booby.

" Oh! now you talk of people of quality," cries Mrs. Bardolph, " there is Lady Sherwood
" wants much to have ſome converſation with
" this gentleman. She has heard a great cha-
" racter of his piety; and, I believe, her Lady-
" ſhip is well inclined towards the Methodiſts.
" And I can take upon me to aſſure you, Sir,
" that ſhe would be very glad if you would call
" on her at her lodgings."—Wildgooſe replied,
" he ſhould be very happy in contributing to
" the converſion of the loweſt of his fellow crea-
" tures; and ſhould certainly eſteem it an ho-
" nour to wait on her Ladyſhip, if ſhe deſired
" it."

But here Rouvell again interpoſed, by obſerving " that perſons of diſtinction often diverted
" themſelves at Bath, with odd characters; and

" that

"that people who did not know the world "might eaſily be drawn in, to make themſelves "thoroughly ridiculous. Did you never hear "how Lady Riot ſerved poor Calomel, an "eminent Apothecary of this place?" Upon the company's anſwering in the negative, "I will "tell it you," ſays Rouvell.

"Mr. Calomel is a very honeſt man, and an "experienced Apothecary; but highly abſurd in "his converſation and manner of addreſs: Lady "Riot, who is a woman of humour, has often "detained him at her lodgings for her amuſe-"ment, when his patients wanted his lenient "hand for more ſalutary applications. Calomel "was ſo elated by this diſtinction, that, though "he was turned of fifty, he entertained ſome "faint ſuſpicions that his perſon, as well as his "converſation, might have pleaſed Lady Riot.

"Having therefore ſome buſineſs in London "laſt winter, he took it into his head to *call* "*upon* her Ladyſhip, at her houſe in town; "and not finding her at home, he left her "Ladyſhip a card, with 'Mr. Calomel's com-"pliments to Lady Riot; lets her Ladyſhip "know, that he did himſelf the honour to wait "on her Ladyſhip; and that he is to be

" ſpoken with at The White Bear, in Picca-
" dilly.'

" When her Ladyſhip came home to dinner,
" at five o'clock, ſhe was highly diverted with
" Calomel's ſtyle of politeneſs: and it being
" her aſſembly-night, ſhe produced his card
" before the whole company; who, being let
" into the character of Calomel, voted to ſend
" for *him* thither; and *bets* were laid, *pro* and
" *con*—come or not come—for fifty guineas.

" But Lady Riot, to make ſure of her point,
" ordered her coach, and, ſlipping ſlily out of
" the room, took Lady Rattle with her, drove
" to The White Bear, and enquired for Mr.
" Calomel. Calomel, being a ſober man, and
" having a *reverend regard* to his health, had
" retired to his bed-chamber, got into his night-
" gown and ſlippers, tied his night-cap under
" his chin, and was juſt going to his repoſe,
" when the Drawer brought up the meſſage.
" Calomel at firſt ſaid, 'he ſuppoſed they were
" ſome naughty women of the town, and he
" would have nothing to ſay to them.' But
" upon the Drawer's aſſuring him, it was ſome
" Lady of quality in her own carriage, with a
" couple of flambeaux; Calomel came down to
" the door in his diſhabille, to reconnoitre them.

" The

"The moment Lady Riot beheld him, ſhe cries "out, 'My dear Calomel, how do you do? "Come, I muſt have ſome chat with you: do "not ſtand in the ſtreet in your night-cap; ſtep "into the coach a moment.' Which having "done, the Footman (as he had been inſtructed) "clapping to the door, the coach drove imme- "diately to her Ladyſhip's houſe; where Calo- "mel was produced before thirty card-tables, in "his night-cap and ſlippers.

"The brilliancy of the aſſembly and the "wax-lights a little diſconcerted poor Calomel "at firſt; but his vanity ſoon prevailing over "his baſhfulneſs, he mixed with the ſociety, "and greatly diverted them with his abſurd "buffoonries.

"To complete the farce, the Butler had his "cue, to mix a ſoporific with whatever he gave "him to drink. And upon Calomel's deſiring "ſome Madeira negus, a baſon was brought "him, properly medicated; which ſoon began "to operate, and before eleven o'clock Calo- "mel was faſt aſleep in an elbow-chair. They "then rolled him up in his night-gown, like a "collar of brawn; and ſwathing down his arms "with his ſaſh, laid him ſafely to bed by a "fat Scullion, where Calomel ſlept as ſweetly

" as probably he would have done in her Lady-
" ſhip's own bed-chamber."

" Well, and how did the poor man get back
" to his Inn, in the morning?" ſays Mrs. Bardolph. " Nay," ſays Rouvell, " I have put
" him fairly to bed; let him get back in a
" chair or hackney-coach, or how the devil he
" pleaſes. Further this Deponent ſaith not."

CHAP. XIV.

Univerſities defended, &c.

" WELL," ſays Mrs. Booby, " to be ſure,
" a mere Citizen of Bath is as pedantic
" a creature, as a mere Fellow of a College:
" is often as proud, has as abſurd notions of
" life; and is as much out of his element, when
" he gets out of his ſhop or his lodging-houſe,
" as the other is out of his own common
" room."

" Yes, rot them," ſays Rouvell; " and they
" get rich, by the money we ſpend here, before
" they know how to carry their hands, or come
" into a room."

" And

"And yet I know a great many ſenſible, po-
"lite people," ſays Mrs. Booby, "amongſt the
"inhabitants of this place."

"Why, it would be ſtrange indeed," replies Rouvell, "if the great reſort of the politeſt com-
"pany in Europe did not poliſh the creatures a
"little: for I take Bath, as a public place, to
"be a better ſchool for any young fellow, than
"all the Univerſities or Colleges in the world.
"And I do not ſee but thoſe who have had no
"other education appear as well in company,
"as people who have been plodding at the
"ſciences in a College for ſeven years to-
"gether."

Here Wildgooſe could not forbear interpoſing; and obſerved, "that although, Religion was,
"he believed, at as low an ebb in the Univer-
"ſities as in other parts of the kingdom, not-
"withſtanding the excellence of its inſtitution
"for that purpoſe, yet he could not but think
"them ſtill the chief fountains of erudition.

"There is indeed," ſays he, "a ſlight
"tincture of learning, a ſuperficial knowledge,
"diffuſed among all ranks in this generation.
"But if there were not ſome *repoſitories* for the
"ſciences, and ſome encouragements, ſuch as
"thoſe for our Profeſſors, to ſearch more deep-
"ly

"ly into them than the generality of the "world ſeem diſpoſed to do; I am of opinion "the very principles of them would in time "be loſt, and we ſhould again relapſe into Go-"thic ignorance and barbariſm.

"There may be men of courage, that do not "wear a red coat: and a gentleman may know "how to uſe a ſword, without going into the "army; or to ſtand fire, though not educated in "the navy. But ſtill there is a kind of military "ſpirit, peculiar to gentlemen of thoſe pro-"feſſions; a ſet of traditionary maxims of hon-"our and courage"—Juſt at this inſtant Wild-gooſe ſtarted up with the utmoſt ſurprize and trepidation, and alarmed the whole company. Rouvell burſt out into an horſe-laugh—Mrs. Booby cried out, "Lord! Miſs Truſle, what "are you about?"—The caſe was, Miſs Truſle (who for ſome time ſat in ſilent contempla-tion of her own importance, and playing with her lap-dog), whilſt Wildgooſe was in the midſt of his harangue, had put her Squirrel upon his ſhoulder: the little animal began dancing about; and, fixing his claws in Wildgooſe's neck, gave him ſo ſmart a pinch, that if he had had the in-ſenſibility of a Stoic, or even a Spartan educa-

tion,

tion, he could not have borne it without ſome emotion of terror or ſurprize.

When the company had ſufficiently laughed at Miſs Truſle's wit, and were again compoſed; Mr. Rouvell, reſuming the diſcourſe, ſaid, "he "did not undervalue an Univerſity education, "as an old Maid rails at Matrimony, becauſe "he had been denied the ſweets of it. Only I "ſay," continues he, caſting a look of complacency on his own perſon, "that I am more "indebted to Bath, and the company of the "ladies, for being what I am; than to all the "lectures of Tutors and Profeſſors, which I "attended in the Univerſity."—"I dare ſay "you are, Mr. Rouvell," replies Mrs. Booby; "and I am ſure the figure you make does credit "to your education, whatever place had the "honour of it."

Upon hearing Rouvell's name for the firſt time, Wildgooſe obſerved his features more narrowly; and aſked him, "if he was not of "ſuch a College in Oxford, ſome years ago; "becauſe I remember a perſon of your name of "our College," continues Wildgooſe.—"That "may be, Sir," replies Rouvell; "but I am a "Cambridge man.—Well, Ladies," continues Rouvell, "we are very rude in troubling you "with

" with our pedantic diſputes."—Then, pulling out his watch, " Pox take it!" ſays he, " I was " engaged to meet Sir James Townly, at ſeven " o'clock, at the Coffee-houſe." Having ſaid this, he ſtarted up, and, ſomewhat abruptly, took his leave.

The truth was, Rouvell had actually been of the ſame College with Wildgooſe, and now very well remembered him; though the alteration which his own hair had made in the one, and the high frizure and laced coat in the other, prevented them at firſt from recollecting each other's perſon, eſpecially as there had not been the leaſt acquaintance between them: for, notwithſtanding the airs which Rouvell now gave himſelf, he had worn a Servitor's gown at Oxford, which, upon an acceſſion of fortune, he had exchanged for a Fellow-commoner's at Cambridge.

As ſoon as Rouvell was gone, the Ladies, without the leaſt reſerve, ſpoke of him in ſuch a manner, as convinced Wildgooſe that he was the jeſt of the place. And the evening now drawing on, it was almoſt time for Wildgooſe to attend their religious aſſembly. He therefore took his leave, after Mrs. Bardolph had acquainted him with Lady Sherwood's lodgings; whom

whom ſhe deſired him to wait upon the next morning, notwithſtanding Mr. Rouvell's diſcouraging inſinuations to the contrary.

When Wildgooſe was come down, he ſaw Rouvell walking upon the parade, not with Sir James Townly, whom he was to meet at the Coffee-houſe; but with two elderly virgins, of that homely ſtamp, who, to view them in a *public place*, ſeem formed for no other end, than to make a variety in the works of creation; but who, if they would confine themſelves within their proper ſphere, their own families in the country, might make tender nurſes to their aged parents, exemplary aunts to their young nieces, or charitable aſſiſtants to their indigent neighbours; or even ſhining objects at a country aſſembly in a remote province: whilſt at Bath, or Tunbridge, they expoſe themſelves to the inſolent contempt of youth and beauty; are almoſt ſhoved out of polite company, as uſeleſs lumber; and are glad to take up with ſuch fellows as Rouvell, who was but one remove from the man deſcribed by Shakeſpeare, as "fancifully carved "out of a cheeſe-paring after dinner."

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Tricks among Servants. News from Mrs. Sarſenet.

WILDGOOSE, having been ſufficiently exhauſted with haranguing on the parade, as well as by ſitting in form at a ceremonious viſit, made part of the audience this evening at the Tabernacle, where a Tallow-chandler held forth, and *melted* his flock by the *pathetic force*, and promoted a plentiful conſumption of candles by the tedious *prolixity* of his diſcourſe.

During Mr. Wildgooſe's viſit to Mrs. Booby, poor Tugwell had been left to amuſe himſelf at the Inn; he met his Maſter however at the Tabernacle, from whence they adjourned to their quarters.

As they were going along, Jerry informed his Maſter what a reprobate place they were in—"That there was nothing but card-playing, "gaming, and ſwearing, from morning to night, "amongſt the ſervants and apprentices that re-"ſorted thither. That he heard a Footman "bragging,

"bragging, how cleverly a friend of his had "impoſed upon his Miſtreſs—That, having "had the misfortune to break his leg, he had "been confined to the houſe for three months: "at laſt, his Miſtreſs told him 'it would do him "good, to lay up his leg upon a ſtool, and ride "behind her coach, as ſhe went out for an "airing;' which accordingly he did. The next "morning he goes to his Lady's Maid, with a "ſorrowful countenance, and told her 'that he "had had a ſad misfortune by going behind the "coach; that, as he was forced to lay up his "leg, the motion of the coach had ſhaken ſix "guineas, all the money he had ſaved in ſervice, "out of his pocket.' Upon the Maid's telling "the caſe to her Miſtreſs, ſhe very good-na-"turedly, gave him the money again out of her "own pocket. But it happened a little unlucki-"ly, that, a few days after, as the Maid was in "the Butcher's ſhambles, ſhe heard another ſer-"vant tell the Butcher, 'that ſuch a Footman, "which was her fellow-ſervant, had loſt ſix "guineas, ſuch a night, at the gaming-table;' "which coming to the Miſtreſs's ears, the fel-"low loſt his place by his trick, and was forced "to march off to London."

Wildgooſe was ſhocked at this inſtance of baſeneſs and villainy, and at the idle character of the houſe they were in: but ſaid, "they "ſhould lie only that night at Bath; for that "he had obſerved the two Brethren, who had "preached there thoſe two nights, had *preached* "almoſt contradictory doctrines, and each of "them different from that of his own: that he "was determined, therefore, to go to Briſtol "the next day, and conſult Mr. Whitfield; "who, he did not doubt, would reſolve all his "ſcruples, and put him in the true road to ſal-"vation.

When they came to their quarters, my Landlord aſked our Hero, "if his name was not "Wildgooſe?" To which when he had anſwered in the affirmative, my Landlord gave him a letter, "which," he ſaid, "a gentleman's "ſervant had brought that afternoon from the "Bell at Glouceſter, having been deſired to find "ſuch a gentleman out. And, upon my de-"ſcribing your Honour, and telling him that "you lodged here, he left it with me."

Wildgooſe took the letter, which he found was from Mrs. Sarſenet, and read it with great eagerneſs, in hopes of hearing ſome news of Miſs Townſend; who, he found, engroſſed a conſiderable

rable ſhare of his thoughts, and whoſe ſprightly idea none of the fine-dreſſed Ladies at Bath had power to efface.

Mrs. Sarſenet informed him of the ſtate of their little Church, under hers and Mr. Keen the Barber's auſpices and inſpection: "that ſhe "already foreſaw, from one or two inſtances, "ſome temporal inconveniences to herſelf, in "regard to her trade, from ſo ſtrict an adhe-"rence to her duty; but that ſhe counted all "things as droſs, in compariſon with the love "of Chriſt." She concluded with obſerving, "that there was ſomething myſterious in Miſs "Townſend's behaviour; that ſhe could not "perſuade her to attend their Meeting ſince his "departure: and that though ſhe ſeemed ſe-"rioufly enough diſpoſed, and even talked re-"ſpectfully of Mr. Wildgooſe, yet ſhe ſeemed "inclined to ridicule his notions of Religion. "In ſhort," ſays Mrs. Sarſenet, "I believe, "ſhe is rather an enemy to your principles, than "to your perſon."

But the moſt extraordinary part of her letter was the poſtſcript; in which ſhe informed him, "that Miſs Townſend's father had come to "Glouceſter two days after *he* left it; that he "had ſent for Miſs Townſend to the Inn, and "received

"received her with a mixture of fondneſs and "reſentment; that he was angry with her for "being with Mrs. Sarſenet, and yet had deter- "mined nothing about removing her from "thence."

This letter, upon the whole, gave Wildgooſe rather more pleaſure than pain; and he ſat down and anſwered it before he went to bed. He gave them ſome account of his ſucceſs at Bath, and of his intention however of going to Briſtol the next day. He concluded with the warmeſt expreſſions of reſpect to Miſs Townſend; "whoſe converſion," he ſaid, "he ſhould not "ceaſe earneſtly to pray for."

CHAP. XVI.

A ſerious Converſation with Mr. Rouvell.

WIldgooſe, having been kept awake with reflecting on the tranſactions of the day paſt, and by the hurry of ſpirits into which the news of Miſs Townſend had thrown him, was but juſt dreſt, when a Footman brought him a card, with Lady Sherwood's compliments, who begged the favour of his company to breakfaſt; for

for Mrs. Bardolph had not failed to viſit her Ladyſhip the preceding evening, and to give her a faithful account of what had paſſed at Mrs. Booby's lodgings; and had greatly extolled Mr. Wildgooſe's perſon, modeſt behaviour, and agreeable converſation. Wildgooſe, therefore, taking a direction from the Footman, promiſed to wait on her Ladyſhip at the hour appointed.

As he was going a back way into Orange-grove, where Lady Sherwood lodged, he accidentally met with Mr. Rouvell, in a genteel diſhabille. He ſaluted Mr. Wildgooſe with a more familiar air than he had aſſumed at Mrs. Booby's; and aſked him immediately, "whether "he was not of ſuch a College in Oxford?"—"Yes," ſays Wildgooſe.—"Why, look you, "Sir," continues Rouvell, "you muſt know, "I was of that College too. But I thought you "aſked me, laſt night, whether I was at *this* "*time* of Oxford: for, you muſt know, I had a "conſiderable fortune left me by a relation, "which enabled me to enter myſelf a Fellow-"commoner at Cambridge; and, to be ſure, "one would not chuſe to have it mentioned "amongſt people of faſhion, that one had worn "a Servitor's gown in the Univerſity."—"I "don't imagine," replies Wildgooſe, "that "people

"people of faſhion, out of the Univerſity, "trouble themſelves about thoſe things. How-"ever, I don't ſee why a man ſhould be aſha-"med to have appeared in a ſituation which "was agreeable to his circumſtances. There "is nothing ridiculous in a ſmall fortune, or "even a low birth. But there is in the diſco-"very that we are too anxious to conceal "them, and even give the lye to them by our "dreſs and appearance."—"Sir," ſays Rouvell, "if you knew the honour and happineſs of being "upon an agreeable footing with people of "diſtinction, you would not ſcruple a little ar-"tifice, to conceal any trifling circumſtance "that might diſguſt them; or grudge an ex-"pence a little beyond one's income, to enable "one to appear in ſome meaſure upon a level "with them."—"Sir," replies Wildgooſe, "I "apprehend, it is neither dreſs, birth, nor for-"tune, but *education* and *behaviour*, that puts all "gentlemen upon a *level*, even in the opinion of "the world.

"But, Mr. Rouvell, let me take the freedom "to return the hint which you gave me yeſter-"day; that we may be eaſily deceived in the "civilities which people of diſtinction ſhew us, "and miſtake mere politeneſs for a particular

" attachment; and, by preſuming too much upon " their plauſible behaviour to our faces, expoſe " ourſelves to their ridicule behind our backs. " And I really believe, Mr. Rouvell, you would " meet with more real reſpect, amongſt people " of diſtinction, by a more ſerious, or even reli- " gious behaviour, and if you were to turn " Methodiſt (as it is called), than you do " now."

" Well, I am obliged to you, my dear Sir, " for your frank advice: and, 'faith, betwixt " you and me, though I deteſt the ſolemnity of " the ſacerdotal character, I have at this time " ſome thoughts of exchanging my laced coat " for a black one. For, by a Parliamentary " intereſt, I have now the offer of a very good " living in my own country; which (if I do " not ſucceed in picking up a good fortune this " ſeaſon) I may probably accept of; for, you " muſt know, that is another reaſon for my " appearing rather above what I can at preſent " afford: and I had actually almoſt carried off " a Merchant's daughter of Briſtol, who will " be worth twenty thouſand pounds. But old " Square-toes would not part with caſh enough " down upon the nail. And the Devil take me, " if I would marry an Angel upon the footing " of a mere Smithfield bargain."

Wildgooſe, though ſhocked at the libertine airs which Rouvell gave himſelf, could not but ſmile at the opinion which he entertained of his own perſon: but ſaid, "he was obliged to attend "Lady Sherwood at ten o'clock." He therefore took his leave, and went to her Ladyſhip's lodgings, as he had been directed.

CHAP. XVII.

Lady Sherwood's Character, and preſent Situation.

LADY Sherwood was of an ancient and noble family, and wife to a Peer of the realm. She was a woman of fine underſtanding, though her judgment appeared ſometimes almoſt eclipſed by the brilliancy of her imagination. Her Ladyſhip was now paſt her bloom; yet in her youth ſhe had been tolerably handſome, and made a ſplendid appearance in the great world. But her Lord, either from ſome diſguſt, or from a fondneſs for retirement, having early in life withdrawn from the Court, Lady Sherwood had entirely conformed to his humour; and, to amuſe herſelf in her ſolitary ſituation, ſhe had formerly indulged the ſuggeſtions of her fancy, and

and turned my Lord's Park into a poetical Arcadia, where her Ladyſhip and a female companion or two lived almoſt the whole ſummer a mere paſtoral life, and ranged about, with their crooks in their hands, like ſo many Grecian ſhepherdeſſes. Garlands of flowers, or baſkets of fruit, were ſeen ſuſpended on every beautiful oak, with ruſtic pipes, rakes, pitch-forks, and other rural implements, diſpoſed in a picturesque manner, in different parts of the Park. Nay, the poor Chaplain was forced to leave his bottle and his pipe, and back-gammon table, with my Lord, and even neglect his *paſtoral* function aſſigned him by the Biſhop, to attend her Ladyſhip and her bleating lambkins; and to ſit whole afternoons under a ſpreading tree, to entertain them with his flute: for the Steward had actually bought her Ladyſhip "a ſcore of "ſheep at Banbury-fair" (according to Juſtice Shallow's expreſſion) for this romantic purpoſe.

The inclemency of the weather, however, in this Northern climate, was by no means favourable to theſe lovely Bœotians; neither did many of the paſtoral functions ſuit with the delicacy of a modern woman of quality: for her Ladyſhip frequently caught the tooth-ach, and was

forced to have recourſe to a neighbouring Apothecary (a character ſeldom introduced in the ancient Bucolicks): and one of her companions met with a terrible accident in the diſcharge of her office; for, having ſeized the leg of a large bell-wether with her crook, which was faſtened to her wriſt by a blue ribband, the rude unclaſſical brute ſtruggled with ſuch force to diſengage himſelf, that he pulled down the poor Paſtora, dragged her ſome yards, and diſfigured her face to ſuch a degree, that ſhe could not appear again for ſix weeks; which put an end to this extravagant ſcene in paſtoral life.

Lady Sherwood was now grown tired of the country. But, as ſhe could not decently go to town againſt her Lord's inclination, conſidering the complaiſant terms upon which they lived together; the Phyſician therefore had an hint given him, to order her Ladyſhip to Bath for her health. Not finding that reliſh, however, in public places which ſhe had formerly done (when every paſſion was agreeably flattered by her appearance in them), ſhe grew ſick of the world; and began to ſee *in a true light* the emptineſs and unſatisfactory nature of all ſecular enjoyments.

In

In ſuch a ſituation, it is evident that nothing but Religion could yield any ſolid conſolation. But, as the plain rational ſcheme of the eſtabliſhed Religion, which preſcribes nothing more than our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourſelves, under the ſanction of future rewards and puniſhments, could not ſatisfy the uncommon genius and lively fancy of Lady Sherwood; ſhe liſtened with the ſame attention to the enthuſiaſtic doctrines of theſe itinerant Preachers, as a perſon labouring under an hypochondriacal diſtemper does to the extravagant pretenſions of a Mountebank: and was glad of this opportunity of converſing with ſo agreeable an Enthuſiaſt as Mrs. Bardolph had repreſented Wildgooſe to be.

CHAP. XVIII.

A learned Converſation, not eſſential to the Story.

WHEN Mr. Wildgooſe arrived at the Counteſs's lodgings, he found her attended only by Mrs. Bardolph; whoſe principal plan being to amuſe the time between breakfaſt

and dinner, ſhe preferred every place to her own houſe; and aſſiſted with equal ſatisfaction at making a convert, or making a match; at a religious converſation, or at a pool at Quadrille.

Lady Sherwood, after a little preliminary chat, opened the congreſs, by obſerving the great indifference of the world with regard to Religion; and aſked Wildgooſe, "how he "could reconcile the preſent ſtate of Chriſtia-"nity with the pompous deſcriptions given by "the Prophets of the kingdom of the Meſſiah?" Our Hero was a little ſurprized at ſo learned an attack. But, after pauſing a moment, anſwered, "that the diſpenſations of Providence were very "myſterious: that, however, God might be "ſuppoſed to have given the Prophets a general "view of the kingdom of Chriſt, from its firſt "eſtabliſhment, to the end of the world; for "which reaſon, they generally repreſent it as "in its full luſtre."

"Well," replies Lady Sherwood, "I can "only ſay, that, as far as I have obſerved, the "lives of the generality of Chriſtians are ſo "little better than thoſe of Heathens or Ma-"hometans; that, I confeſs, it a little puzzles "me to account for ſo ſtrange a phænomenon,

"and

"and how it comes to paſs that a *divine* inſti-
"tution ſhould anſwer its end no better."

"Why," ſays Wildgooſe, "as your Lady-
"ſhip, I dare ſay, is very well acquainted with
"ancient hiſtory; if you would compare the
"ſtate of Religion and Morality in the world
"for ſeveral generations before the coming of
"Chriſt, and that of the unconverted Heathens
"afterwards, with the three or four firſt centu-
"ries of the Chriſtian æra, you would find a
"remarkable difference between them."

"I don't imagine the world was worſe than
"it is now," ſays Lady Sherwood.

"I am convinced it was," replies Wildgooſe.
"The Heathens were ſo utterly void of proper
"principles, that impurities of every ſort were
"ſcarce accounted faults among them; nay,
"moſt kinds of debauchery were defenſible, and
"even ſanctified by their religious ſyſtem. Ex-
"poſing of infants, cruelty to ſlaves, and the
"ſanguinary diverſions of gladiators, were per-
"mitted, and even applauded, by the wiſeſt and
"politeſt nations of the world.

"But how different a ſcene of things does
"Chriſtianity preſent to us in its primitive
"ſtate! Its votaries were pious, humble, chaſte,

"and temperate; and their lives were a juſt "comment upon the precepts of their Maſter. "If our religion therefore muſt be judged by "its effects, we ought to take it at its firſt "inſtitution; as its earlieſt were probably its "moſt genuine fruits."

"That is but reaſonable, to be ſure," ſays Mrs. Bardolph, who affected to be very attentive to this learned diſſertation.

"But," proceeds Wildgooſe, "ſuch is the "degeneracy of our nature, that every effort of "Providence for our recovery, in time, loſes its "force, and becomes ineffectual. It ſeems neceſ-"ſary, therefore, that the Divine Power ſhould, "at different periods, interpoſe in an extraor-"dinary manner, and give freſh vigour to his "own inſtitutions. And accordingly I am "perſuaded that, in the preſent age, he has "poured out an uncommon meaſure of grace "upon his choſen ſervants Mr. Whitfield and "Mr. Weſley, and their aſſociates; which "empowers them to break through the cobweb "reſtraints of human ordinances, and, by "ſeemingly irregular proceedings, to rouze men "from their dangerous lethargy, and engage "their attention to the pure and genuine doc-"trines of Primitive Chriſtianity."

"Sir,"

"Sir," ſays Lady Sherwood, "I have a great "opinion of Mr. Weſley and Mr. Whitfield; "and, as I hear you are a follower of them, "have taken the liberty of deſiring this con- "ference with you. But give me leave to aſk "you, Sir, whether thoſe doctrines are not "taught in our own Church?"

"Madam," replies Wildgooſe, "the Articles "and Homilies of our Church, as drawn up by "our pious Reformers, certainly contain thoſe "doctrines in their proper ſenſe. But, I am "afraid, the preſent Clergy are departed from "the moſt eſſential of thoſe doctrines, as par- "ticularly that of Juſtification by Faith alone; "and depend more upon their own works, than "on the merits of Chriſt, for their Salvation."

"I do not know," ſays Mrs. Bardolph. "I "have often heard that ſaid of late. I own, I "am a very bad judge of thoſe things: but all "the Clergy, whom I have happened to hear "treat of that ſubject, have taught me, not to "rely on my beſt performances, but to confeſs "myſelf ſtill an unprofitable ſervant. In ſhort," continued ſhe, "I cannot but think that, if we "practiſed what we hear at Church, we ſhould "have a tolerable chance for going to Heaven."

Lady

Lady Sherwood obſerved, "that ſhe had attended the public worſhip very regularly for ſome time, and with a ſincere endeavour to know the will of God; but found herſelf little edified by ſuch formal devotions."

Wildgooſe replied, "he could not but own, that there were ſeveral noble ſtrains of true devotion in our Liturgy: and though people, who went to church with an intention to criticiſe, might perhaps find out ſome trifling imperfections; yet that, upon the whole, it was an admirable performance. But," continues he, "I am afraid, the fault is not in the ſervice, but in thoſe who perform it. The moſt pious ſentiments will affect us but little, when delivered by the lips of thoſe who appear to have no religion in their hearts; and loll on their elbows, and ſtare about for objects of amuſement, as if their devotions were a fatigue and confinement to them, and they were impatient to return to the pleaſures or vanities of the world.

"In ſhort, my Lady, as things are at preſent, we muſt look elſewhere than at Church for the means of ſalvation. For my own part, I muſt confeſs myſelf as yet only in ſearch of the right way; and intend this very day

"to

" to pay a viſit to Mr. Whitfield at Briſtol; to " whom, with your Ladyſhip's permiſſion, I " ſhall communicate your good diſpoſition; " whoſe preſent uneaſineſs is, I hope, a pro- " miſing ſymptom of the New Birth."

Lady Sherwood was going to inform Wild-gooſe, " that ſhe had already frequently con- " verſed both with Mr. Whitfield and Mr. " Weſley;" when the Servant came and whiſ-pered to her Ladyſhip, " that Mr. ——— was " below, and deſired to know if her Ladyſhip " had any commands to London."—" Lord!" ſays ſhe, " that man teazes me to death; he " calls himſelf my Couſin, merely becauſe his " grand-father married my great grand-father's " ſecond-wife's daughter by a former huſband. " I wiſh we could make a convert of him; for, " I believe, he is of no religion at all, and " neither loves nor cares for any body but him- " ſelf. Well," ſays ſhe to the Footman, " de- " ſire the Gentleman to walk up."

When he came, he told Lady Sherwood, " that " he was tired of Bath, and was going the next " day to London."—She ſaid, " ſhe had no " commands;" but told him, " he had inter- " rupted them in a very agreeable converſation " upon Religion; and wiſhed he had been there

" to

"to have heard it."—"Religion!" ſays he, "I do not want to hear any thing about Religion. It ſerves people to talk and diſpute about; but I do not ſee that any body regulates their actions by their religious principles."—"That is," replies Lady Sherwood, "becauſe they do not really believe them: they have not a true practical faith in thoſe principles."—"Faith!" cries the Gentleman; "for my part, I am of Mr. Pope's way of thinking in that reſpect,

"For modes of Faith let ſenſeleſs bigots fight:
"His can't be wrong, whoſe Life is in the right."

"I live as well as I can; pay my taxes, and "pay my tradeſmen: and if I meet with an "object of charity that really moves my compaſſion, I relieve him. I go to the tavern "indeed ſometimes; but I never drink or eat "more than does me good. And though I have "no wife of my own, I never invade another's "property. In ſhort, I do not ſee what the "beſt Chriſtian can do more than I do."

Wildgooſe was going to interrupt him in his career; but, Lady Sherwood calling him by his name, Wildgooſe found himſelf diſagreeably affected;

fected; though he could not at firſt recollect upon what occaſion he had heard it before. But, after ſome time, he remembered that was the name of the very Gentleman who had endeavoured to ſeduce Miſs Townſend; and, comparing it with his dreſs (which was the ſame individual blue and gold ſhe had deſcribed), his ſquare perſon, his manner of life, but, above all, his ſyſtem of religion; he had not the leaſt doubt that it was the ſame man.

Wildgooſe was at firſt inclined to lead him, by ſome means, to the ſubject; but, reflecting that it could not poſſibly anſwer any good end, and being likewiſe impatient to ſet out for Briſtol, and Mrs. Bardolph beginning to gape, and to conſult her watch; he took his leave of Lady Sherwood; who charged him with her compliments to Mr. Whitfield, and ſaid, "ſhe "ſhould be glad to ſee him again, if he returned "through Bath."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Learned Account of the Bath Waters. Mr. Wildgoose and his Friend take their Leave of that City.

WHEN Wildgoose returned to the Inn, he found Tugwell juſt come from viſiting the hot baths; the cauſe of which ſurprizing phænomenon my Landlord, in conjunction with a journeyman Apothecary, was endeavouring to explain to honeſt Jerry. My Landlord ſaid, "he had heard ſay (though he did not "know it to be certainly ſo) that the heat of the "bath was cauſed by a conſtant fire in the bow-"els of the earth; which had been burning ever "ſince Noah's flood, and would in time burn up "the whole world, which was to be deſtroyed "by fire."

"Fire in the bowels of the earth!" ſays Opifer, the Apothecary, with a ſneer: "thou "mayſt as well tell me, the boiling of thy pot "is cauſed by a fire in the bowels of the earth. "No, no; ſuch a conſtant, regular *ebullition* can "never be the effect of a groſs *culinary* fire; "but is produced by a more latent cauſe; "which

"which we can explain by the operations of "*chemiſtry*. By a chemical proceſs, we can "analyze the Bath waters, and reduce them to "their ſimple elements, or *conſtituent particles*, "which are nothing but ſulphur and a ſmall "quantity of ſteel.

"And that the heat of theſe waters is cauſed "by their running over *ſtrata*, or beds, of ſteel "and ſulphur, we can demonſtrate by an eaſy "experiment: for, if you take an equal quan-"tity of the filings of ſteel and flowers of ſul-"phur (or what the vulgar call brimſtone), and "form theſe into a paſte with water, it will "produce that fermentation to which the heat "of the Bath waters is *indubitably* to be aſ-"cribed."

"Yes, yes," ſays Tugwell, "the Gentleman "talks main well; and has made it as plain as "the noſe in one's face, if one did but under-"ſtand him."

Wildgooſe, who had been preſent during part of this learned diſcourſe, obſerved, "that the "Philoſophers of this age were not content to "make all uſeful experiments, but had a ſtrange "fancy to be creators, and to find out the "ſecret *art* by which Nature performs all her "operations. They would not admit any ſuch "thing

"thing as myſteries in Philoſophy, any more "than in Religion: and ſeemed almoſt to diſ- "pute with Providence his peculiar attributes of "omnipotence, or unlimited power, as well as "unlimited knowledge."

Mr. Wildgooſe now called for his bill, and was preparing to ſet out. But though he had been but an indifferent cuſtomer, yet there was a ſecret charm in his ſerious and religious deportment, which made my Landlord deſirous of obliging him: he therefore gave him an hearty invitation to a fillet of veal, which was roaſting at the fire; and, as Tugwell ſeemed unwilling to travel upon an empty ſtomach, they made an hearty dinner, paid their reckoning, and ſet out for Briſtol.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.